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# LONDON TOWN

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IN CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA
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*Fr.*

THE KITBAG TRAVEL BOOKS

# LONDON TOWN

*By*

SIDNEY DARK

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.
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# PREFACE

I HAVE tried to suggest, in this book, something of the romance that belongs to every great city with a history of many centuries, and to London more than to most cities. My survey is as comprehensive as I could make it in the space at my disposal. There are necessarily certain omissions—things I have forgotten, things that I have never known. My idea has been, as it were, to say to my reader: "This is a fine sunny morning; let us walk down this street and see whom we shall meet." And in most streets we meet an amazing company of interesting people.

Some knowledge of the past adds immensely to the thrill of the present. The Prudential building in Holborn, for example, is a place of ingenious activity, a monument of thrift. But as we think of the tens of thousands of far-sighted persons whose savings are safely tucked away in the Prudential stocking we recall that near this handsome red brick building a youthful poet of genius, with no savings to put into any stocking, and faced with starvation, brought his life to an untimely end. Similarly, after dodging the one-way traffic of the south side of Trafalgar Square, and having arrived at the comparative safety of the pavement, we may like to think of the spare figure of Cardinal Newman, looking with admiration at the statue of Charles I—almost the only statue in London that a man of discrimination can regard with admiration—

while on his way to the Oratory house that used to stand on part of the site of Charing Cross Hospital.

This is the sort of thing I have had in mind in writing my gossipy guide-book. The reader for whom it is primarily intended is the visitor from afar, new to the city and ignorant of its streets. But, truth to tell, in my experience, the Londoner generally knows far less about London than the stranger from Detroit. So it may be that my fellow-citizens may find some interest and some information in these pages.

S. D.

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# LONDON TOWN

## BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

### "SO THIS IS LONDON"

"HELL," said the poet, "is a city much like London." But the poet was abusing his poetic licence. Hell and heaven are jumbled together in the great, sprawling, ever-growing capital of the British Empire, a city which, much like the Empire itself, is without design or order, a city of many beautiful squares and gardens and of many slimy slums, an ancient city with an ever-youthful heart.

It is obviously a far more complex task to be a helpful and intelligible guide to a city than it is to introduce a country or a province to the stranger, and it would seem far easier to discover romance and adventure, say, in Western Ireland or on the Riviera than in London's streets. But Mr G. K. Chesterton has said: "A city is properly speaking more poetic even than the countryside, for while nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos of conscious ones." There is history in every hidden-away corner of London, and there are tragedy and comedy in its meanest streets.

The first essential is to understand something of the peculiar character of the city which is to be explored, for cities, like individuals, have spiritual qualities all their own. To some extent this city soul is the creation of the people. The people make the city, but the city,

too, makes the people. The people of London are the kin of the other inhabitants of Southern England, but their most striking qualities are not generally to be found beyond the outer suburbs. London is a city of infinite patience, of infinite tolerance, and of infinite humour. When Dickens created Sam Weller he found the persistent London type. Nowadays Sam Weller is an omnibus conductor or the driver of a taxicab—sometimes a gas-meter inspector, often a policeman. So long as London exists Sam Weller will live in it.

It is difficult to excite London. She may on occasion burst into a hot mood of anger and resentment, but the mood soon passes, and London laughs again, and always at herself. London can never be the scene of a successful revolution, unless, indeed, it be carried out, as it may well be in these days, by persons of foreign birth, with genuine Londoners as spectators. There comes a time in every revolution when, unless the whole business is to peter out, it is necessary to execute a considerable number of irrepressible counter-revolutionists. At that moment London, with its sense of humour and its appetite for fair play, would fail. When the first guillotine was erected in Trafalgar Square the real London would go home, having discovered that revolution is an extremely unpleasant business.

The humour and the patience of London have their result in the stolid acceptance of sometimes horrible conditions of life. But they also have their result in the development of a very splendid kindliness. London has always been kind. In the sixteenth century Spenser wrote of "merry London, my most kindly nurse." The Londoner is quick to sympathize and slow to condemn. When a Londoner is sent to prison

it is said of him that he is "in trouble," and, as Mr Chesterton has pointed out, the only sin which London finds intolerable is the sin of pride. The one man drummed out, where the simple meet together, is the man who "thinks himself God Almighty."

The character of a city is most obvious among the humbler of its citizens, since their whole life is lived in it. None the less, the qualities of Bethnal Green are the fundamental qualities of Belgravia. London is the Peter Pan of cities. It loves to play with nursery toys. It loves the old stories. Paris, as I have written elsewhere, is essentially a sad city, the city of disillusionment and of stern and ceaseless energy. Rome is the city of supreme dignity. Before the war Vienna was the sparkling city. London is the city that laughs.

Before the Romans came to Britain London had its beginning in little groups of huts built on piles on the marshes that stretched north and south from the river where now are Southwark and the City. These isolated hamlets had grown into something of a town when Julius Cæsar crossed the Channel in 55 B.C., and the rude Celtic town was taken and sacked by the Roman army. During the later Roman occupation, that began in the middle of the first century, a Roman city-camp was established on part of what is now the City, and in the revolt against the Roman rule, led by the great Queen Boadicea, whose statue now stands at the north-east end of Westminster Bridge, the camp was captured and the forum destroyed. After Boadicea had been defeated and killed Roman London was more adequately fortified, the walls being completed during the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, who, it will be remembered, in his endeavour to stamp out

the Christian religion profaned the holy places and built a heathen temple on the site of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. This Roman wall enclosed the greater part of the city. The forum stood on the site of the Mansion House, and there is a tradition that a temple of Diana stood on the site of St Paul's Cathedral.

In the centuries of the Roman occupation London became Christian. The legend that the Empress Helena was of English birth is perhaps responsible for the further legend that her son Constantine the Great built a cathedral in London. Doubtless there were Christian churches in the city, but there is no trace of their existence, and we have no knowledge of their situation. The Romans, the greatest road-builders whom the world has ever known, built the first bridge across the Thames where London Bridge still spans the river, and well-to-do Romans had their villas in Southwark.

The tottering power of the Empire and the increasing troubles in Italy caused the recall of the legions in the early years of the fifth century, and almost immediately afterwards South-east Britain was ravaged by Saxon pirates, the British inhabitants fleeing from the villages of Kent behind the walls of London. The early Saxons were not town-dwellers, but they may have allowed the trade of London to continue on condition that they received part of the profits. They encamped outside the city, and their ships were anchored near by, at Rotherhithe, Lambeth, and Chelsea.

When the Saxons were established in England London retained a considerable independence, and was to a large extent self-governing, but, with the greater part of the country, it reverted to heathenism.

Its citizens, indeed, resisted the missionaries sent to them by St Augustine, and it was not until the end of the ninth century that a Christian church was again built in the city. London grew steadily prosperous in Saxon times. More than once it was a prey to the Danish pirates, from whom it was rescued by the prowess of Alfred the Great. A century later the Londoners themselves fought the Danes, and defeated them with heavy loss. For a long time they successfully resisted Canute, but they were at last compelled to submit to his intelligent rule, and a Danish colony settled in London in what is now Aldwych.

William the Conqueror marched on London after the battle of Hastings. So stubborn was the resistance of the citizen army that the Conqueror withdrew his forces to Berkhamsted, where negotiations were carried on, and the city agreed to submit on favourable terms. In true Norman fashion William at once started to build the Tower, as a protection to the city from outside attack, but much more to overawe the too independent citizens. Eleven years after the Norman Conquest London was partially destroyed by one of the many fires in its history. The Normans rebuilt London Bridge and built many churches. A part of the church of St Bartholomew the Great is Norman. The chapel of St Peter ad Vincula in the Tower was built in the reign of Henry I.

The Norman Conquest was followed by a widespread revival of religion in England, thanks to the reforming enthusiasm of the great Norman archbishops, Lanfranc, St Anselm, Theobald, and St Thomas of Canterbury. Discipline was re-established among the clergy, and many religious houses were established in the capital. The Cluniac monks built a priory in

Bermondsey, the Carthusians built the Charterhouse in Smithfield, the Cistercians, who revolutionized agriculture in England, rarely had city houses, but they were established a few miles from London's eastern boundary. The Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem had their house at Clerkenwell, and the Knights Templars had their first house almost exactly where the Holborn Restaurant now stands, before they built the Temple in Fleet Street. At the end of the twelfth century London Bridge was rebuilt with stone, and this bridge lasted for eight hundred years; and about this same time stone buildings began to take the place of the houses of wood with thatched roofs, which were continually being burned down.

During the reigns of the Plantagenets London's importance increased, while its liberties were preserved by the granting of many royal charters. It will be remembered that in Magna Charta itself the ancient privileges of the capital are specifically protected.

In the thirteenth century the friars came to London, the Dominicans, or Black Friars, coming from Oxford first to Holborn, and then to the district that still bears their name. The Franciscans, or Grey Friars, first settled in Cornhill, and afterwards in Farringdon Street. Christ Church, Newgate Street, occupies the site of their monastery church. The Augustinian Friars settled in what is now Austin Friars. The Carmelites, or White Friars, had their home south of Fleet Street, now the hub of the newspaper world.

Medieval London was the scene of many splendid pageants. Edward, the Black Prince, led the captive King John of France through the streets after the victory of Poitiers, and after Agincourt Henry V was met at Blackheath by "the Mayor and Aldermen

apparelled in orient grained scarlet and four hundred mayors in murrey, well mounted with rich collars and chains." London was magnificently decorated when Henry VIII married Catherine of Aragon, and the Tudor king was frequently present at City pageants.

With the rest of England, London, and particularly its poor, suffered grievously when Thomas Cromwell suppressed the monasteries in order to steal their goods and their incomes. The hospital of St Bartholomew, erected by the piety of the Norman courtier Rahere, became deserted and empty, and the King was obliged to hand over the building and some of its possessions to the City in order that there might be some care "for the continual relief and help of an hundred sore and diseased." Edward VI founded the school of Christ's Hospital where the Grey Friars' monastery had stood.

In the troubles of the succession that followed the death of the sickly Tudor boy the City was steadily on the legitimate side, and both Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth owed the ease with which they ascended the throne to the loyalty of the citizens of London.

The first theatres were built in London during the reign of Elizabeth—the Theatre and the Curtain in Shoreditch, the Black Friars, the White Friars, the Globe Theatre on Bankside, where Shakespeare acted, and half a dozen others. Great nobles then had their houses on the south side of the Strand, with gardens running down to the river. But London was still nothing more than the City and Westminster, and the road between them was unmade and none too safe. The river was, indeed, the one popular highway. St Giles's, now the centre of crowded streets, was actually in the fields, Piccadilly was the Reading Road, Oxford Street was the Uxbridge Road, Islington was a village.

The tavern played a large part in the life of Elizabethan London. Falstaff, so Shakespeare relates, was often at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and there were the wonderful meetings of poets—Beaumont, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, and Shakespeare himself—at the famous Mermaid on the south side of Cheapside.

> What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life.

Other notable taverns frequented by men of letters are mentioned by Herrick in his ode to Ben Jonson:

> Ah, Ben!
> Say how, or when
> Shall we thy guests
> Meet at those lyrick feasts,
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, the triple Tunne?
> Where we such clusters had,
> As made us nobly wild, not mad;
> And yet each verse of thine
> Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

In his *Antiquities of London* Henry Thomas says:

In Great Eastcheap we tread on classic ground, immortalized by the poet "of all time," the incomparable Shakespeare,—here at No. 2 was the Boar's Head tavern,—the abode of Dame Quickly—the scene of Falstaff's revelries. . . . Taverns have been described by an old writer as "the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, and the stranger's welcome." . . . Antiquaries have given themselves much trouble to know what sack, the much-

loved liquor of Falstaff, was; but as he expressly calls it sherries sack, there can be no doubt that it was dry sherry, and the French word *sec*, dry, corrupted into sack. In an old poem called *Pasquil's Palentia*, printed in 1619, sack and sherry are noted throughout as synonymous: . . .

> "Give me sack, old sack, boys,
> To make the muses merry.
> The life of mirth, and the joy of the earth,
> Is a cup of old sherry."

The original Boar's Head was destroyed in the Great Fire, and another tavern with the same name was built on the other side of the street. Here a Shakespearean dinner was held every year. The last took place in 1784, when Pitt and Wilberforce were both present. The building ceased to be a tavern three or four years later.

In the first half of the seventeenth century London began to move west. Great Queen Street, running westward from Lincoln's Inn Fields, was built, and Covent Garden was erected from the designs of Inigo Jones.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century London found its loving and intimate historian in Samuel Pepys, as noble a Londoner as Johnson in the eighteenth century and Lamb and Dickens in the nineteenth. With Pepys we may walk about the streets of the London of the Restoration, shopping, dining, and carousing. The river remained the principal highway. Mrs Pepys, for example, wanted a petticoat, and she and her husband went to Whitefriars Street by water. On another occasion Pepys bought his wife a petticoat in Paternoster Row, which had already become the centre of the book trade. He

walked with her of an evening in the gardens of Gray's Inn, which had been laid out by Francis Bacon. He went to Shoe Lane, a narrow turning off Fleet Street, where two great modern newspapers have their offices, to see cock-fighting, and to Bartholomew's Fair, held near where Smithfield Market now stands, where he saw "the dancing on the ropes and several other the best shows." During the century shops had been built for the first time in the Strand, and Mr Pepys bought a copy of *Hudibras* at a bookseller's there.

Pepys was a wanderer in his church-going. Sometimes he worshipped in the royal chapel of Whitehall, where on one occasion, he records, "One Dr Crofts made an indifferent sermon and after it an anthem ill sung which made the King laugh." Sometimes he went to Westminster Abbey, sometimes to the chapel of the Savoy, sometimes to St Dunstan's in Fleet Street, sometimes to St Margaret's, Westminster, sometimes so far as the parish church at Hackney, or by the river to the parish church at Putney. His taste in taverns was equally eclectic. He records visits to the Hope Tavern, the King's Head, the Dolphin, the Mitre in Fleet Street, and Wall's Coffee-house, which stood at the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street and where the poet Dryden had an armchair specially reserved for him in the winter near the fire. Pepys was a great playgoer. Drury Lane Theatre had been opened in 1662, and he was frequently there. He went to the Red Bull in St John Street, Clerkenwell, and to the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where one night he saw *Twelfth Night* and dismissed it as "but a silly play." The Great Plague of London broke out at the end of 1664, and Pepys records:

This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us!" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell and to chaw, which took away the apprehension.

According to the diarist, as many as 7400 people died in the City in one week in the autumn of 1665. By the end of the year the plague was stayed. In September 1666 the Great Fire of London broke out in Pudding Lane. The fire lasted for three days, and old wooden London was largely destroyed. There is one note in Pepys' diary that throws a curious light on the habits of the Londoners of the seventeenth century:

River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it.

The virginal was a spinet, and apparently London was a musical city long before the gramophone or the pianola was invented or the loud-speaker was dreamed of.

As the result of the fire Fenchurch Street and Lombard Street were "all in dust." Cheapside and Newgate Street were burned down, and nearly all the ancient City churches were things of the past. Evelyn writes in his diary:

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church, St Paul's—now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in

Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines and books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more.

Before the fire London was still medieval. Little change had been made during Tudor times, and practically none since the accession of the first Stuart. After the Restoration the population of Greater London vastly increased. But the City of London itself remained much as it had been a hundred years before—a congeries of narrow streets of wooden houses dominated by old St Paul's. Within the City there were one hundred and seven parish churches, of which eighty-six were destroyed in the Fire. Sir Thomas Gresham's Royal Exchange was the centre of business life, and while old London must have been a city of great beauty, Mr W. G. Bell insists that much of it was mean and squalid. Merchants and retail tradesmen lived over their shops and warehouses.

The streets, says Mr Wood, were paved

> with egg-shaped cobble stones beaten in with sand and gravel, extending the full width from house to house. . . . An open kennel ran down the centre or sides of each street with many cross channels into which households threw their kitchen water and refuse and garbage to be carried along by the next shower. It then accumulated, with many additions swept out of the houses, till the scavengers made a clearance, heaping the refuse high in poisonous laystalls about the city's outskirts or along the river banks to rot under the influence of sun and weather.

The City graveyards were choked with corpses during the Plague, and the meaner houses were savagely overcrowded. I again quote Mr Wood :

> The great work that the Fire accomplished was to burn out the decaying rat-haunted and horribly insanitary houses and to purge with flame the unwholesome conditions under which the citizens had been compelled to live. The London which arose under the new Building Acts was different in everything that counts for the welfare of human life.

Evelyn had prepared an elaborate plan for the rebuilding of the City on new lines, but prejudice and vested interests were too strong for him. The ground-plan of the City was retained. The fire, however, gave Sir Christopher Wren, the greatest of English architects, his opportunity. His monument remains grandiose in St Paul's Cathedral, but, perhaps, more beautiful and appealing in the many smaller churches that he built, and which are described in more detail in a later chapter.

In 1685 London received a notable band of immigrants in the French Huguenots, driven from France

by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Large numbers of them settled in and about Spitalfields, and established a valuable silk-weaving industry.

With the beginning of the eighteenth century London's growth was accelerated, and in the enthusiasm of the short religious revival that bridged the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries many churches, unfortunately lacking the beauty of the Wren churches, were built in what are now the inner suburbs. Social life continued steadily to move west. Soho Square was for a generation the centre of fashionable London, but Hanover Square, built to celebrate the arrival of George I with his ugly mistresses in England, was more attractive. At the beginning of the Hanoverian period Piccadilly had become a fashionable and frequented thoroughfare so far as Kensington Palace, which William III had made a royal residence.

London was growing weary of dirt. The Fleet Ditch was covered over, the Mansion House was built, and the city began to push itself northward to the hills of Hampstead and Highgate.

When Henry VII became King of England the population of London was about 60,000; when his granddaughter Elizabeth died it was about 200,000. Elizabeth, indeed, was seriously perturbed by the growth of the city, and during her reign a proclamation was issued commanding that only one family should live in one house! At the Restoration the population had grown to 460,000, and at the end of the century the number was 550,000. During the eighteenth century the population of London, the squalid life of which has been depicted with cruel candour by Hogarth, was almost stationary. It was in the nineteenth century, in the great era of Victorian prosperity, that the popu-

THE HEART OF LONDON: WESTMINSTER AND THE RIVER

*Aerofilms, Ltd.*

LOOKING FROM MITRE COURT TO KING'S BENCH WALK, TEMPLE

*Photo Herbert Felton*

lation began to increase with ever-growing rapidity to its present enormous figure. London to-day has an area of 693 square miles and a population of over 7,000,000. A million men and women travel to the City from the suburbs every day and return home at night.

Though the government of London as a whole is a modern creation, the London County Council having come into existence as the result of the Act of 1888, the City of London, the square mile which is still the business heart of the great city, retains its ancient corporation and many of its ancient privileges and customs. London possessed a commune as long ago as 1193. In the twelfth century it had a mayor and twenty-five aldermen and two sheriffs. The Lord Mayor of London has been, through the centuries, one of the most important of the subjects of the kingdom, with the right to be called to the Privy Council and to be heard at the bar of the House of Commons. He may close Temple Bar to the sovereign, and within the City boundaries he is second only to the King himself. He has the right to bear the crystal mace at the coronation of a sovereign in Westminster Abbey and to perform the duties of butler at the coronation banquet. The Lord Mayor and aldermen are the magistrates of the City courts. The Corporation is responsible for the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey, an alderman always sitting with the judge on the Bench, and the Recorder, whom the Corporation appoints, is the most important of England's criminal judges.

The English have a genius for retaining traditional institutions, even in a world of revolutionary changes and developments, and in the London of the subterranean railway and the motor omnibus, the telephone

and the wireless telegraph, the City Corporation stands, picturesque, an efficient administrative machine and the constant reminder of days that are gone.

London possesses ugliness in abundance. But London also has its beauty. Its parks are a possession which few cities can rival, and in the greyness which suits it best the city has a thrilling fascination. London is ceasing to be a city of fog, yet it may be said of it that it sprang from the fog and that it flourishes on the fog, and Dickens found that London's fog had its attraction and romance. He writes in the *Christmas Carol*:

> The city clocks had only just gone three; but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

Commenting on this great piece of imagery, "Nature's brewery," Mr Chesterton says that no dream would have given Dickens wilder pleasure than "to grope his way to some such tremendous vats and drink the ale of the giants."

For the purposes of this book I imagine myself faced with the responsibility of introducing London to a tireless and inquisitive visitor from Wigan or Warsaw. As we must start from some one point, it will be most convenient to imagine that my friend is stopping at a hotel in the Strand, and there, with a large-scale map laid out on the table, we decide the journeys to be

taken. To our right is Fleet Street, with the pile of the Law Courts at its western end and its many newspaper offices. Beyond Fleet Street is the City, and beyond the City the vast drab district of the East End —Whitechapel, picturesque in its cosmopolitanism, Stepney, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Poplar, with Stratford and West Ham farther away, grey districts where life is always hard and often ugly. In front of us is Central London—Covent Garden Market, Holborn, Bloomsbury, St Pancras, Islington—the streets rising steadily to the northern hills. To our left are the City of Westminster, the home of government, where dreary slums lie cheek by jowl with mansion squares, Mayfair, the great shopping streets of the West End, and, beyond, Marylebone, Paddington, Kensington, away to Hammersmith and Kew. Behind us is South London, the districts all along the river from Rotherhithe westward to Battersea being as sordid as the East End and even more depressing. Farther south are Brixton and Streatham, where the rich City merchant lived a hundred years ago, with many pleasant suburbs east and west, till one passes Croydon and reaches the foot of the North Downs. A great and wonderful city, stupendous in size, the largest city that man has ever created, and the home, despite the struggle and the fog, of a most godlike patience and courage, and a gaiety that no power on earth can ever destroy.

# CHAPTER I

## ALONG THE RIVER'S SOUTH BANK

As I have said, the Thames was London's chief thoroughfare long before "The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road," and it remained the chief thoroughfare until the eighteenth century. Two hundred years earlier Holinshed, writing of the river, refers to

> the two thousand wherries and small boats, whereby three thousand poor watermen are maintained, through the carriage and recarriage of such persons as pass or repass from time to time upon the same; besides those huge tide-boats, tilt-boats and barges, which either carry passengers or bring necessary provisions unto the city of London.

In those long-ago days there was abundance of "fat and sweet salmon" in the Thames at London, with trout and many other fish. "Only in carp it seemeth to be scant."

The modern Londoner woefully neglects his river, but its banks are of thrilling interest, and the stranger can do no better than begin his journeys by exploring them, starting, I suggest, at Richmond in the west and coming down-river on the south bank.

At the time of the Conquest the Royal Borough of Richmond was a fishing village. Henry I spent some time here, and though he gave his estate to a butler it soon reverted to the Crown, and has been held

by the Crown ever since. Edward I held Court at Richmond, and Edward III dispensed royal hospitality there until the day of his great grief at the death of the Black Prince. The boy-king Richard II was at Richmond when the deputation of London citizens formally called him to the throne, and at Richmond he lived with his wife, Anne of Bohemia, until her death. During this reign Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was superintendent of works at Richmond.

Edward IV held his Court at Richmond Palace, and presented the palace to his Queen. There doubtless she would have lived on after the murder of her sons, "the little princes in the Tower," but Henry VII had a fancy for the place, and banished the Queen to a convent at Bermondsey, where she died. Henry changed the old name from Sheen to Richmond, in memory of the Richmond in Yorkshire, of which he had been Earl. Henry VIII came to the palace after his accession, and here Catherine of Aragon's first son was born. After the boy's death the King seems to have lost interest in the place, and in 1526, having cast his covetous eyes on Wolsey's palace at Hampton Court, he gave the Cardinal leave to live at Richmond, and, though he seems rarely to have done so, the arrangement was resented by the loyal inhabitants, whose pride was hurt by the thought that "a bocher's dogge should be in the royall manor." After the Cardinal's downfall he was ordered to vacate the palace and to withdraw to a lodge in the Old Deer Park. When divorced from Anne of Cleves the King gave the "Flemish mare" the palace of Richmond for life. Anne lived at Richmond until the death of the King, when she resigned the palace to Edward VI, who

loved the place, though he was persuaded by his doctors that Hampton Court would better suit his health.

Richmond was Elizabeth's favourite residence. On January 14, 1603, the Queen, an old, broken woman of seventy, "having sickened two days before of a cold, removed to Richmond, which she said was the warm winter box to shelter her old age." The Queen had never recovered from the death of the Earl of Essex. The feverish activity of her life had worn her out, and at seventy she was senile. She refused to obey her physicians. She refused to take food. Now and again there was a flash of the old spirit, as, for instance, when Robert Cecil declared that she must go to bed. "Little man, little man," said the dying Queen, "if your father had lived ye durst not have said so much; but ye know I must die and that makes ye so presumptuous." The Archbishop of Canterbury assured her that her piety and zeal would secure the mercy of God. "My lord," said Elizabeth, "the crown which I have borne so long has given enough of vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour when I am so near my death." These must have been almost her last words, for the greatest of all English sovereigns died in her sleep on March 24.

James I gave the palace to Prince Henry, who there formed the collection of pictures which is still treasured by the royal family. King Charles I gave the palace to his Queen, and their children resided there. During the Civil War the place was deserted. It was sold by Cromwell, and much of the building was destroyed. After various vicissitudes it returned to the Crown on the accession of James II, but not until George II's day was it used again as a royal residence. It was

given by him to Queen Caroline, who built for her ladies-in-waiting the houses known as Maids of Honour Row. In 1770 the palace became the home for a short time of Queen Charlotte. Only a fragment, the gateway of the Wardrobe Court, now remains to bear witness to Richmond's days of royal glory.

When Jonathan Swift, most gifted of English ironists, first came to London in 1688 he lived, as secretary to Sir William Temple, the Whig statesman, at Moor Park, Richmond, receiving the munificent salary of twenty pounds a year. It was at Moor Park that Swift met Stella.

Scott's description of the famous view from Richmond Hill still holds good. Petersham Wood and village and the winding river form the foreground, and the eye follows the Thames as far as Windsor Castle and south to the Surrey hills. Sir Joshua Reynolds lived for some years on the terrace by the river. The once famous Star and Garter Hotel of the terrace is now no more; at one time it was occupied by Louis-Philippe, the Citizen-King of France, who lost his throne in 1848, the year of revolution, largely because he was a dull man who preferred an umbrella to a sceptre.

The parish church of Richmond has a novel fifteenth-century tower. It contains many memorials of famous inhabitants—Lord Brouncker, "cofferer" to Charles II, Mrs Yates, the tragic actress, Edmund Kean, and James Thomson, author of *The Seasons*, who died at Richmond in 1748.

Richmond Green is supposed to have been the jousting-ground of the palace, and, with its old elms, has a charming old-world look. Quaint alleys leading to the Green are in keeping with its antique air. With

these relics of past glory, these many memories, with the glorious view from the terrace of the Thames, and with its magnificent park, Richmond may well claim to be the most interesting and the loveliest of London's possessions.

Charles I was the maker of Richmond Park. It was first known as Sheen Chase, the word "Sheen" signifying "gleaming," "beautiful." The King enclosed the Chase by a wall running for ten miles (some of which remains), and stocked it with deer. After the King's death Cromwell made over the Chase to the Corporation of London, but at the Restoration it was restored to the Crown. In George I's reign the public were excluded, on the ground that the park harboured deer-stealers and vagabonds, and in George II's reign even the old public footpaths were closed, until ancient rights of way were established at law. The park is as large as all the other London parks together. To walk round it is to journey more than ten miles.

Richmond Hill Gate will probably be our way into the park, whence we shall walk up the New Terrace path to the Thomson Memorial for the view of the Thames, and on to Pembroke Lodge and the Mound of Henry VIII, and so to White Ash Lodge and Pen Ponds and White Lodge on the hill beyond, thence northward perhaps to see the Old Shrew Ash near Sheen Lodge or southward to Broomfield Hill for the sake of the noble view. If we return to Richmond Hill Gate the beautiful glen near Ham Gate will be seen, the most forest-like scene in the park, which caused Sir Frederick Leighton to say of the park, "It is the loveliest spot in all England." The way out will be by Charles II's Mound and John Martin's Oak and the famous Hornbeam Walk, leading back by Pembroke Lodge to

Henry VIII's Mound and the Thomson Memorial. The poet Thomson lived for many years in his cottage at Richmond, died, as I have said, in 1748, and was buried in the parish church. He wrote of the view from Richmond Hill:

> Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
> Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
> And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
> The stretching landscape into smoke decays.

Pembroke Lodge was the home of the Countess of Pembroke, a beauty of George II's Court. In later years the Cabinet Council, which decided on the Crimean War, met in the lodge. In the grounds is Henry VIII's Mound, where, as the story goes, the King on a May morning stood to hear the signal-gun from the Tower of London which told him that the head of his once-loved Anne Boleyn had fallen. Probably, when deer were driven, the mound was a sportsman's 'standinge.'

One of the oldest buildings in the park is White Ash Lodge. Near by is Round Pond, whence it is a pleasant walk to the Pen Ponds, nearly in the centre of the Park, so named from being near the deer-pens; here the eye is taken by the rare and beautiful water-fowl, including great crested grebes. Who would not go a day's march in June to see these strangely beautiful birds sitting on their eggs, their bright breasts gleaming in a bower of iris plants in yellow bloom? Moorhen and coot are to be seen, and the kingfisher often strikes a note of azure blue, while in summer the swallows go fly-fishing over the water the livelong day.

Most famous of the lodges is White Lodge, built for a country cottage for George II. It overlooks Queen Caroline's Ride and the ponds. In George III's day

Lord Sidmouth lived here, and his many distinguished visitors included Sheridan, Pitt, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Nelson, who, on September 10, 1805, sketched out on the dinner-table, with wine for ink, the plan by which a few weeks later Trafalgar was won. The present Prince of Wales was born at White Lodge in 1894.

A mile and a half north-east from Richmond Hill Gate is Sheen Lodge, once the home of the naturalist Sir Richard Owen, who lived there for forty years, and entertained Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Blackmore, and many other great writers of his day.

Broomfield Hill, perhaps so named from having been covered by broom, gives a view over the Crown Meadows to the Portsmouth Road at Wimbledon Common. From Sawyer's Hill the view is towards London, to St Paul's and the hills of Harrow and Hampstead. From the New Terrace is a famous view of the Thames, with the Hog's Back in the far distance. Scott described the view:

> An unrivalled landscape, a huge sea of verdure with crossing and interesting promontories of massive tufted groves. The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moves slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties are but accessories. . . . Wood and water, softly swelling hills and hazy distance, with village spires and lordly halls, are blended in beautiful harmony.

But, when all is said, to most lovers of Richmond Park it is its own natural beauty which makes most appeal, its sylvan glades, its trees, its wildflowers and singing birds. Oaks predominate among the trees, and some are believed to be a thousand years old;

THE VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL

*Photo Herbert Felton*

STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN, KEW

*Photo Herbert Felton*

hawthorns are abundant, their pink and white blossom filling the park with beauty and fragrance in May. Fine beeches adorn the New Terrace. The birch abounds, the dainty lady of the woods, and elms, hornbeams, sweet chestnuts, Scotch firs, and sycamores contribute to the "goodly prospect." In autumn the park is rich in the warm tones of the bracken, and in spring there are vistas of bluebells in the plantations. More than seventy species of birds are at home in Richmond Park—the choicest of singing birds, such as willow-wrens and nightingales, and cuckoos, redstarts, whitethroats, finches in variety, and birds wonderful to see so near to London, like red-backed shrikes, hawfinches, kestrels, white wagtails, or cirl buntings. The park's heronry is famous. Certainly there is more in the park than would be supposed from Defoe's description of it in his *Journey through England*—"Richmond Park is very large, and encompassed by a brick wall."

The ancient village of Kew (a name which has been spelt in various ways, such as Kayhowe and Kai-o) clings to precious fragments of its old-time charm, and is steeped in history at least from the time of Henry VII, when the place seems first to have been mentioned in a Court Roll of the Manor of Richmond. King Henry VIII's sister Mary, Dowager Queen of France, resided at Kew, and at about the same time it was the home of William Turner, the father of English botany, and this is the earliest association of Kew with the science of which it is now the Empire's headquarters. Other famous men whose names are honoured in the village are Sir Peter Lely and Gainsborough, who was buried in the churchyard of the picturesque church on the green.

The Royal Botanic Gardens are a fusion of two

famous properties, the grounds of the demolished Kew House, in the seventeenth century a country gentleman's residence, and the grounds of Richmond Lodge, a favourite residence of George II and Queen Caroline, also demolished. The properties were divided by a bridle-path felicitously named Love Lane. London owes Kew to the Georges, and this is something to the credit of a much-criticized family. The gardens were the scene of the interview between Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline described in *Heart of Midlothian*.

In the latter days of the seventeenth century Kew House was the home of an ardent horticulturist, Sir Henry Capel, who imported many rare plants from the Continent, including laurustinus. When he died in 1696 the property passed to a Mr Molyneux, whose interest was in astronomy, and it was in the grounds that Dr Bradley, Astronomer Royal, made his two great discoveries, which a sundial on the spot commemorates as "the Aberration of Light and the Nutation of the Earth's Axis." The sundial stands on the site of a wing of Kew House. About 1730 the property was leased to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and after his death his widow, Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, formed the Botanic Gardens. She called to her aid the Earl of Bute, author of a monumental work on British plants, Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House, who designed the Pagoda (rising about 163 feet high), the great Orangery, and others of the classical buildings, and William Aiton, the famous author of the *Hortus Kewensis*, published in 1789, in which he describes the five thousand six hundred foreign plants introduced to England up to his day.

George III closed Love Lane and fused the two

properties of Richmond Lodge and Kew House into the present Kew Gardens. Farmer George was very fond of Kew, and he was responsible for the famous Rhododendron Dell, laid out by "Capability" Brown. Queen Charlotte added to the rare plants. Fanny Burney was Queen Caroline's dresser, and another literary association of Kew is with William Cobbett, who worked in the gardens under Aiton, and has related, in one of his books, how the future King William IV laughed at his odd appearance while he swept the grass about the Pagoda.

Sir Joseph Banks became the honorary director of the Botanic Gardens, and to his zeal, unabated until his death in 1820, much of the fame of the gardens and the magnificence of the collection is due.

After the death of George III the glory of the gardens was dimmed for a while, until the idea was conceived of reorganizing Kew as a "national garden." This scheme was the fruit of a Government Committee which sat on the problem of gardens, having the well-known botanists, Dr John Lindley and Sir Joseph Paxton, as members. The "national garden" was "to aid the Mother Country in everything that is useful in the vegetable kingdom," and it was pointed out that medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and manufacturers' interests would benefit, while the Government would be able to obtain authentic information "on points connected with the founding of new colonies."

This idea was the beginning of the Kew that we know, given by Queen Victoria to the nation. The gardens do for botany what Greenwich does for astronomy. The permanent staff is for ever making experiment; the trained gardeners journey all over the

world in the search for rare plants. A great botanical survey of the Empire goes steadily forward. The *Index Kewensis* continues to record the names of all plants, numbering hundreds of thousands. Museums illustrate the uses of plants and their value to mankind. The herbarium and library were founded in 1853; in the former are over two million specimens of plants, in the latter a score and more of thousands of botanical works.

A mere recital of Kew's triumphs would fill this volume, from the first notable step in the way of introducing new plants to the colonies and of establishing the breadfruit-tree in the West Indies in 1791. Mr Joseph Chamberlain, when Secretary for the Colonies, made acknowledgment that several British colonies directly owed their prosperity to Kew. Among economic plants widely distributed are fruits, such as pineapples and bananas, foods like tea, coffee, and cocoa, medicines and drugs, such as quinine, rubber, dyes, timbers, and fibres. Two of Kew's remarkable successes have been the introduction of quinine to India and of rubber to the Malay Peninsula; the lucrative crops of to-day are descendants of young plants sent out from Kew in 1875. The collections of plants at Kew are unrivalled in the world, and number some twenty-five thousand different species and varieties.

Kew has been happily described as London's Garden of Eden. In the sylvan glades one might be in the heart of Arcady, while since all the trees and plants are labelled each step taken gives a fresh lesson in botany. As Richard Jefferies said, the herbaceous ground is "a living dictionary of English wildflowers."

Following the river's winding course from Kew

Bridge through Barnes and Putney, pleasant residential suburbs, each with one of the commons for which the county of Surrey is famous, and on through the less attractive district of Wandsworth, the explorer reaches Battersea, politically famous as the home of Mr John Burns and in more recent times as the constituency of a Communist Parsee. Battersea, or "Patrick's Eyes," is said to have taken its name from St Patrick or St Peter, because in ancient days it belonged to the Abbey of St Peter, Westminster. Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the friend of Swift and Voltaire, one of the most brilliant men of the first half of the eighteenth century, is buried in Battersea church. "I think Mr St John," wrote Swift,

> the greatest young man I ever knew. Wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning and excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; and generous and a despiser of money.

Bolingbroke was also described, and quite accurately, as "a libertine and a free thinker who champions the most bigoted and tyrannical High Church measures."

Battersea Park (200 acres) skirts the right bank of the Thames between Chelsea and Albert Bridges, and is one of the largest of London's municipal parks. It was dedicated to public enjoyment in 1858. Time was when Old Battersea Fields was a marshy tract, the sort of bog which is the botanist's paradise, and it had degenerated into a fair-ground before it was rescued for a people's playground. Notable features of the park are the subtropical garden, the beds reminiscent of Kew, forming a sort of living dictionary of plants, and the "wild gardens." Much of the park is devoted

to games, and 15 acres of water are used for boating, and form a sanctuary for waterfowl. The park has a fine river-frontage, yielding picturesque views of old Chelsea. Among other attractions are enclosures for deer and for birds, while in autumn a chrysanthemum show is held in the glasshouses.

East of Battersea is Vauxhall. Here were the famous Vauxhall Gardens, which were first laid out during the reign of Charles II and were not finally closed until 1859. Just as I find it amusing to stand outside the National Liberal Club, watching the highly respectable members entering its doors and remembering that this was almost the exact spot at which Nell Gwyn stole into the gardens of Whitehall Palace to meet Charles II, so I find it amusing to stand underneath the railway-bridge outside Vauxhall Station and recall that this was the site of the main entrance to Vauxhall Gardens, where all London from the days of Evelyn to Macaulay had more or less hilarious nights out. Vauxhall Gardens were originally known as New Spring Garden, the old Spring Garden lying between what is now Trafalgar Square and St James's Park. In July 1661 John Evelyn refers in his diary to "the New Spring Garden at Lambeth, a pretty contrived plantation." Six years later Pepys had an adventure at Vauxhall. He writes:

> Presently comes Creed, and he and I by water to Foxhall, and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant: that it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty

divertising. Among others, there were two pretty women alone, that walked a great while, which being discovered by some idle gentlemen, they would needs take them up ; but to see the poor ladies how they were put to it to run from them, and they after them, and sometimes the ladies put themselves along with other company, then the other drew back ; at last, the last did get off out of the house, and took boat and away. I was troubled to see them abused so, and could have found in my heart, as little desire of fighting as I have, to have protected the ladies. So by water home.

In *The Spectator* of May 20, 1712, Addison describes a visit by Sir Roger de Coverley to Vauxhall. He and his friend went by boat from the Temple Stairs, Sir Roger selecting a boatman with a wooden leg. The boat was trimmed by his coachman. "He being a very sober man, always serves for Ballast on these occasions." Addison's narrative goes on:

> We were now arrived at *Spring-Garden*, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of Year. When I considered the Fragrancy of the Walks and Bowers, with the Choirs of Birds that sung upon the Trees, and the loose Tribe of People that walked under their Shades, I could not but look upon the Place as a kind of *Mahometan* Paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little Coppice by his House in the Country, which his Chaplain used to call an Aviary of Nightingales.

Dr Johnson was frequently at Vauxhall, and remarked on the great value obtained from the shilling entrance fee, but the frugal Boswell complained that the price of admission had been doubled. Hogarth, who at one time lived in Kennington, was a friend of the proprietor of the gardens, and helped to arrange the *al fresco fêtes*. Horace Walpole was frequently at

Vauxhall. Byron refers to it in his *Beppo*, where, writing of an Italian dance-hall, he says:

> 'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
> Excepting that it can't be spoiled by rain.

When he was Prince Regent George IV often went to Vauxhall, until the Princess, from whom he was separated, took to visiting the gardens in order to annoy her husband. In 1813 there was published a rhyming story of this humorous altercation:

> The Regent was absent, because, my dear life,
> He did not like meeting the world—and his wife.

In his *Life of Charles Dickens* Forster relates that on one summer's night in 1849 the novelist was dining at Vauxhall Gardens with Edwin Landseer and other friends and that they were astonished to see the great Duke of Wellington "in a bright white overcoat, with Lady Douro on his arm." "That the old hero enjoyed it all," says Forster, "there can be no doubt." Readers of Thackeray will remember that Arthur Pendennis was a patron of the Royal Gardens at Vauxhall, "where he was on terms of friendship with the great Simpson and where he shook the principal comic singer or the lovely *equestrienne* of the arena by the hand." There is, too, in *Vanity Fair* a description of a visit to Vauxhall of the gloomy Dobbin and the Sedley family:

> And the truth is, that of all the delights of the Gardens; of the hundred thousand *extra* lamps, which were always lighted; the fiddlers in cocked hats, who played ravishing melodies under the gilded cockle-shell in the midst of the Gardens; the singers, both of comic and sentimental ballads, who charmed the ears there; the country dances, formed by bouncing cockneys and cockneyesses, and

executed amidst jumping, thumping, and laughter; the signal which announced that Madame Saqui was about to mount skyward on a slack-rope ascending to the stars; the hermit that always sat in the illuminated hermitage; the dark walks, so favourable to the interviews of young lovers; the pots of stout handed about by the people in the shabby old liveries; and the twinkling boxes, in which the happy feasters made-believe to eat slices of almost invisible ham;—of all these things, and of the gentle Simpson, that kind smiling idiot, who, I daresay, presided even then over the place—Captain William Dobbin did not take the slightest notice.

Before the accession of Queen Victoria the popularity of the gardens was on the decline. They were deserted by the fashionable world, and the attendance became definitely raffish. They lingered on, however, till 1855, and the gardens and their contents were sold by auction in 1859. And now there is a railway-station where Pepys' heart was so moved to indignation and Dickens gazed with admiration at the victor of Waterloo!

Still going east, we reach the Borough of Lambeth, which lies immediately opposite Westminster. The first Westminster Bridge was built in 1736, when Lambeth was a marshy village, and the present bridge was built in 1862. Lambeth nowadays is a district of historical association, important buildings, and mean slums. On the east side of Westminster Bridge is the County Hall, the home of the London County Council, and opposite it is St Thomas's Hospital, a comparatively modern building, the foundation-stone of which was laid by Queen Victoria. It stands on the site of a priory dedicated to St Thomas of Canterbury, and thus the name of the most famous of English

saints is associated with the great work of succour and healing.

Astley's Amphitheatre was in the Westminster Bridge Road. It was to Astley's that Kit in *The Old Curiosity Shop* took his mother on a memorable evening, with little Jacob and Barbara, whom he was eventually to marry, and her mother:

> Dear, dear, what a place it looked, that Astley's, with all the paint, gilding, and looking-glass; the vague smell of horses, suggestive of coming wonders; the curtain that hid such gorgeous mysteries; the clean white sawdust down in the circus; the company coming in and taking their places; the fiddlers looking carelessly up at them while they tuned their instruments, as if they didn't want the play to begin, and knew it all beforehand! What a glow was that, which burst upon them all, when that long, clear, brilliant row of lights came slowly up; and what the feverish excitement when the little bell rang and the music began in good earnest, with strong parts for the drums, and sweet effects for the triangles!

Arthur Sullivan, the composer of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, was born in Bolwell Street, Lambeth, a turning running off Lambeth Walk, now the home of costermongers. Lambeth Palace stands facing Lambeth Bridge, for years the only footbridge over the Thames in London, now in course of reconstruction. When the wife of James II escaped from Whitehall she crossed the river at Lambeth, and was driven from there to the coast. Macaulay says: "She remained with her child cowering for shelter from the storm under the tower of Lambeth church, distracted with terror whenever the ostler approached with the lantern." Lambeth Palace has been the London home of the Archbishops

of Canterbury since the reign of Henry III. Five archbishops are buried in the chapel, and the palace itself has been the scene of many key incidents in the history of England. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Earl of Essex was imprisoned in its Lollards' Tower. Parker, the Elizabethan archbishop, had a table set at the lower end of the hall, "whereat was daily entertained eight or ten of the poor of the town." Parker dined in state there three times a week, on which occasions the State prisoners in his charge were always among the guests. Considering that most of these prisoners were bound for the scaffold, the dinner-parties must have been rather melancholy functions. It was to Parker's wife that Elizabeth, who, however much she may have approved the Reformed religion, strongly disapproved of married clergy, once said: "Madam I may not call you; mistress I am ashamed to call you; and so I know not what to call you; but howsoever I thank you."

"When I first came to Lambeth," wrote Archbishop Laud in 1638,

> there were in the walks song-thrushes which even began to sing in February, and so continued, and the nightingales followed in their season. Both of these came my first year, I think to take their leave. Neither of them hath appeared ever since.

It was from Lambeth that Laud was taken away by river for trial and execution in 1645. "Hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there," he wrote, "and prayed for my safety and return to my house." A large number of the books in Lambeth Palace library were lost during the Commonwealth, and there is now only one volume that bears the arms of Laud and one

the arms of Parker. Parker, fearing the Puritans, sent the greater part of his books and manuscripts to his old college, Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In the hall of the palace Cardinal Pole's body lay in state before it was taken for burial to Canterbury. In the library the pan-Anglican conferences have had their sittings, and the Bishops recently met there to come to their fateful decisions concerning Prayer Book revision.

Returning to the Westminster Bridge Road and turning to the right, we pass the Canterbury Music Hall, now a picture-theatre, which two generations ago was associated with the fame of George Leybourne, the Great Vance, and other singers whose songs were even more inane than those that are nowadays imported from America. Farther south, on the left-hand side, is the Bethlehem Hospital, which is said to be the oldest asylum for the insane in the world. It was founded in the thirteenth century in the City of London, somewhere near where Liverpool Street Station now stands. Near by, in what were then St George's Fields, Lord George Gordon collected his motley army of cranks and criminals in the "No Popery" agitation in 1780. Dickens says in *Barnaby Rudge*:

> They were really fields at that time, and of considerable extent. Here an immense multitude was collected, bearing flags of various kinds and sizes, but all of the same colour—blue, like the cockades—some sections marching to and fro in military array, and others drawn up in circles, squares, and lines. A large portion, both of the bodies which paraded the ground, and of those which remained stationary, were occupied in singing hymns or psalms. With whomsoever this originated,

it was well done; for the sound of so many thousand voices in the air must have stirred the heart of any man within him, and could not fail to have a wonderful effect upon enthusiasts, however mistaken.

Still walking eastward, two or three hundred yards from the river, we arrive at the Waterloo Road, where, almost opposite the station, is the Old Vic, a famous theatre opened over a hundred years ago, where Edmund Kean once acted, and where in these later years, thanks to the indomitable enterprise of Miss Lilian Baylis, the best plays and the best operas are admirably presented at the lowest prices.

Passing the Union Jack Club, we are again at the river, and once more turning to the right we make our way, with some difficulty—it would be easier to journey by water than by land—eastward from Waterloo Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge, and thence to London Bridge, through a district of wharves and warehouses. In the fifteenth century the citizens of London complained that the village of Southwark on the other side of the river was "a haunt of villains, thieves, and other malefactors and disturbers of the peace," and in the sixteenth century the village was made over to the City authorities as a "ward without."

The Tabard Inn, from which Chaucer's pilgrims began their journey to Canterbury, stood on part of the site occupied by London Bridge Station. Jack Cade had his headquarters at the Hart Inn in Southwark, and after he was killed his head was placed on the Southwark end of London Bridge. Many greater heads have had the same eminence, among them the heads of William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, and Blessed Thomas More and Bishop Fisher, the Tudor martyrs.

The George Inn, near where the Tabard once stood, is said to be the only example of the old galleried coaching inns now existing in London. The George is mentioned by Stow, and in the reign of Henry VIII it was known as the St George. The old inn was burnt down in the seventeenth century, and the new inn, a part of which still remains, was rebuilt in the same century, probably on the old plan. Dr Johnson used to take the coach from the George Inn when he went to Streatham to visit the Thrales, and it remains a reminder of Dickens in modern London. Mr E. V. Lucas has written in one of his essays:

> It is Dickens in essence. How any Dickensian visitor to London can possibly stay anywhere else is inconceivable, for here are the bedrooms opening on to the balconies, exactly as on the day when Sam Weller was first discovered cleaning the boots of Mr Alfred Jingle and Miss Rachel Wardle at the adjacent "White Hart"; here is the cosiest and brightest of bars, with a pair of pistols in it such as the guards of coaches carried, where you may still sip punch, a cordial beverage practically unknown in the rest of London and England, and very likely fine pineapple rum too.

After his return from exile St Thomas of Canterbury stayed in the Bishop of Winchester's palace in Southwark hard by London Bridge, and there he received word that the King would not receive him and that he must return to his cathedral city. John Bunyan at one time preached in a chapel at Southwark.

The Priory Church of St Mary Overy became Southwark Cathedral when the diocese of Southwark was carved out of the straggling See of Rochester in 1905. It is associated with the memory of Lancelot Andrewes, one of the High Church prelates who saved the Church

of England from the Puritans. Owing to its proximity to Bankside, many of the Elizabethan players and dramatists were buried in St Mary Overy, among them Fletcher, the collaborator of Beaumont in many plays.

Bankside was situated between Blackfriars Bridge and Southwark Bridge. In what is now a welter of mean streets there were in Elizabeth's day three theatres, the Paris Garden, where bull-baiting was the popular amusement, and the palaces of the Bishops of Winchester and Rochester. The Globe Theatre occupied the site where now stands Messrs Barclay and Perkins' brewery. When Shakespeare was its manager the price of admission to the boxes was a shilling, and the cheapest price was a penny. The theatre was burned down during a performance of *King Henry VIII*, but this happened after Shakespeare had sold his interest and had gone back to live in Stratford-on-Avon. The Globe Theatre had no roof, but the other theatres on Bankside were covered in. Ben Jonson wrote for the Rose, although his *Every-man in his Humour* was produced at the Globe. The popularity of the Bear Garden continued to the end of the seventeenth century, and Pepys was of course among its patrons. He wrote in his diary in August 1666:

> After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Beare-garden, where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs, one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us (and one very fine went into the pit and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first, which I pledged with my hat off.

It is interesting to remark the continuity of the history of London. Both Shakespeare and Pepys went to the Bear Garden on Bankside. Both Pepys and Dickens went to the Vauxhall Gardens. Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, was at one time "Keeper of the King's wild beasts or Master of the Royal Bear Garden situated on the Bankside in Southwark." Dickens knew this district well, and it will be remembered that it was the scene of early incidents in *Our Mutual Friend*.

Leaving the river for a time, we will walk southward along the Borough High Street. A fair was held for many years in the neighbourhood of the Town Hall, remembered mainly from Hogarth's picture. Both Evelyn and Pepys went to Southwark Fair. "I saw," wrote Evelyn, "an Italian wench dance and perform all the tricks on the tight-rope to admiration. All the Court went to see her." And Pepys relates: "To Southwark Fair, very dirty, and there saw the Puppet Show of Whittington, which is pretty to see." The fair was suppressed in 1763.

"Thirty years ago," wrote Dickens in *Little Dorrit*,

> there stood, a few doors short of the church of St George, in the Borough of Southwark, on the left-hand side of the way going southward, the Marshalsea Prison. It had stood there many years before, and it remained there some years afterwards; but it is gone now, and the world is none the worse without it.

At the end of the eighteenth century the Marshalsea was "the country gaol for felons and the Admiralty gaol for pirates." In the reign of Edward VI Bishop Bonner began his imprisonment there. He died in prison on September 5, 1569.

Dickens had an intimate personal acquaintance with the Marshalsea, for his father was in the prison when the novelist was a boy. "The family," he says,

> lived more comfortably in prison than they had done for a long time out of it. They were waited on still by the maid-of-all-work from Bayham Street, the orphan girl from Chatham workhouse, from whose sharp little worldly, yet also kindly ways, I took my first impression of the Marchioness in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

Dickens himself lived for a while in Lant Street near the prison, and in one of the streets close by died Nahum Tate, the author in conjunction with Brady of the well-known metrical version of the Psalms.

Bob Sawyer in *Pickwick Papers* had lodgings in Lant Street, apparently because of its convenient distance from Guy's Hospital, which was founded by Thomas Guy, a London bookseller who made a fortune from printing and selling Bibles. The first stone of Guy's Hospital was laid in 1722, and it was originally designed to house four hundred patients.

South of Southwark and west of the Old Kent Road, which before the era of railways was the way to Dover and the Continent, lies Walworth, now a typically overcrowded South London district, but which less than a hundred years ago was still largely rural. Mr Wemmick, the clerk of Jaggers, the criminal lawyer in *Great Expectations*, lived in Walworth, and of the district Dickens wrote: "It appeared to be a collection of black lanes, ditches, and little gardens and to present the aspect of a rather dull retirement." Wemmick's house was "a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out

and painted like a battery mounted with guns." In the nineteenth century the Surrey Gardens, a sort of Zoological Gardens with popular entertainments, were situated in Manor Place, Walworth. When they were shut up the Surrey Music Hall was built on part of the site, and here in 1856 Mr C. H. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher, had a Sunday afternoon congregation of over ten thousand people.

Going back, once more, to the river, and still proceeding eastward, past the Tower Bridge, which was completed in 1894, and is the last of the London bridges, we reach the twin boroughs of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe. Until the construction of the Tower Bridge the only communication between the north and south of the river below London Bridge was the Thames Tunnel, which runs from Shadwell to Rotherhithe. It was completed in 1843, and is now used for a railway. Bermondsey is the land of leather, and Tooley Street, running east and west, is its principal thoroughfare. Tooley Street is remembered from the story told by Canning of the three tailors of Tooley Street who drew up a petition to the House of Commons begging for a redress of grievances and began it with the words: "We, the people of England."

The Kings of England once had a country palace in Bermondsey. Catherine of France, wife of Henry V, died in this palace, as did Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of Edward IV. It is difficult enough nowadays to associate either the country or royalty with this crowded South London borough. A number of streams used to run from the Thames southward through the eastern portions of Bermondsey. One was known as the Folly Ditch, and surrounded a district known as Jacob's Island, where Bill Sikes met

his end. The neighbourhood is graphically described by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*:

> Near to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest and the vessels on the river blackest with the dust of colliers and the smoke of close-built low-roofed houses, there exists at the present day the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in London, wholly unknown, even by name, to the great mass of its inhabitants.
>
> To reach this place, the visitor has to penetrate through a maze of close, narrow, and muddy streets, thronged by the roughest and poorest of waterside people, and devoted to the traffic they may be supposed to occasion. The cheapest and less delicate provisions are heaped in the shops; the coarsest and commonest articles of wearing apparel dangle at the salesman's door, and stream from the house-parapet and windows. Jostling with unemployed labourers of the lowest class, ballast-heavers, coal-whippers, brazen women, ragged children, and the very raff and refuse of the river, he makes his way with difficulty along, assailed by offensive sights and smells from the narrow alleys which branch off on the right and left, and deafened by the clash of ponderous waggons that bear great piles of merchandise from the stacks of warehouses that rise from every corner. Arriving, at length, in streets remoter and less-frequented than those through which he has passed, he walks beneath tottering house-fronts projecting over the pavement, dismantled walls that seem to totter as he passes, chimneys half crushed half hesitating to fall, windows guarded by rusty iron bars that time and dirt have almost eaten away, and every imaginable sign of desolation and neglect.
>
> In such a neighbourhood, beyond Dockhead in the Borough of Southwark, stands Jacob's Island surrounded

by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in these days as Folly Ditch. It is a creek or inlet from the Thames, and can always be filled at high water by opening the sluices at the Lead Mills from which it took its old name. At such times, a stranger, looking from one of the wooden bridges thrown across it at Mill Lane, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows, buckets, pails, domestic utensils of all kinds, in which to haul the water up ; and when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries common to the backs of half-a-dozen houses, with holes from which to look upon the slime beneath ; windows, broken and patched, with poles thrust out, on which to dry the linen that is never there ; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter ; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud, and threatening to fall into it—as some have done ; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations ; every repulsive lineament of poverty, every loathsome indication of filth, rot, and garbage ; all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch.

In Jacob's Island the warehouses are roofless and empty ; the walls are crumbling down ; the windows are windows no more ; the doors are falling into the streets ; the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke. Thirty or forty years ago, before losses and Chancery suits came upon it, it was a thriving place ; but now it is a desolate island indeed. The houses have no owners ; they are broken open, and entered upon by those who have the courage ; and there they live, and there they die. They must have powerful motive for a secret residence, or be reduced to a destitute condition indeed, who seek a refuge in Jacob's Island.

Bermondsey is not an attractive district now, but is better than it was a hundred years ago. On the river side of Bermondsey is Cherry Garden Stairs, which is a reminder of older and simpler days. Pepys records that he went to Cherry Garden, and was so elated there that "thence by water singing finely to the bridge and there landed."

Rotherhithe was originally known as Redrif, and until the nineteenth century was the home of seamen. The Surrey Commercial Docks are in the Borough of Rotherhithe, and that famous sailor Lemuel Gulliver was born within its boundaries. It is interesting to note that in 1412 King Henry IV stopped for a while in Rotherhithe for the benefit of his health, much as in recent times King George V has stopped in Bognor. Rotherhithe to-day is not quite so woebegone as some of its neighbours, and is mainly inhabited by workers at the docks.

From Rotherhithe the traveller passes into Deptford, which in the eighteenth century was the Navy building town. Deptford Dockyard was founded by Henry VIII, and it was here that Queen Elizabeth made her famous visit to Sir Francis Drake's ship the *Golden Hind*. There are frequent references to Deptford in the diaries of both Evelyn and Pepys. In 1667 Pepys wrote:

> Thence by water to Deptford, it being Trinity Monday when the Master is chosen. And so I down with them; and we had a good dinner of plain meat and good company at our table; among others my good Mr Evelyn, with whom, after dinner, I stepped aside and talked upon the present posture of our affairs.

Peter the Great worked as a shipwright in Deptford

Dockyard, which was not finally closed down until 1869.

Evelyn lived at Saye's Court, Deptford, where he entertained royal princes as well as poets like Dryden and artists like Grinling Gibbons the sculptor. Peter stayed at Saye's Court, and did considerable damage to the place, trundling a wheelbarrow through the carefully kept holly hedge and indulging in other savage amusements. "I went to Deptford," wrote Evelyn, sadly, in his diary under date June 5, 1698, "to see how miserably the Czar had left my house after three months making it his Court."

The Royal Victualling Yard is still at Deptford, and the Corporation of Trinity House has homes there for master-mariners and pilots. Christopher Marlowe, the great Elizabethan poet, who invented the "mighty line" which Shakespeare developed with such magnificent effect, was killed in a drunken brawl in a Deptford tavern, and is buried there in the churchyard of St Nicholas.

From Deptford we reach Greenwich and this first journey's end. Greenwich was the birthplace of Queen Elizabeth. Dr Johnson was moved to write in patriotic fervour:

> On Thames's bank, in silent thought we stood
> Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood ;
> Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,
> We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth,
> In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
> And call Britannia's glories back to view,
> Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
> The guard of commerce and the dread of Spain.

Greenwich was the headquarters of the Danes when they invaded England in the eleventh century, and

t Greenwich they killed St Alphege, the Bishop of Winchester, in 1012.

A royal palace stood where the Royal Naval College ow is. Henry VIII was born at Greenwich, and the alace was always one of his favourite residences. He as married there to Catherine of Aragon in 1509, and e took Anne Boleyn to live there after their marriage n 1533. Anne Boleyn was arrested at Greenwich. Henry VIII saw fat Anne of Cleves for the first time t Greenwich, and rarely saw her afterwards. Edward VI died at Greenwich.

Elizabeth shared her father's love for her birthplace. In October 1579 the Privy Council sat for a week at Greenwich discussing the conditions of the proposed marriage between Elizabeth and the Duc d'Alençon, the youngest son of Catherine de' Medici, and young enough, indeed, to have been the Queen of England's own son. The Council decided that on the whole the disadvantages of the match outbalanced any possible advantage, and Elizabeth pretended to be furious. "Her answers were very sharp and reprehending of such as she thought would make argument against her marriage." As a matter of fact, she had no intention of marrying, but she wanted to put the responsibility for the refusal of the French match on to other shoulders.

Charles I often lived at Greenwich, and received the great Flemish painter Rubens there. Charles II rebuilt the palace, and his mother Henrietta Maria lived there for several months after her return from France. It was Queen Mary II who determined that the palace should become a hospital for disabled seamen, though the hospital itself was not built until after her death. Macaulay says:

A plan was furnished by Wren, and soon an edifice, surpassing that asylum which the magnificent Louis had provided for his soldiers, rose on the margin of the Thames. Whoever reads the inscription which runs round the frieze of the hall will observe that King William claims no part of the merit of the design, and that the praise is ascribed to Mary alone. Had the King's life been prolonged, a statue of her who was the real foundress of the institution would have had a conspicuous place in that court which presents two lofty domes and two graceful colonnades to the multitudes who are perpetually passing up and down the imperial river. But that part of the plan was never carried into effect; and few of those who now gaze on the noblest of European hospitals are aware that it is a memorial of the virtues of the good Queen Mary, of the love and sorrow of William, and of the great victory of La Hogue.

Evelyn and Christopher Wren were both concerned in the building of the hospital. Nelson's body lay in state there for three days before the interment in St Paul's. Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, says of the building:

> Hail, noblest structure imaged in the wave,
> A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.

The hospital is now the Royal Naval College.

Admiral Byng was imprisoned in Greenwich Hospital before he was court-martialled and shot at Portsmouth. Admiral Lord Rodney was at one time the Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and Lord Hood was the Governor in the year of Trafalgar. Nelson's Hardy was appointed Governor in 1834. Dr Johnson was often at Greenwich, and had several lodgings in the town. In 1763 Johnson and Boswell walked to Billingsgate, where they took boat to Greenwich Pier. When they

eached the park, Johnson said: "Is not this very ne?" "Yes, sir," replied Boswell, "but not equal o Fleet Street." And Johnson replied: "You are ight, sir."

The Princess Caroline of Brunswick landed at Greenvich to marry "the First Gentleman in Europe," and o be the most unhappy of royal wives.

At Greenwich is the Ship Hotel, where, until recent imes, His Majesty's Ministers went every year for a inner of whitebait. When Dickens returned from his irst American tour in the autumn of 1842, having ollected the material for *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a dinner was given in his honour at the Ship at Greenwich, his osts including Maclise the painter, Captain Marryat, Barham, the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, Tom Hood, and George Cruikshank.

Greenwich Fair was a great institution until the middle of the last century, and is described by Dickens n the *Sketches by Boz*.

The Three Crowns at High Bridge, Greenwich, was once a riverside residence, probably of a successful merchant. It then became the headquarters of the Harbour Master, and later on a tavern.

Greenwich Park was originally attached to the royal palace, and was laid out by the French gardener, Le Nôtre, at the same time as St James's Park. The famous Earl of Chesterfield lived in the Ranger's lodge. The Observatory was first devoted to its present purpose at the end of the seventeenth century.

Of all the famous persons that ever landed at Greenwich, certainly the most remarkable is recorded in a London newspaper in 1683. The record is sufficient to prove that the modern journalist had his rivals in imagination in an earlier time. It says:

A perfect mermaid was by the past great wind driven ashore near Greenwich with her comb in one hand and her looking-glass in the other. She seemed to be of the countenance of a most fair and beautiful woman with her arms crossed, weeping out many pearly drops of salt tears; and afterwards she gently turning herself upon her back, swam away without being seen any more.

From Greenwich Observatory the exact time is conveyed each day at one o'clock by electric signal to all parts of the country, and all British and nearly all foreign geographers reckon longitude from its meridian.

Greenwich Park is especially attractive by reason of its abundant bird life. A sanctuary has been established, and draws many choice feathered guests. Willow-wren and greenfinch are among those which nest in the preserve, while such uncommon birds as the lesser spotted woodpecker, the nuthatch, the blackcap, and the nightjar may be heard, if not often seen.

# CHAPTER II

## ALONG THE RIVER'S NORTH BANK

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.

So wrote Pope of Hampton Court Palace when Queen Anne reigned in England. From Hampton Court we begin the exploration of the north bank of the Thames.

The palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey, the handsome, tireless, and learned Tudor statesman, who was wont to walk about its gardens, his servants being ordered to remain from him "as far as one might shoot an arrow," while he puzzled out solutions for the political problems of the times and dreamed, maybe, of one day reaching the Papal throne. Fearful of the fall that he knew could hardly be avoided, Wolsey gave the palace, which has been described as "the finest specimen of Tudor architecture still in existence," to his master, the greedy Henry VIII, who planted the quickset hedges and filled the gardens with fruit-trees.

Edward VI was born at Hampton Court in September 1537, and his mother, Jane Seymour, the only one of his many wives whom Henry really loved, died there a month later. After her death Henry rarely stayed at Hampton Court. Queen Mary spent her honeymoon in the palace with her gloomy husband, Philip of Spain. After her release from the Tower Elizabeth spent the Christmas of 1554 at Hampton Court with

her sister and brother-in-law, and in the following year she was for a while a prisoner in the palace. When she became queen Elizabeth was often at Hampton Court, and Shakespeare's *King Henry VIII* was acted there, with the poet himself in the cast. The gardens had grown very beautiful in Elizabeth's day, and particularly the rosemary, "so planted and nailed to the walls as to cover them entirely."

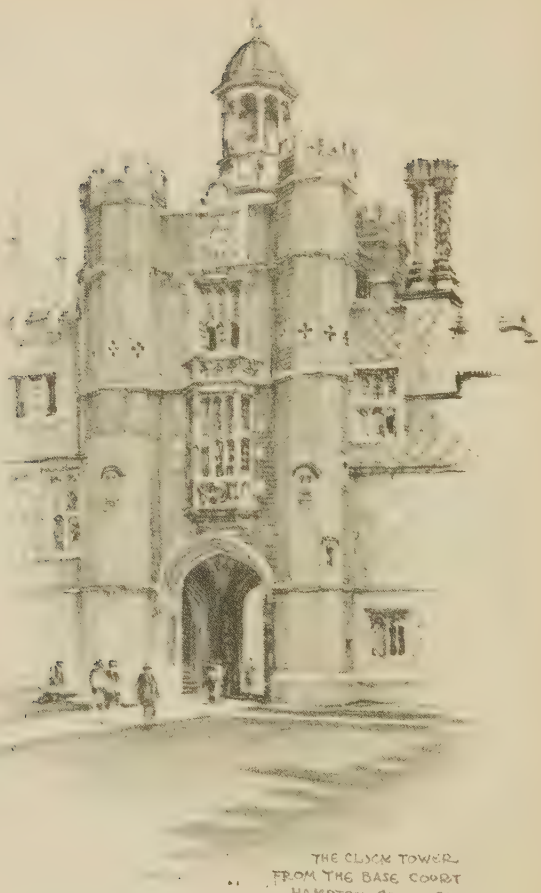
During the reign of James I a conference of Anglican and Presbyterian divines was held at Hampton Court to endeavour to solve the still unsolved problem of Christian reunion. Charles I and Cromwell had a secret conference at Hampton Court, at which the Stuart king might have saved his head had he cared less for principle and more for his own life.

William of Orange loved Hampton Court.

> It was he who planted the box, the yew and the holly, cutting them into the shapes of fearsome monsters. It was he who made straight canals where irregular rivulets had been before. It was he who erected the fountains, as Horace Walpole said, to wet the unwary, not to refresh the panting spectator. It was William, too, who laid out the wilderness and planted the avenues, though the maze belongs to a later period.

Wren built one of the three courts of the palace for King William. The great vine, which, it is said, once produced two thousand bunches of grapes in one year, was planted in 1769.

The palace contains many artistic treasures, including pictures by Kneller, Van Dyck, and Peter Lely, with—I quote E. V. Lucas—"a possible Giorgione." But the chief beauty of Hampton Court is its delightful herbaceous border, which alone is well worth the journey from Central London when it is to be seen in



THE CLOCK TOWER
FROM THE BASE COURT
HAMPTON COURT PALACE.
Joseph Pike 1929.

its summer glory. Near the palace is the famous Mitre Hotel—again I quote Mr Lucas—"with a tenacious reputation for roast duck."

Below Hampton Court is Teddington, now crowded and suburban, with little left of the charm that it had a hundred years ago. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the famous actress Peg Woffington died in Teddington. Peg was the leading lady in many productions at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and the mistress of many lovers, including Garrick. Her life-story has been told by Charles Reade. She was one of the kindest-hearted of women, whatever may have been her frailties. The last years of her life were lived in quiet seclusion, and her whole time was spent in doing good. It is interesting to remember that Peg Woffington's first success was made in a performance of *The Beggar's Opera* by a cast of children. That was in 1729, when she was fifteen. Before that she had appeared in her native Dublin as an assistant to a woman acrobat, of whom Mr Austin Dobson says:

> Here, among other daring feats by herself and company, she was accustomed, as a crowning exploit, to traverse the high rope with two baskets, each containing a child, suspended to her feet. That this sensational exhibition—perhaps far less dangerous than it seemed—was attended by accident is not recorded. But history, discreet as to the identity of one of the small occupants of the baskets, has disclosed that of the other. Her name was Margaret Woffington; and she was the elder daughter of a journeyman bricklayer, then dead, and of a living mother, who took in washing.

R. D. Blackmore wrote *Lorna Doone* while living in Gomer House at Teddington, and at Strawberry Hill, below Teddington, Horace Walpole had his famous

Gothic villa. "I have," he said, "about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's when he set up in the Ark with a pair of each kind." Horace Walpole, in most respects a little man, and in some respects a mean man, was a prince of letter-writers. "For diversity of interest and perpetual entertainment," says Mr Austin Dobson,

> for the constant surprises of a unique species of wit, for happy and unexpected turns of phrase, for graphic characterisation and clever anecdote, for playfulness, pungency, irony, persiflage, there is nothing in English like his correspondence.

Macaulay had a supreme contempt for Horace Walpole's trivial eccentricities, but Mr Dobson, who always found it difficult to find anything really wrong in the outstanding figures of the eighteenth century, declares that he was constant and considerate and at times capable of quite royal generosity.

The poet Gray was one of Walpole's visitors at Strawberry Hill, and it was there that he wrote his *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes.* The cat was fascinated by the gleam of the fish:

> The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
> A whisker first, and then a claw
> With many an ardent wish
> She stretch'd in vain, to reach the prize—
> What female heart can gold despise?
> What Cat's averse to fish?
>
> Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
> Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
> Nor knew the gulf between—
> Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
> The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
> She tumbled headlong in!

Pope lived for years at Twickenham, though not in the house known as Pope's Villa, which was not built until after his death. Pope's Villa was for years occupied by Henry Labouchere, the famous editor of *Truth*. Pope bought his house at Twickenham with the money that he received for the translation of the *Iliad*, and he went to live there first in 1718. At Twickenham he was visited by Swift, by Gay, the author of *The Beggar's Opera*, who, indeed, wrote part of his famous work in Pope's Twickenham house, and by Voltaire during his stay in England. Pope had as a neighbour Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom it was supposed that the poet would marry. Whether or no she refused him because of his deformity has never been decided. Pope is buried in Twickenham church, and his epitaph runs:

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Heroes, and Kings! your distance keep:
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flattered Folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

The Duchess of Kendal, one of the ugly German mistresses whom George I brought with him from Hanover into England, had a house at Twickenham. "The Duchess was tall and lean of stature," says Thackeray, "and hence was irreverently nicknamed the 'Maypole.'" The novelist continues:

It is said that George promised one of his left-handed widows to come to her after death, if leave were granted him to revisit the glimpses of the moon; and soon after his demise, a great raven flying or hopping in at the

Duchess of Kendal's window at Twickenham, she chose to imagine the King's spirit inhabited these plumes, and took special care of her sable visitor. Affecting metempsychosis—funereal royal bird! How pathetic is the idea of the Duchess weeping over it!

Still going down river, we come to Isleworth. Here is Syon House, before the Reformation a notable monastic establishment, and nowadays one of the homes of the Duke of Northumberland. From Isleworth we come to Brentford, a squalid town with a bottleneck High Street which was a sore trial to the impatient motorists until the making of the new arterial road. It was from Brentford that brave-hearted old Betty Higden in *Our Mutual Friend* started on her pilgrimage to escape dying in the workhouse.

Kill me sooner than take me there. Throw this pretty child under cart-horses' feet and a loaded waggon sooner than take him there. Come to us and find us all a-dying and set a light to us all where we lie and let us all blaze away with the house into a heap of cinders sooner than move a corpse of us there.

In *Oliver Twist* Dickens had already shown how justified was the hatred of the honest poor for the poor-house, and it was the sting of his scornful laughter that compelled the Victorian Poor Law administrator to something like humanity.

Brentford is mentioned, too, in *Great Expectations* and by Goldsmith in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Turner, the painter, went to school at Brentford, and Bunyan once lived there. Brentford, and not London, is nominally the county town of Middlesex, and it was a place of great importance so long ago as Anglo-Saxon days.

The river flows northward from Hampton Court to Brentford, and there takes a sharp turn to the east. Below Brentford is Chiswick, where Alexander Pope lived before his better circumstances enabled him to move to Twickenham. Godfrey Kneller, the German painter, who declared with his dying breath that he would not be buried in Westminster Abbey, lived on Chiswick Mall, and on the Mall, too, Miss Pinkerton kept the academy at which Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley were pupils in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. Miss Pinkerton was a portentous lady, ever boasting of her friendship with Dr Johnson. Her letter to Mrs Sedley when Amelia had finished her education was a model of nineteenth-century correctness:

> After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honour and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents, as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterise the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose *industry* and *obedience* have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her *aged* and *youthful* companions.

William Morris, poet and decorator, lived for years at Kelmscott House, in the Upper Mall, Hammersmith —the district next to Chiswick—and here on Sunday evenings, when I was an enthusiastic boy, I listened to many more or less interesting Socialistic lectures. It was on the Mall that Morris started his famous Kelmscott Press.

Turner and Coleridge both lived at Hammersmith. Thomson began writing his *Seasons* at Hammersmith,

and Rousseau lodged there when, at the invitation of David Hume, he came to England in 1766 to escape the persecution that followed the publication of his *Émile*. Rousseau was escorted from Paris by Hume himself, and Thérèse, the ex-kitchenmaid, then grown old, with whom he had lived for years, was brought to England by Boswell, a fact which that loquacious gentleman did not confide to Dr Johnson. The philosopher, his mistress, and his dog were lodged in a farmhouse between Hammersmith and Chiswick, in two squalid rooms. At first Rousseau was something of a hero in London. Garrick gave special performances in his honour, and a royal pension was secured for him. But, as Mr Churton Collins has said, "a more exasperating guest never shared the hospitality of England." He quarrelled with Hume. He abused all his benefactors. He did everything possible to justify d'Alembert's description of him as "a very dangerous fool." Gibbon suggested that Rousseau's eccentricities were the result of calculation. "He was compelled to quarrel with all our men of letters in order to become notorious." Hume himself described Rousseau as "a composition of whim, affectation, wickedness, vanity, and inquietude, with a very small, if any, ingredient of madness." It is interesting to remember that the greater part of Rousseau's *Confessions*, the most candid of all autobiographies, was written in this country.

It was in Hammersmith that, as related by Dickens in *Great Expectations*, Pip went to live with the Pocket family when he first came to London. In Hammersmith Leigh Hunt, whom Dickens satirized as Harold Skimpole, in *Bleak House*, lived as an old man.

Much theatrical history has been made in recent

years at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, where Sir Nigel Playfair has produced Mr John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, has revived *The Beggar's Opera*, and has been responsible for many other productions of an artistic excellence rare in the central theatres.

At Parson's Green—we are still going down river—lived Samuel Richardson, bookseller and author of *Clarissa*, one of the earliest of English novels. "He was," says Austin Dobson,

> undoubtedly a well-meaning man, diligent, laborious, punctual, methodical, very honourable, very benevolent, very rigid in his principles, and also very religious. He had in fact all the traditional virtues of the Complete English Tradesman.

Swift used to visit the Earl of Peterborough at Parson's Green. He wrote in 1711:

> It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, an abundance of hot walls for grapes where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig; . . . I envy people munching and munching peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit.

Theodore Hook, the nineteenth-century humorist, lived by the river-side at Fulham. Hook died of consumption, and during his last illness large mustard plasters were put, one after another, on his emaciated chest. "Oh, doctor, doctor, what a lot of mustard for a very little meat!" were his last words on this earth.

Fulham Palace has been one of the residences of the Bishops of London for eight centuries. Until the last few years the Bishop also had a town house in St

James's Square, but that has now been given up and has become part of the Caledonian Club. The windows of the library in Fulham Palace are emblazoned with the arms of all the bishops since the Reformation—of Ridley, of Laud, of Juxon, who was with Charles I on the scaffold. In the gardens of the palace the present Bishop, despite his seventy odd years, still plays lawn tennis with unabated vigour.

Bulwer-Lytton lived at Craven Cottage, near the palace. Nell Gwyn had a house at Fulham, where, after her death, and when the house had passed into more conventional hands, Addison sometimes stayed.

Chelsea, immediately east of Fulham, is the most interesting and attractive of river-side parishes, and it has the rare distinction of having been made famous and fashionable by the fact that it once possessed a saint among its inhabitants.

The Manor of Chelsea was part of the endowment bestowed by King Edward the Confessor on the Abbey of Westminster, but until the sixteenth century Chelsea was a happy land with no particular history. Then in the year 1520 Thomas More, the greatest Englishman of his day, built a house on the river-side, on the site of what is now Beaufort Row, near the end of Cheyne Walk, and there he went to live after his short term of office as Chancellor, despairing of Church reform without disruption, and weary of the vagaries of King Henry VIII. Erasmus stayed with More at Chelsea, and wrote his *Praise of Folly* in his house. The great Dutchman has left a charming picture of his friend's delightful domestic life:

> More has built near London upon the Thames a modest yet commodious mansion. There he lives surrounded by his numerous family, including his wife, his son, and

his son's wife, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. The house at Chelsea is a veritable school of Christian religion. There is never any seen idle; the head of the house governs it, not by a lofty carriage and oft rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners.

In his *Utopia*, written years before, More had pleaded for toleration and liberty, but neither toleration nor liberty was to be expected from Henry VIII and Thomas Cromwell. The power of the Church was to be destroyed. More stood in the way, and it was determined that he should die. He was arrested at Chelsea on April 17, 1534, and taken to the Tower by river in his own barge, and after fourteen months' imprisonment he was beheaded, retaining to the end the gentle, half-satirical, very English humour that had been his all through his life. More died, and for a while Cromwell triumphed. But the King wearied of him, and when he was responsible for his master's marriage with ugly, good-humoured Anne of Cleves he too was hurried to the block. There is a certain irony in the fact that Anne of Cleves afterwards lived in Cheyne Walk, not far from More's house, on excellent terms with both her stepdaughters, Mary and Elizabeth, doubtless thankful that she had not suffered the same fate as Anne Boleyn.

Henry VIII himself built a modest house in Chelsea in 1536, and Catherine Parr went to live there after the King's death, having Queen Elizabeth, then a girl of fifteen, in her charge. Catherine married as her second husband Sir Thomas Seymour, brother of the Protector Somerset, and it was this Seymour, a man old enough to be the Princess's father, who philandered disgracefully with Elizabeth. In after years

Elizabeth's great Chancellor, Lord Burghley, lived for a while in More's Chelsea house.

Swan Walk, Chelsea, has its name from the Old Swan Inn, where Pepys went with Mrs Knipp in 1666. This inn marked the original winning-post of the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge, which was instituted by Doggett, an Irish actor, to commemorate the accession of King George I. Another famous tavern in Cheyne Walk was Don Saltero's Coffee-house, to which a museum was attached, consisting of a number of curiosities which Sir Hans Sloane had given to the proprietor. Steele wrote of Don Saltero in *The Tatler*. Smollett refers to him in *Peregrine Pickle*, and Benjamin Franklin paid the coffee-house a visit when he came to London.

Hortense, Duchesse de Mazarin, the most beautiful of the nieces of the great Cardinal, and one of the many mistresses of Charles II, died in 1699 at a house in Chelsea that she rented from Lord Cheyne and that was either on or near what is now Cheyne Walk. Evelyn said:

> Now died the famous Duchess Mazarin; she had been the richest lady in Europe. She was niece of Cardinal Mazarin, and was married to the richest subject in Europe, as is said. She was born at Rome, educated in France, and was an extraordinary beauty and wit, but dissolute and impatient of matrimonial restraint, so as to be abandoned by her husband, and banished, when she came to England for shelter, lived on a pension given her here, and is reported to have hastened her death by the intemperate drinking strong spirits.

The austere diarist had fourteen years before recorded his horror at the scene he had witnessed in Whitehall, the "luxurious dallying and profaneness" of the King and his three mistresses, the Duchess of Mazarin, the

Duchess of Portsmouth, who was originally Louise de Keroualle, and the Duchess of Cleveland, who was at least an Englishwoman. Hortense died almost penniless, despite the allowance of four thousand a year which she had from Charles, and which was continued by his brother. It is said that "it was usual for the nobility and others who dined at the Duchess's house to leave money under the plates to pay for their entertainment."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Sir Hans Sloane, whose name is so closely associated with Chelsea, bought a great part of the parish. He was a celebrated physician, President of the Royal College of Physicians, and the successor of Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society. He gave the Physic Garden, still one of Chelsea's choicest possessions, to the Society of Apothecaries. The Society had planted a garden with fruit-trees and herbs on the banks of the river, and when they were in financial straits Hans Sloane secured the garden for the Apothecaries for ever.

Swift lodged in Chelsea in 1711, in Church Lane, near Chelsea church. "I designed," he wrote to Stella, "to go lodge at Chelsea for the air and put myself under the necessity of walking to and from London every day." But the Dean does not appear to have been very pleased with what was then an outer suburb. He tried the Chelsea buns and was disappointed. "I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny; it was stale and I did not like it." He had various unpleasant adventures with drunkards on his road home at night, and it was with relief that he wrote to Stella: "This day I left Chelsea for good (that is a genteel phrase) and am got into Suffolk Street."

Thomas More worshipped in Chelsea Old Church, and is said to have built the chapel which bears his name. The church, which is small, but very interesting, possesses, among other things, a Vinegar Bible and three other ancient books chained to its pillars. Hans Sloane was buried in the church, and More's body was brought there by his daughter after his execution on Tower Hill.

The Royal Military Hospital in Chelsea was founded as an asylum for veteran soldiers in 1681. Years before it had been used as a gaol for prisoners of war, who were visited both by Evelyn and Pepys. Evelyn was consulted about the foundation of the hospital by Sir Stephen Fox, the Paymaster-General of the army. He says in his diary:

> So, in his study we arranged the governor, chaplain, steward, house-keeper, chirurgeon, cook, butler, gardener, porter, and other officers, with their several salaries and entertainments. I would needs have a library, and mentioned several books, since some soldiers might possibly be studious, when they were at leisure to recollect. Thus we made the first calculations, and set down our thoughts to be considered and digested better, to show his Majesty and the Archbishop. He also engaged me to consider of what laws and orders were fit for the government, which was to be in every respect as strict as in any religious convent.

Wren designed the hospital, and it is always said that it was at the suggestion of Nell Gwyn that it was founded.

Behind the Royal Military Hospital were the famous Ranelagh Gardens, which consisted of a rotunda which, judging by the pictures, must have been extraordinarily ugly, grounds planted with trees and

flowers, and a lake. Ranelagh was one of the most fashionable places of amusement in eighteenth-century London. Walpole was frequently there. Chesterfield was another *habitué*. Dr Johnson "often went to Ranelagh, which he deemed a place of innocent recreation." So did Goldsmith and Joshua Reynolds. Ranelagh fell from its high estate before the end of the eighteenth century.

At the western side of Chelsea were the even more famous Cremorne Gardens, the beginning of which dates from the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria, where entertainments similar to those at Ranelagh and Vauxhall were given for some thirty years. Cremorne is now all built over.

Thomas Carlyle went to live in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, in 1834. "The house pleases us much," he wrote.

> It is in the remnant of genuine old Dutch-looking Chelsea and looks out mainly into trees. We might see at half a mile's distance Bolingbroke's Battersea; could shoot a gun into Smollett's old house (at this time getting pulled down) where he wrote *Count Fathom* and was wont every Saturday to dine a company of hungry authors and then set them fighting together.

Carlyle's house was purchased by a public fund some thirty years ago, and is now a museum. Mrs Carlyle, that much-tried lady, died there in 1866, and her husband in 1880.

In Cheyne Row Carlyle wrote *The French Revolution*, and he was visited there by Leigh Hunt, by Darwin, by John Stuart Mill, by Mazzini, the Italian patriot, by Kingsley, by Dean Stanley, by Dickens, by Emerson, by Tennyson, by Ruskin, by Froude (who afterwards pilloried him in a biography), by Huxley and Tyndall, and in later years by Whistler.

Leigh Hunt was a neighbour of the Carlyles, and the Sage of Chelsea wrote of his household:

> Hunt's house excels all you have ever heard of—a poetical Tinkerdom, without parallel even in literature. In his family room, where are a sickly large wife and a whole school of well-conditioned wild children, you will find half-a-dozen old rickety chairs gathered from half-a-dozen different hucksters, and all seeming engaged, and just pausing, in a violent hornpipe. On these and around them and over the dusty table and ragged carpet lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, egg-shells, scissors, and, last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half-quartern loaf. His own room above stairs, into which alone I strive to enter, he keeps cleaner. It has only two chairs, a book-case, and a writing-table; yet the noble Hunt receives you in his Tinkerdom in the spirit of a king, apologises for nothing, places you in the best seat, takes a window-sill himself if there is no other, and then, folding closer his loose-flowing 'muslin-cloud' of printed night-gown, in which he always writes, commences the liveliest dialogue on philosophy and the prospects of man (who is beyond measure happy yet); which again he will courteously terminate the moment you are bound to go; a most interesting, pitiable, lovable man, to be used kindly but with discretion.

In 1862 Dante Gabriel Rossetti took the lease of 16 Cheyne Walk, and set up housekeeping there with Swinburne, George Meredith, and his brother William. Mr Joseph Knight says in his biography of the pre-Raphaelite poet:

> That four men of individualities so potent, and, in some senses, so aggressive, or at least assertive, as those of the men named, should be able to live together in closeness of continuous intimacy, from which there was scarcely an escape, was barely conceivable. Mr George Meredith, accordingly, made no long stay. Next after

him Mr Swinburne departed. The two brothers held on, as was natural, for some time longer, the younger, in this, as in every other case, assisting the elder with counsel, not always followed, and in the early days with money. This association, which never involved continuous residence on the part of Mr William Rossetti, ceased upon his marriage in 1874, after which date Rossetti occupied alone this house, which had always a chamber vacant for a friend.

Rossetti had a queer zoological collection in his garden, including a zebu, which, so Whistler related, once chased the poet round and round the garden and nearly killed him.

The association of Chelsea with art, which dates back to the birth in the parish of Gillray the caricaturist, continues. Whistler, Oscar Wilde, and Sargent all lived in Tite Street. Sir William Orpen has a house in Royal Avenue. Augustus John and Chelsea are interchangeable terms, and the streets off the King's Road are largely inhabited by eager young men and women who, if they will never paint or write masterpieces, have at least acquired the jargon of the arts and are inspired by high ambition.

Chelsea has its own theatre, the Royal Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, with a record worthy of the parish. Here Sir Arthur Pinero's farces were produced a generation ago and Mr Bernard Shaw was made popular during the memorable management of Messrs Vedrenne and Barker. In later times Sir Barry Jackson, that rare creature, a theatrical manager who cares only for theatrical art, has worthily maintained a fine tradition.

Chelsea has paid tribute to two of its famous inhabitants. It possesses a statue of Thomas Carlyle and a fountain erected in memory of Rossetti.

# CHAPTER III

## THE BOROUGH OF WESTMINSTER

The Borough of Westminster, east of Chelsea, has the Thames as its southern border, with Oxford Street on its north. It stretches from Kensington on the west to the City of London on the east. Westminster is the home of the Government. It contains the Houses of Parliament, where legislators talk interminably and often irrelevantly, and Government offices, where the methods of circumlocution are still not unknown. Parliament is housed in the royal palace of Westminster.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the centre of the life of Westminster was the palace of Whitehall. In the reign of Henry VIII it was enacted by Parliament that "the entire space between Charing Cross and the Sanctuary at Westminster from the Thames on the east side to the Park wall westward shall from henceforth be deemed the King's whole palace of Whitehall." It was in this palace that Henry married Anne Boleyn, and here he died fourteen years afterwards. It was in the palace of Whitehall that Elizabeth, after her coronation, received the Speaker of the House of Commons, with certain knights and burgesses of the Lower House, who came to urge her to marry. Taking her coronation ring from her finger, she said to them: "When I received this ring, I solemnly bound myself in marriage to the realm, and it will be quite sufficient for the memorial of my name and for

my glory if when I die an inscription be engraved on a marble tomb saying 'Here lieth Elizabeth, which reigned a virgin and died a virgin.'" This was the Queen's determination at the beginning of her reign, and it remained her determination till her death.

In 1581 Elizabeth received at Whitehall the French Ambassadors who came to discuss her proposed marriage with the Duc d'Alençon. The Queen indulged in an orgy of extravagance, but, as always, with a frugal mind. It is recorded that she issued an Order in Council that shopkeepers were to sell their cloth of gold, velvets, and other such stuffs at "a reduction of one quarter from the price per yard, and she says that she wished them to do her this service that the ladies and gentlemen may be better able to bedizen themselves." Elizabeth died at Richmond, but her body lay in state in Whitehall.

In the reign of James I Inigo Jones built the Banqueting Hall, which is the only part remaining of the old palace. The great architect had designed a building which should have been as large as Versailles, but it was never finished. It was from a window of the palace of Whitehall that Charles I, accompanied by the faithful Archbishop Juxon, walked to the scaffold. During the Commonwealth Cromwell lived in Whitehall, and Evelyn, the Royalist, was glad to find that the old state had been maintained. "I ventured to go to Whitehall," he wrote in 1656, "where of many years I had not been and found it very glorious and well furnished as far as I could safely go."

Charles II returned to Whitehall at the Restoration, and in the palace he held his Court and kept his mistresses. Pepys describes how on one occasion Lady Castlemaine, most rapacious of strumpets, "ran

out in her smock into her aviary looking into Whitehall garden," where "several of the gallants of Whitehall did talk to her in her bird cage, telling her she was the bird of paradise."

In the reign of James II Mass was said, as Evelyn mournfully records, "in the Popish oratory at Whitehall . . . the Romanists swarming at Court with greater confidence than had ever been seen in England since the Reformation." It was from Whitehall that Mary of Modena escaped with the tragic prince to be known in history as the Old Pretender, first to the Thames ferry at the bottom of what is now known as Horseferry Road, and eventually to long years of exile at Saint-Germain. James himself left the palace on December 11, 1688, and two months afterwards his daughter Mary, the consort of that disagreeable Dutch prince, William of Orange, Lord Macaulay's hero, arrived at Whitehall, as Evelyn records, laughing and jolly as to a wedding.

> She rose early the next morning and in her undress, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from room to room to see the convenience of Whitehall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queen lay, and within a night or two sat down to play at basset as the Queen her predecessor used to do.

But with the Revolution the glories of the palace of Whitehall came to an end. William lived at Kensington, and the palace was almost destroyed by two fires in 1691 and 1698. The Banqueting Hall was for some years used as a chapel, and is now the Royal United Services Museum. Here the curious visitor may see Cromwell's sword and Nelson's midshipman's dirk, and many other relics of the hero of Trafalgar, the

Duke of Wellington's cocked hat, and Captain Cook's chronometer.

North of the Banqueting Hall, on the east side of the present Whitehall, is Old Scotland Yard, where Milton lived when he was Cromwell's secretary and Christopher Wren lived when he was building St Paul's. Old Scotland Yard was the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police until they moved to the large modern building at the southern end of Whitehall. Opposite the Banqueting Hall are the Admiralty, which now stretches over the new Admiralty Arch, and the Horse Guards, built in the eighteenth century, where large and imposing soldiers, as the French historian Taine wrote, "pose avec majesté devant les gamins." On the west side of Whitehall is Downing Street, perhaps the most famous of all London streets. Number 10 is the house of the Prime Minister; opposite is the Foreign Office. It was in Downing Street that Wellington and Nelson had their only meeting. It was in Downing Street that Lord Grey had his fateful conversation with the German Ambassador before the outbreak of the Great War.

Many are the great pageants that Whitehall has seen, not the least impressive being the Victory March of the Allies in the autumn of 1919, the men of half a dozen nations saluting the newly erected Cenotaph as they filed past.

We cross Bridge Street, at peril to our lives, to the palace of Westminster, where politicians wrangle and laws are made! The old palace of Westminster, the remains of which were totally destroyed by fire in 1834, was the London home of England's kings until Tudor times. The House of Commons held its sittings for three hundred years in St Stephen's Chapel, and

for some years the House of Lords sat in the Court of Requests. The present palace, which William Morris described as "a silly old building," was completed in 1859, and it stands, a monument of Victorian ugliness, overshadowing Westminster Hall, which was built by William Rufus and rebuilt by that unfortunate artist-king, Richard II.

*John o' London's Weekly* says:

> The Red King built his Hall to be a place where he might meet his great Barons, in feast and council. And for centuries in "Rufus' Roaring Hall" the kings of England kept Christmas. Here Henry II, in his own lifetime, caused his son to be crowned, and served that son at table. Here John gave his Christmas feasts. Here the third Edward sat to welcome home the Black Prince, who brought John of France a prisoner to London. And here, when he heightened the walls, and spanned them with the glorious roof of oak which we see to-day, Richard II feasted ten thousand people daily during the Christmas of 1398. In the Hall he built he was undone. For there he yielded his crown, exclaiming (as Shakespeare has it) while he gazed into a mirror:
>
> "Was this the face
> That every day under his household roof
> Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
> That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
> Was this the face that faced so many follies,
> And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?"

Strafford and his master Charles I were both tried and condemned in Westminster Hall. Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector there, and years afterwards in Westminster Hall the famous trial of Warren Hastings took place. Macaulay says:

> The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely

excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.

As the visitor makes his way to the lobby of the House of Commons he may stand for a while and look at the emptiness of Westminster Hall and imagine the many great scenes that have occurred there in the history of England. In addition to those already mentioned, Sir Thomas More, perhaps the most lovable of all men who have attained greatness, was condemned to death in the hall, as was his friend Fisher, the gentle Bishop of Rochester. They were followed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who fell in love with Mary Queen of Scots and lost his head for loving her, and the Earl of Essex, who presumed on an old Queen's passion for a young gallant. The Seven Bishops were tried in Westminster Hall, and the 1715 Jacobites and their successors in 1745. The hall was used by the Court of King's Bench until the Law Courts were built in the Strand.

Crossing the end of Westminster Hall, the visitor reaches the central lobby of the Houses of Parliament —to the left the House of Commons, to the right the House of Lords. The House of Commons is a strangely small chamber, always uncomfortably crowded when matters of moment are debated, but generally at least four-fifths empty. The Government bench is to the right of the Speaker. Behind him is the Press Gallery, while strangers are penned in the gallery at the other end. The House of Lords is smaller and even less impressive, its oddest feature being the Woolsack, which is really a small sofa, placed in the front of the

throne, on which the Lord Chancellor, or his deputy, sits when the House is in session. Parliament has to a large extent lost its glory. The House of Lords has been shorn of its authority, the House of Commons has surrendered a large part of its power to the Cabinet, and casual talk, with at rare intervals a humorous interruption, has taken the place of the studied oratory of an earlier age. Most of the speakers in the House of Lords are inaudible from the very small public gallery, and it would be an exaggeration to say that in the House of Commons there are more than half a dozen debaters of outstanding ability. The House of Commons used to be called the best club in London. It is that no longer. With the coming of members with narrow purses, the food in its dining-rooms has become extremely cheap and—I write from sad experience—conspicuously indifferent. The Members of Parliament, however, enjoy one advantage over their fellow-citizens. The palace of Westminster is a royal palace, and not subject to the licensing laws. "Dora" has no power within its precincts. The legislator drinks when he will.

The Houses of Parliament have three towers, the Clock Tower, the Central Tower, and the Victoria Tower. The Clock Tower houses Big Ben, the Victoria Tower is in Old Palace Yard, where both Chaucer and Ben Jonson died and where Walter Raleigh was beheaded. The Clock Tower dominates New Palace Yard. Here in 1910, on the day of the funeral of King Edward VII, I saw one of the great pageants of modern London. It was a lovely summer morning. The King's body had lain in state in Westminster Hall, from whence it was carried to the gun-carriage by four stalwart Life Guardsmen. Only the

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Ellis Silas

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Louis Weirter

present King and his mother, Queen Alexandra, the Duke of Connaught, the dead King's brother, and the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, his nephew, went into the hall to watch this first stage in the dead monarch's journey to his resting-place at Windsor. But across the great yard were drawn up a glittering array of kings, princes, and great soldiers from every nation and in every sort of shimmering uniform.

St Margaret's, Westminster, in the shadow of the Abbey, is the parish church of the House of Commons, and when Parliament was struggling with Charles I its pulpit was naturally reserved for Puritan divines. In St Margaret's poor Charles was once denounced by Hugh Peters as "the great Barabbas, murderer, tyrant and traitor."

Mr Hilaire Belloc has written of the site of Westminster Abbey:

> The site was at the moment typical of all those which the great monasteries of the West were to turn from desert places to gardens: it was a waste tract of ground called "Thorney," lying low, triangular in shape, bounded by the two reedy streams that descended through the depression which now runs across the Green Park and Mayfair, and emptied themselves into the Thames, the one just above, the other 100 or 200 yards below the site of the Houses of Parliament. The moment the foundation was established a stream of wealth tended towards it: it was at the very gate of the largest commercial city in the kingdom and it was increasingly associated, as the Anglo-Saxon monarchy developed, with the power of the Central Government. This process culminated in the great donation and rebuilding of Edward the Confessor.

Westminster Abbey is the one supremely beautiful

building that London possesses. The saint-king, Edward the Confessor, devoted a tenth part of his substance to the building of the Collegiate Church of St Peter in Westminster. He died eight days after the great church was finished, and was buried before the high altar. His body was removed to a place east of the altar by King Henry III, who largely rebuilt the Confessor's church.

Of the Abbey as it stood in the thirteenth century only the Confessor's chapel and the choir and transept remain. The Jerusalem Chamber and the cloisters were built in the fourteenth century, and Henry VII's Chapel, of course, in the sixteenth. Sir Christopher Wren was responsible for certain additions in the seventeenth century which were certainly not an improvement.

Edward the Confessor was not a very wise man and not a very successful king, yet when he died it was said of him "St Peter his friend opened the gate of Paradise and St John his own dear one led him before the Divine Majesty." He had at least dreamed a noble dream, and his monument is more beautiful than any monument raised to the memory of any other English king.

It is the tragedy of Westminster Abbey that, built for the glory of God, it has become a graveyard for men, some of them not too worthy, and a warehouse for what William Morris called "the beastly monuments to fools and knaves." The Collegiate Church of St Peter has become the national Valhalla. Here are buried a line of English sovereigns—Edward the Confessor, Henry III, Edward I, Edward III and his Queen, Philippa of Hainault, who loved gardens and pleaded for the lives of the burghers of Calais, Richard II, Henry V, the

hero of Agincourt, mean, tyrannical Henry VII, the three children of Henry VIII—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth—James I, his grandson Charles II, both William and Mary, fat Queen Anne, and brave little George II.

For the rest, the Abbey dead are a queer collection. Here, said Addison, are "many poets who have no monuments, and many monuments which have no poets." Chaucer was buried in the Abbey in 1400, and two centuries afterwards Spenser was buried there, Ben Jonson and Shakespeare being at the funeral. Ben Jonson himself was buried in the Abbey, and Dryden and Addison and Congreve, the English Molière, and Dr Johnson, at whose funeral Burke was one of the pall-bearers. Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, Browning, and Tennyson are among the nineteenth-century writers numbered with the Abbey dead. Purcell, perhaps the greatest of English composers, and Handel are buried in the Abbey, as is Isaac Newton. Voltaire was at his funeral. There are memorials in the Abbey to Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Goldsmith, Scott, Burns, Wordsworth, Southey, and Thackeray, but none to Keats or Shelley or Byron. Writers mediocre and now forgotten have their graves in the Abbey, and the tomb of the poet Gay, the author of *The Beggar's Opera*, is remarkable for the most pagan epitaph ever admitted into a Christian church.

Before the Reformation the Abbots of Westminster were directly appointed by the Pope, and were independent of the Bishop of London and of the Archbishop of Canterbury. They played little part in English history, though one of them, Simon Langham, rose to the rank of cardinal. Since the Reformation the Abbey has been a royal peculiar. The Dean is

appointed directly by the Crown, and is under no diocesan jurisdiction. When recently, for example, the Bishop of London summoned his clergy to a sacred synod no summons was sent to the Dean and Canons of Westminster, who owe the Bishop no allegiance.

The House of Commons at the beginning of its history met in the Chapter-house at Westminster with the permission of the Abbot, but the monks complained that their devotions were seriously disturbed by the noise made by the knights and burgesses.

The Abbey has been the scene of many pageants. It was crowded on the morning that Wolsey received his cardinal's hat with an elaboration of pomp. Shortly afterwards, thanks in part to the patronage of Wolsey, William Caxton set up in the Almonry the first printing-press ever seen in England.

After the Reformation the Abbey lost much of its dignity and beauty, and the irreverent Pepys records that on one Sunday morning "I laughed at the reader."

The Abbey is the crowning-place of English kings, as it has often been their burial-place. William the Conqueror was crowned in the Abbey on Christmas Day, 1066, the Norman Godfrey, Bishop of Coutances, on one side of him and the Saxon Aldred, Archbishop of York, on the other. At the coronation of Stephen the Usurper the misfortunes of a short reign were suggested by the sudden disappearance of the consecrated Host and the omission of the kiss of peace. The coronation of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was followed by a massacre of the London Jews, who were accused of intruding their presence into the Abbey. It was at the coronation of King John that the barons of the Cinque Ports were first given the privilege of

carrying the royal canopy, a privilege that is still retained.

In 1296 Edward I brought the Coronation Stone to Westminster from the Abbey of Scone. According to the accepted legend, this stone had reached Scotland by way of Egypt, Greece, Sicily, Spain, and Ireland. On the stone every English sovereign since Edward I has been crowned.

Richard II, the king who was unlucky enough to have the soul of an artist, was crowned with particular magnificence. The King rode from the Tower, bare-headed, and at the head of a great procession. The expense of the coronation was immense, and was the beginning of the extravagance that led to the Wat Tyler rising. The coronation of Henry V is sculptured in the Abbey itself on each side of his chantry. The unlucky Henry VI was crowned when he was a child of six, first at Westminster and afterwards in Paris. Richard III rode to his coronation accompanied by six thousand gentlemen. The King and his consort sat on a lofty platform high above the altar, stripped to the waist, while they were anointed with holy oil. Henry VII was a miser, and wasted little money on his coronation. At the ceremony the Yeomen of the Guard appeared for the first time.

Anne Boleyn, though only a queen consort, had a coronation all of her own. In the procession to the altar the Bishops of London and Winchester walked by her side, "bearing up the lappets of her robe," and she received from Cranmer the golden sceptre and St Edward's crown. Anne was the only one of King Henry's wives to be crowned. The coronation of Edward VI was made the occasion for proclaiming the royal supremacy in the English Church. Queen Mary

was crowned with the rites of the old religion, and a coronation Mass was celebrated before the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, the Gospel and Epistle being read in both Latin and English. The order for the coronation of Charles I was drawn up by Archbishop Laud, and included a prayer that the King might have "Peter's Keys and Paul's doctrine."

When Oliver Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall the Coronation Chair was for the first and only time taken out of the Abbey. Pepys has described the coronation ceremonies of Charles II and his brother James II, both of whom were crowned on St George's Day. It was perhaps not without significance that when the crown was put on the head of King James it would have fallen if it had not been held by the Keeper of the Robes.

William and Mary were crowned together. During the ceremony the Queen's sister, afterwards Queen Anne, said to her, "I pity your fatigue, madam," and Mary rather sharply replied, "A crown, my sister, is not as heavy as it seems." The Archbishop of Canterbury declined to attend the coronation, and his place was taken by the Bishop of London.

Queen Anne was suffering so badly from gout on the day of her coronation that she had to be carried to the Abbey from St James's Palace. Horace Walpole has left a description of the coronation of George III, and Sir Walter Scott has described the coronation of that most unpleasant of kings, George IV, made memorable by the fact that his wife was turned away from the Abbey doors. Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, was present in disguise at the coronation of George III.

Queen Victoria was crowned on a lovely June day.

The coronation of King Edward in 1902 and of King George in 1910 belong to modern history.

As I have said, the Abbots of Westminster, from the foundation of the Abbey to the Reformation, were generally undistinguished. "In all their line," said Dean Stanley, "there is not one who can aspire to higher historical honour than that of a munificent builder and able administrator." The fact that the Abbots had to travel to Rome for confirmation was sometimes very inconvenient. In the thirteenth century Peter of Lewisham was too fat to undertake the journey, and died unconfirmed in his office.

The post-Reformation Deans have been more interesting. They include Lancelot Andrewes, scholar and saint; John Williams, a fiery Welshman, whom Laud loathed and who was accused of living "in as much pomp as any Cardinal in Rome for diet, music and attendance"; and Atterbury, the Jacobite and the friend of Dean Swift, who has been described as "a swashbuckler and a good deal of an adventurer, but who at least stood for definite ecclesiastical principles to which he was faithful all his life and for which he ultimately paid with persecution and exile." In later years Dean Buckland, the naturalist, kept a collection of strange birds and beasts in the Deanery. The most famous of modern Deans was Dean Stanley, one of Queen Victoria's favourite divines, and the Abbey's historian. To Stanley the 'comprehensiveness' of the English Church was one of its chief virtues.

During the Commonwealth the Abbey was subjected to desecration and sacrilege. Dean Stanley writes:

> The copes which had been worn at the Coronations by the Dean and Prebendaries, and probably, on special

occasions, by all the members of the Choir, were sold by order of Parliament, and the produce given to the poor of Ireland. The tapestries representing the history of Edward the Confessor were transferred to the Houses of Parliament. The plate belonging to the College was melted down, to pay for the servants and workmen, or to buy horses. The brass and iron in Henry VII's Chapel was ordered to be sold, and the proceeds thereof to be employed according to the directions of the House of Commons. But this apparently was not carried out, as the brass still remains, and the iron gratings were only removed within this century. In July 1643 took place the only actual desecration to which the Abbey was exposed. It was believed in Royalist circles that soldiers were quartered in the Abbey, who burnt the altar-rails, sate on benches round the Communion Table, eating, drinking, smoking, and singing—destroyed the organ, and pawned the pipes for ale in the ale-houses—played at hare and hounds in the Church, the hares being the soldiers dressed up in the surplices of the Choir—and turned the Chapels and High Altar to the commonest and basest uses.

The Deanery was occupied by John Bradshaw, the president of the "High Court of Justice" that condemned Charles I. Baxter was among the Puritan divines who preached in the Abbey.

After the Restoration the Abbey, of course, again came into the possession of the Church of England, and the restored preachers were naturally exceedingly pleased with themselves. Evelyn heard a sermon in 1661 in which he was assured that "the Church of England was for purity of doctrine, substance, decency and beauty the most perfect under heaven; that England was the very land of Goshen"! Could self-satisfaction go farther?

The Collegiate Church of St Peter, Westminster, contains the tombs of kings and courtiers, of poets and statesmen. But it has gained a new dignity and importance as the burial-place of the Unknown Soldier, the type of the simple men who, all unmindful of the intrigues of politicians and the blunders of generals, gave their lives for their country in the greatest of all wars, with a humour and cheerfulness that was something peculiarly British and peculiarly their own. The Dean and Chapter have fitted up a chapel near the Unknown Soldier's grave where the visitor may pray for the repose of his soul and may crave a measure of his courage and his honour.

In few English cathedrals have the services been so materially affected by the new regard for dignity and beauty as they have been in Westminster Abbey. The Sung Eucharist is now the service of first importance. The vestments of the priests and acolytes are extraordinarily attractive. The singing of the choir is, thanks to Dr Nicholson, on a high artistic level, and though the ritual is of the simplest, the services in Westminster Abbey can in sheer reverence and beauty challenge comparison with those in the Continental cathedrals.

In the Abbey's recent history the event of greatest historic significance was the celebration of the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the drawing-up of the Nicene Creed, when before the altar the austere robes of Anglican prelates were interspersed with the gorgeous vestments of Orthodox ecclesiastics, and the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon before a congregation that included the Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Alexandria.

Westminster School, in Dean's Yard, is closely

associated with the history of the Abbey, and the Westminster boys have an established right to reserved places at coronations and at other great functions. Among the famous men who were boys at Westminster were Hakluyt, the author of the famous *Voyages*, Herbert, one of the Cavalier poets, Cowley, Dryden, the great Lord Burghley, Ben Jonson, Christopher Wren, Locke, Warren Hastings, Gibbon, Bentham, Southey, both the Wesleys, and, to balance their sanctity, the rascally Lord Jeffreys.

The school was founded by Henry VIII, and re-founded by Elizabeth, "that the youth who are the stock of our republic, like certain tender twigs, and who daily increase, may be liberally trained up in useful letters, to the greater ornament of the good republic." On every Shrove Tuesday it is the duty of the college cook to throw a pancake over the famous bar in Great School to be scrambled for by the boys and presented to the Dean. Dean Stanley says:

> For many years it was torn to pieces in the scuffle. But a tradition existing that if any one carried it whole to the Dean, he would receive a guinea, the boys at last agreed that a certain champion should be allowed to secure it as if in fair fight, and from that time the pancake, when presented, has received its proper reward. In later days the failures of an unsuccessful cook, year after year, had nearly broken the custom; till, in 1864, an ancient war-cry was revived, and a shower of books was discharged at the head of the offending minister; he, in return, hurled the frying-pan into the midst, which cut open the head of one of the scholars, who was then allowed by the Dean to carry off the pan in triumph.

The Jerusalem Chamber in the Abbey was built at the end of the fourteenth century. Henry IV died of

apoplexy in the chamber, which was the meeting-place of the Convocation of Canterbury, and has been the scene of many important religious conferences, notably of historic conversations between the Anglican and representatives of the Eastern Orthodox Churches. The Revised Version of the Bible was prepared by scholars sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber during the time when Dr Stanley was Dean.

The ancient monastery of St Peter's at Westminster had extensive precincts, stretching across what is now the western end of Victoria Street to the Central Hall, which stands on the site of the ecclesiastical prison where Walter Raleigh spent the night before his execution, and where Richard Lovelace wrote the famous lines:

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

The Abbey's sanctuary stood where Westminster Hospital now is. It was in this sanctuary that Edward V, one of the unhappy princes killed in the Tower, was born. His mother, Elizabeth Woodville, was living in the sanctuary when she heard of the murder of her two sons.

The streets around the Abbey are among the most interesting in London. The poet Spenser, the author of the *Faerie Queene*, died in King Street. Peg Woffington, the actress, lived in Queen's Square, which is now Queen Anne's Gate, and both Milton and Hazlitt lived for a while in Petty France.

A brook ran through the monastery gardens into the Thames. In the modern Cowley Street the Abbots moored their barge, and, wrote Sir Walter Besant, "'there were drawn up on the bank the boats in which

the Abbot's fishermen went out to catch salmon and sturgeon in the river." Tothill Street derives its name from the old Tothill Fields, which included Vincent Square, where the Westminster boys now have their cricket-ground. On another part of the fields, probably where Artillery Row now stands, the Westminster apprentices practised archery, and it is claimed that the Fields were the first place where golf was played in England. The same important claim is made for Blackheath. Melons were grown on Tothill Fields in the seventeenth century, and there was a four days' race-meeting on the Fields in the eighteenth century.

Rochester Row derives its name from the fact that the Deans of Westminster were for many years also Bishops of Rochester. Horseferry Road led to the ferry which was at one time the only means of communication between the two river-banks above London Bridge. The Archbishop of Canterbury owned the Horseferry tolls, and when Westminster Bridge was built he received £3000 as compensation. The Abbots grew their apple-trees where Orchard Street now is. In Smith's Square, with its many beautiful houses, is St John's church, the ugliest church in London, which Dickens said reminded him of "some petrified monster frightful and gigantic and with its legs in the air." Gibbon and Keats both lived in Great College Street and John Wesley in Little College Street.

Going down Great Smith Street and turning round into Great Peter Street, the visitor reaches the Westminster slums, disgraceful hovels comparable to the worst of the overcrowded districts of the East End. Where the twentieth-century poor live in discomfort

and filth Purcell wrote music and Herrick wrote poetry.

But Westminster south of the Abbey has always had an evil reputation. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth its people were said to be "wholly given to vice and idleness," and in the reign of James I almost every fourth house was an alehouse "harbouring all sorts of lewd and bad people."

There is a curious piece of history hidden away in the records of Westminster. In the accounts of the churchwardens of St John the Evangelist for the year 1652 there is the following entry: "Paid to Thomas Wright for 67 load of soil laid on the graves in Tothill Fields wherein twelve hundred Scotch prisoners taken at the fight at Worcester were buried." It will be remembered that after his victory at Worcester Cromwell made a triumphal entry into London with four thousand prisoners of war, many of them Scottish adherents of King Charles. They were marched from Mile End Green through the City and the Strand to Tothill Fields, where they lay, apparently without any sort of protection against the weather, until they either died or were sold as slaves to the merchants of Guinea.

There is always as much misery as romance in the intimate records of a great city.

This century has seen a notable addition to Westminster in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, erected on part of what was once Tothill Fields, in which Mass was said for the first time on Christmas Day, 1903. The style of this cathedral, with its tall, graceful campanile, is Early Christian Byzantine. Its prototype is St Sophia in Constantinople, now a Moslem mosque, and it has some resemblance to the church of St Mark in Venice. Cardinal Vaughan, the third of

the four Cardinal Archbishops of Westminster since the restoration of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in 1850, decided that the cathedral should be Christian Byzantine and not Gothic because of the immense expense that would have been involved in building a Gothic cathedral and because the style of architecture adopted permitted the great building to be completed within the shortest possible time. Cardinal Wiseman, first of the modern archbishops, had his throne in the church of Our Lady of Victories in High Street, Kensington. Cardinal Manning acquired the site on which the cathedral stands shortly before his death. Cardinal Vaughan was the cathedral's builder, though he died a few months before its completion. Cardinal Bourne was enthroned in the cathedral on December 9, 1904.

# CHAPTER IV

## THE HIGHWAY FROM WESTMINSTER TO THE CITY

The Strand is the main road between the City of London and the City of Westminster—in the past between the royal palace of Whitehall and the royal palace of Bridewell. In Plantagenet times three streams, running into the Thames, crossed the Strand and were spanned by bridges, the site of one of them being indicated by the present Milford Lane. In the reign of Henry VIII the Strand was "full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome," but it was already becoming the street of palaces, where bishops and great nobles had their London houses.

Northumberland House, which stood on the site of Northumberland Avenue, where now are the Hotel Victoria, the Hotel Métropole, and the Constitutional Club, was begun in 1603, rebuilt in 1766, and not pulled down until 1876. It was successively the home of the Earls of Suffolk, the Dukes of Somerset, and the Dukes of Northumberland. It was in a room in Northumberland House that General Monk, afterwards the Duke of Albemarle, planned the restoration of Charles II.

York House stood on the western half of what is now the Adelphi. Francis Bacon was born in York House, and it afterwards passed into the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, whose name has been given to Buckingham Street. Durham House, the palace of the Bishops of Durham, was inhabited by the Duke of

Northumberland whose son married Lady Jane Grey, and afterwards by Walter Raleigh.

King John of France, who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers, died in the Savoy Palace. This palace was the London house of "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," and the poet Chaucer was married in its chapel. After the Restoration the Savoy became an almshouse for the well-born impecunious. The Chapel Royal, Savoy, is a royal peculiar. The incumbent is appointed by the sovereign as Duke of Lancaster and is not subject to any bishop.

The present Somerset House was built at the end of the eighteenth century. The first was built by Edward Seymour, the Lord Protector, in the reign of Edward VI. Seymour was an enthusiast in the popular sixteenth-century sport of spoiling the Church. To build his house he pulled down a church and the houses of three bishops, and to obtain the material for building Seymour pulled down three other churches. Inigo Jones, the great architect, died in Somerset House, and Oliver Cromwell lay in state there. Nowadays it is the office of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

Norfolk Street, Surrey Street, Arundel Street, and Essex Street all derive their names from the houses of great nobles. Essex House was the home of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's last favourite, and he was taken from there after the most futile of rebellions to be beheaded on Tower Hill.

To-day the Strand is a street of theatres and hotels. The Vaudeville and the Adelphi are both owned by the Gatti family, whose restaurant was originally a waxwork show. William Terris was for years the hero of melodrama at the Adelphi, and it was outside its

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

A. Rosenkrantz

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

*Photo Will F. Taylor*

stage door that he was murdered in 1895. The Tivoli picture palace stands on the site of the old Tivoli Music Hall. The Lyceum is intimately associated with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, who for years appeared in one play after the other, all of an artistic excellence and high ambition almost unknown to this generation.

Perhaps the greatest tribute ever paid to Irving came from Ellen Terry, who once said to Mortimer Menpes, the painter: "Hamlet was by far his greatest part—and he knew it. It was his finest part because it was the only part that was big enough for him. It was more difficult, and he had more scope in it than any other. If there had been a finer part than Hamlet, that particular part would have been his finest."

The first London experiment in lighting by gas took place at the Lyceum Theatre in 1800. Fourteen years afterwards Pall Mall and Westminster Bridge had their gas lamps. In *Don Juan* Byron writes:

> The line of lights, too, up to Charing Cross,
> Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation
> Like gold as in comparison to dross,
> Matched with the Continent's illumination. . . .
> But London's so well lit that if Diogenes
> Could recommence to hunt his honest man . . .
> 'Twere not from want of lamps.

I think the first London building to be lighted by electricity was the Adelphi Theatre.

The Hotel Cecil, which has recently ceased to be a hotel, is one of the buildings for which Jabez Balfour was responsible, his crooked methods of finance finally securing for him a long service of penal servitude. Romano's, on the other side of the Strand, was founded by an Italian whose name the restaurant bears, and who was known to Bohemian London of a generation

ago as "the Roman." Simpson's, on the south side, which now belongs to the Savoy Hotel, retains a great deal of its established character for the purveying of wholesome and extraordinarily satisfying English food.

The Strand runs eastward from Trafalgar Square, the site of which was covered until a hundred years ago by "a knot of filthy and disreputable abodes." On the north of the square, where the mean-looking National Gallery now stands, was the King's Mews—Chaucer was "Clerk of the Mews at Charing"—which was used as a menagerie before it was pulled down.

The Nelson Monument was erected in 1843, 145 feet above the street:

> Our Sailor takes the golden gaze of the saluting sun.

The statue is bad even among London statues, but, as Mr Augustus Hare says, that "does not much signify, as it can only be properly seen from the top of the Duke of York's column, which no one ascends." The Trafalgar Square lions were the work of Edwin Landseer. Most of the statues in the square are dull, Hamo Thornycroft's *General Gordon* being the one exception.

The National Gallery was built ninety years ago. A writer in Charles Dickens' *All the Year Round* said of it: "It possesses windows without glass, a cupola without size, a portico without height, pepper-boxes without pepper, and the finest site in Europe without anything to show upon it."

The beginning of the national collection was the purchase in 1824 of the pictures collected by a Russian merchant called Angerstein with the help of Benjamin West and Thomas Lawrence. The gallery has of course immensely grown, and it now consists of three

thousand five hundred works. Ruskin sneered at the National Gallery, but Mr E. V. Lucas declares that

> it is of all the public galleries perhaps the most catholic, and it is there that the visitor may get swiftly the best idea of what the paint-brush in the ablest hands, in all countries, and at the most inspired periods, has been able to accomplish.

Under the central dome is a wonderful collection of altar-pieces by the great Italians, including Raphael, in dignified and appropriate setting. In the galleries are paintings by Botticelli, Titian, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Van Eyck, Velasquez, Goya, Corot, Manet, with Turner, Constable, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and other English masters.

It may be convenient here to refer to London's three other important picture-galleries. The National Portrait Gallery is behind the National Gallery, opposite the dreadful statue of Nurse Cavell. It is a collection of celebrities, but the portraits are often of high artistic excellence.

The Tate Gallery is at Millbank. It stands on the site of the old Millbank Prison, which was opened in 1821 "for the offenders of secondary turpitude, usually punished by transportation for a term of years." The Tate Gallery, given to the nation by Sir Henry Tate, the sugar-refiner, was opened in 1897, and is mainly devoted to British artists, Turner being splendidly represented. The Tate Gallery is London's Luxembourg, and the work of modern painters hung on its walls is a complete proof of the maintenance of a great tradition.

The Wallace Collection is in Manchester Square, behind Selfridge's, in Oxford Street. The pictures,

furniture, and armour were collected by the rich and eccentric fourth Marquis of Hertford, who lived most of his life in Paris, and they were bequeathed to the nation by his heir, Sir Richard Wallace. The galleries are chock-full of beautiful things. Personally I particularly like the Meissoniers, but the most famous picture in the collection is Franz Hals' *Laughing Cavalier*. "I have always thought the title a misnomer," says Mr Lucas, "for it is rather a sneer than a laugh."

Now to return to Trafalgar Square. East of the National Gallery is the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields, the parish church of the King. St Martin's is the best of the churches built in the eighteenth century, though its interior is disappointing compared with the charming Grecian portico. Francis Bacon was baptized in St Martin's—of course in an older church. Jack Sheppard, the highwayman, and Nell Gwyn are buried in the churchyard. Mozart had lodgings near the church when he came to London in 1764, and Thomas Chippendale, the famous furniture-maker, was one of the parishioners. During the War the Rev. "Dick" (now Dean) Sheppard, most human of priests, made St Martin's famous for its brotherly services and its social activities.

On the south side of Trafalgar Square, at the top of Whitehall, is the statue of Charles I, quite the most beautiful statue in London. It is the work of Hubert le Sœur, a French sculptor who came to England in 1630. Le Sœur did not finish the statue until after the Puritan triumph, and it was sold by the Parliamentary iconoclasts to one John Rivet, on condition that it was broken up. But Rivet had an artistic conscience, and carefully hid the statue until the

Restoration. It is said that he bought it cheaply from the Puritans, but that the loyalists took it from him without compensation.

Charles I stands almost exactly where Edward I erected the cross in memory of his wife Eleanor in what was then the village of Cherringe. The Queen's funeral procession set out from Lincoln, and a cross was put up at every place where her body rested on the journey to London. Only three of the twelve crosses are in existence. The cross in front of Charing Cross Station is modern.

"I think," said Dr Johnson, "the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross." It is still one of the busiest spots in London, the jumping-off place for west and east, for north and south.

The Golden Cross Hotel, now on the north side of the Strand, used to be in Whitehall. Dickens described it as "a mouldy sort of establishment in a close neighbourhood." The famous French writer, Mme de Staël, whom Napoleon loathed and feared, stayed at the Golden Cross when she came to London particularly to weep on the tomb of Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*.

Heine, the German poet, lived in Craven Street, on the south of the Strand, when he was in London in 1827. "The sordidly commercial spirit of English life and the brutal egotism of the ordinary Englishman," so we are told, "grated on Heine's sensitive nature. He missed the finer literary and artistic taste of the Continent and was repelled by the austerity of English religious sentiment and observance." Benjamin Franklin lived in Craven Street, and to Number 39 Craven Street Mr Brownlow took Oliver Twist for refuge from Fagin.

Charing Cross Station stands on the site of the house of Sir Edward Hungerford, a Restoration spendthrift. Hungerford Bridge is the foot-bridge crossing the river south of the station, and Hungerford Market was, until comparatively recent times, on the site of the present Villiers Street.

The Adelphi is the district of something less than half a square mile that lies south of the Strand, with Adam Street as its eastern boundary and Villiers Street as its western boundary. The greater part of the Adelphi was occupied by Durham House, which was built by a Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward I. In 1530 the house was 'acquired' by Henry VIII from Cuthbert Tunstall, who had succeeded Wolsey as Bishop of Durham. Tunstall was a typical ecclesiastic of a troubled era. He had been a pupil of Erasmus, and he shared the humanistic philosophy of Colet and More and Fisher, eager for reform within the Church, but resentful of the revolutionary policy of the German reformers. During the reign of Henry VIII he was employed on various important political missions. He was deprived of his bishopric during the reign of Edward VI, and, though it was restored to him by Mary, his refusal to take the Oath of Supremacy to Elizabeth caused his arrest, and he died a prisoner in Lambeth Palace. Henry VIII gave Durham House to Thomas Boleyn, the father of Anne Boleyn, and Elizabeth, Anne's daughter, lived there when she was a child. In 1550 Durham House was formally given to Elizabeth by her brother Edward VI.

As I have already said, Walter Raleigh lived in Durham House until his arrest in 1603. His study was "on a little turret that looked into and over the Thames and had the prospect which is as pleasant

perhaps as any in the world." The prospect is now to be seen from the windows of the Savage Club, and pleasant indeed it is.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Strand front of the Adelphi was known as the New Exchange, which was erected despite the protests of the Lord Mayor of London, jealous for the privileges of the Royal Exchange in the City. There are many references in Pepys' diary to the New Exchange, where there were booksellers' shops, as well as milliners and hosiers. "Thence to the Exchange," wrote Pepys in 1666, "that is, the New Exchange, and looked over some play books and intend to get all the late new plays." The shops in the New Exchange were forbidden to open on Christmas Day, on Candlemas Day, on the Feast of the Nativity of St John the Baptist, on the Feast of All Saints, on Sundays, and during the Easter and Whitsun holidays. But despite this forced respect for Holy Church, the galleries became notorious as the meeting-place of gallants and their ladies, a sort of London Palais Royal. "They tell me," wrote Addison in *The Spectator*, "that a young fop cannot buy a pair of gloves but that he is at the same time straining for some ingenious ribaldry to say to the young woman who helps them on." Durham House itself was pulled down in the middle of the seventeenth century, and on part of the site the Commissioners of Accounts had the office which is mentioned several times by Pepys.

After the revolution of 1688 Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel, had for a short time a small haberdasher's shop in the New Exchange. Frances Jennings was the sister of that redoubtable lady, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. De Grammont says

that Frances had "the fairest and brightest complexion that ever was seen. Her hair was of the most beauteous flaxen. There was something particularly lovely and animated in her countenance." The Duke of York, afterwards James II, sought to make Frances his mistress, but, according to De Grammont, the lady had "furnished herself with some very salutary maxims for the conduct of a young person of her age," one of which was "not to dispose of her heart until she gave her hand." After the death of her husband Frances went to Dublin, where she established a convent for Poor Clares and where she died at the age of ninety-two, "in consequence of falling out of bed on the floor on a winter's night."

Another interesting lady who had a shop in the Exchange was Anne Clarges, whose mother was one of five disreputable women barbers in Chancery Lane. Anne eventually married George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, contriver of the Restoration. Pepys had the greatest dislike for the Duchess of Albemarle, who had neither manners nor good looks.

The New Exchange, which must have stood almost exactly where the Tivoli cinema theatre now is, became overcrowded, and where Durham House had been there was towards the end of the eighteenth century nothing but small houses and coal-sheds, with Thames mud outside their doors. When he was a young man, David Garrick was a partner with his brother in a wine merchant's business in Durham Yard. In 1741 Samuel Johnson, then entirely poor and friendless, lived at the "Black Boy over against Durham Yard."

In 1768 the two brothers Adam, the Scottish architects, bought the property from the Duke of St Albans, and laid out the Adelphi almost exactly as it

is now. They spent £14,000 "to raise palaces upon an offensive heap of mud and circulated an immense sum to make a palpable nuisance a considerable ornament to the metropolis." It is said that the Adams brought workmen from Scotland to build the Adelphi and that they were spurred on to energy by the music of countless bagpipes.

The Royal Society of Arts, which has its headquarters in a beautiful house in John Street, Adelphi, was founded in 1750 as a society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce. Twenty years after its establishment it moved to the Adelphi. Mr Wilfred Whitten has summarized the many activities of this society:

> The Society, for example, has at one time or another set itself to increase the supply of pickled sturgeon at Billingsgate, to standardize the number of vibrations for the middle C of the pianoforte, to introduce public lavatories to London, to stimulate the straw bonnet industry, to promote the cultivation of rhubarb, to find an invariable standard of weights and measures, to establish a botanic garden in the Bahamas, to improve medals, varnish, milk-cans, and the curing of herrings, to improve the four-wheeled cab, to fix memorial tablets, to instruct soldiers in shorthand, to provide English children with paint-boxes, to evolve an improved machine for slicing turnips, and to accomplish a thousand tasks as worthy in all the fields of art and industry.

Johnson and Burke were among the early members of this society. When Goldsmith once attempted to make a speech before the society he was "obliged to sit down in confusion."

Opposite the Royal Society of Arts is the Adelphi Hotel, which was formerly Osborn's Hotel, where

Gibbon stayed when he returned from Switzerland with the last part of the manuscript of the *Decline and Fall*, and it was at Osborn's Hotel that Mr Pickwick made his farewell to public life:

> "I shall never regret," said Mr Pickwick in a low voice, "I shall never regret having devoted the greater part of two years to mixing with different varieties and shades of human character: frivolous as my pursuit of novelty may have appeared to many. Nearly the whole of my previous life having been devoted to business and the pursuit of wealth, numerous scenes of which I had no previous conception have dawned upon me—I hope to the enlargement of my mind, and the improvement of my understanding. If I have done but little good, I trust I have done less harm, and that none of my adventures will be other than a source of amusing and pleasant recollection to me in the decline of life. God bless you all!"

Garrick lived at 5 Adelphi Terrace, and Johnson often visited him there. The great actor died at Adelphi Terrace on January 20, 1779, and had a funeral of particularly elaborate magnificence. The Lord Chancellor was among the pall-bearers, and the mourners included Dr Johnson, Burke, Fox, and most of the well-known actors of the day. "Garrick," said Johnson, "was a very good man, the most cheerful man of his age; a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness, and a man who gave away freely money acquired by himself."

Dr Graham, a Scottish quack, occupied a house in Adelphi Terrace in 1780, and there Emma Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton, Nelson's Emma, posed in some *tableaux vivants* as the Goddess of Health. Horace Walpole described Graham's establishment as

"the most impudent puppet show of imposition I ever saw." Emma was the daughter of a Cheshire blacksmith. She was only twenty when she was posing in Adelphi Terrace, but she had already had many amatory experiences. After leaving Graham, she lived with a sporting baronet in Sussex, afterwards beginning the intrigue with Sir William Hamilton's nephew which eventually gave her an amazing place in the history of England.

Mr Bernard Shaw lived for many years in a house at the corner of Adelphi Terrace and Robert Street, with Sir James Barrie on the other side of the road. It is rather amusing to remember that *Quality Street* and *Back to Methuselah* were born within a few yards of each other.

Tom Hood lived at 2 Robert Street, where he was visited by Charles Lamb and De Quincey. The blacking-bottle factory where David Copperfield was apprenticed was in Buckingham Street, Adelphi. "I was fond of wandering about the Adelphi," wrote Dickens in *David Copperfield*, "because it was a mysterious place with those dark arches." The Micawbers stayed for a day or two in the Adelphi before they started for Australia, "in a little dirty tumbled-down public house." The little dirty tumbled-down public house was called Fox under the Hill. It was pulled down when the Victoria Embankment Gardens were laid out.

The Adelphi arches still remain a subterranean city and a place of mystery. One of the curiosities of the Adelphi is the right of way through a house leading downwards from Adelphi Terrace to York Buildings and through the gardens to Villiers Street and Charing Cross Station. This must be one of the very few rights of way through private houses left in London.

Thomas Hardy lived at 8 Adelphi Terrace when he was a young architect. 6 Adelphi Terrace is the Savage Club.

Durham House covered the upper part of the Adelphi. York House filled the lower part, now Villiers Street, Buckingham Street, York Buildings, and Duke Street. Pepys, walking in the garden of York House for an hour or two, "found it not so fine a place as I took it for by the outside." In the later seventeenth century York House was used as the embassy of various ministers to the Court of St James's. The house has long ago disappeared, but Inigo Jones's beautiful water-gate is still to be seen in the Embankment Gardens.

Samuel Pepys lived in Buckingham Street from 1684 to 1700, but his diary was finished fifteen years before he took up his residence in the Adelphi. Peter the Great lived at the end of Buckingham Street during his stay in London in 1698. Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, the Tory Prime Minister of Queen Anne, and the friend of Pope and Swift, lived in Buckingham Street. Rousseau stopped in Buckingham Street while he was in England. Evelyn lived in Villiers Street, so did Richard Steele, Addison's friend and the editor of *The Tatler*.

It was in Villiers Street that the original Gatti, the great-uncle of the late Sir John Gatti, opened his restaurant in London, the features of which were marble-topped tables and plush seats. He brought with him from his native Ticino his two nephews, Stephano and Agostino—afterwards always known in Bohemian London as Stephanotis and Angostura—who built Gatti's Restaurant in the Strand, as well as the Adelphi and the Vaudeville Theatres. The two

younger Gattis were the waiters in Villiers Street, and the cooks who grilled the chops and made the ice creams were the two brothers Monico, who in their turn became successful *restaurateurs*.

The Adelphi has its association with finance as well as with literature and the stage. The Little Theatre in John Street used to be part of Coutts's Bank before it moved to the north side of the Strand. The original Coutts was a Scotsman who, in the manner of the good apprentice, married his master's daughter and became a partner of the banking concern known as Campbell and Coutts. His son Thomas Coutts was the richest man in the London of his time. He was a kinsman of Sir Walter Scott and a man of abounding generosity.

Thomas had two wives. One of his daughters by his first wife, "a most respectable, handsome, modest young woman," married Sir Francis Burdett, the Georgian Radical, to one of whose daughters, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a great deal of the Coutts money descended. Thomas's second wife was an actress, Harriot Mellon, who after her first husband's death married the ninth Duke of St Albans. Sir Walter Scott described her as "a kind friendly woman without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth." Many are the great men who have banked with the house of Coutts. They include Pitt, Walter Scott, Wellington, Nelson, Johnson, Fox, Pope, Dickens, Tennyson, and Henry Irving, as well as most of the royal princes of the past four generations.

North of the Strand is Charing Cross Hospital. On part of its site Toole's Theatre stood in my youth, and here Sir James Barrie's first comedy, *Walker London*, was produced, with Mr Seymour Hicks playing a schoolboy in an Eton suit. On the site of the theatre stood

the chapel of the fathers of the London Oratory, and Cardinal Newman preached there nearly eighty years ago.

Covent Garden Market lies north of the Strand. The short streets between them are not without interest. Voltaire lived in Maiden Lane during his stay in England in 1727, lodging over a barber's shop at the sign of the White Peruke. While there he visited Congreve, the Restoration dramatist, in his lodgings in Surrey Street, on the other side of the Strand. In his *Voltaire in England* Mr Churton Collins writes:

> Congreve, whose temper was probably not improved by gout and blindness, and who was irritated perhaps by the ebullience of his young admirer, affected to regard literary distinction as a trifle. "I beg," he said, "that you will look upon me not as an author but as a gentleman." "If," replied Voltaire, disgusted with his foppery, "you had had the misfortune to be simply a gentleman, I should not have troubled myself to wait upon you."

Rule's in Maiden Lane is an excellent Bohemian restaurant, and on the other side of the lane is the Roman Catholic church of Corpus Christi, where at any time and any day players from the theatres and workers from the market are to be found saying their prayers.

Garrick lived in Southampton Street before moving to Adelphi Terrace. The Newnes publications are now published in Southampton Street. George Newnes, who started *Tit-Bits*, prepared the way for the revolution in English journalism effected by Lord Northcliffe, who as a young man was in his employ.

Covent Garden was originally the convent garden of the Abbey of Westminster. After the dissolution of

the monasteries it fell into the greedy maw of the Protector Somerset, and when he fell it was given by the Crown to John Russell, Earl of Bedford. It remained the property of the Russell family until a few years ago.

The garden had Long Acre, also part of the Abbey's estate, as its north boundary, and it stretched south to the walls of Bedford House, which stood on the Strand site now partly occupied by the Strand Palace Hotel, and in Victorian days by Exeter Hall, where fervent Evangelicals denounced the sins of the times.

St Paul's Church, Covent Garden, was built by Inigo Jones, though only the portico remains of his work. A number of eminent persons are buried in the churchyard. They include Sir Peter Lely, the painter, William Wycherley, the dramatist, Grinling Gibbons, the sculptor, Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, and Tom Davies, the bookseller who introduced Boswell to Dr Johnson and was thus responsible for one of the most fascinating books in the English language.

The piazza, built to the design of Inigo Jones in 1630, was London's most fashionable promenade. Mr Augustus Hare says that Covent Garden was "the Belgrave Square of the Stuarts. Where now market porters hustle and market waggons are parked, beruffled fine gentlemen used to ogle berouged fine ladies."

Within my recollection there were three hotels in Covent Garden: Hummums, where it was the custom twenty years ago to breakfast after the fancy dress balls at Covent Garden Theatre; the Tavistock, where the two great painters Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller had their studios and where Hogarth exhibited

his *Marriage à la Mode*; and the Bedford, where Thackeray used to stay. Garrick and Hogarth were among the frequenters of the Bedford Coffee-house, and the Beefsteak Club, now in Green Street, Leicester Square, once had its home there. On the north-west of Covent Garden was till recently the National Sporting Club, the headquarters of the noble art, where light-weights, middle-weights, and heavy-weights punched and were punched for the amusement of the modern Corinthians. The building was once a peer's mansion, and early last century was Evans' Supper Rooms. Walford quotes a writer in *Once a Week* of 1867 who said:

> The surviving establishment, half supper-room and half music-hall, and one of the "lions of London," is situated at the western extremity of Covent Garden Piazza. It is subject to peculiar and stringent regulations. Ladies are not admitted, except on giving their names and addresses, and then only enjoy the privilege of watching the proceedings from behind a screen. The whole of the performances are sustained by the male sex, and an efficient choir of men and boys sing glees, ballads, madrigals, and selections from the operas, the accompaniments being supplied on the piano and harmonium. . . . On the occasion of our last visit to "Evans's," we heard standard music, English, German, and Italian, performed with admirable spirit, precision, and delicacy.

Supper and glees will appear to the judicious a far happier combination than supper and jazz.

Covent Garden Theatre was opened by John Rich in 1732. The first performance was advertised as follows:

> By the Company of Comedians.—At the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, on Thursday next, being the

7th day of December, 1732, will be revived a comedy called *The Way of the World*, written by Mr Congreve. The cloathes, scenes, and decorations entirely new, and, on account of the great demand for places, the pit and boxes, by desire, will be laid together at 5*s.*; gallery, 2*s.*; upper gallery, 1*s.*; and to prevent the scenes being crowded, the stage half-a-guinea. N.B.—All persons who want places are desired to send to the stage-door (the passage from Bow Street leading to it), where attendance will be given and places kept for the following night as usual.

Peg Woffington appeared at Covent Garden as Rosalind. Garrick acted there. Handel's *Messiah* was produced there in 1741. Charles Macklin, the great Mrs Siddons and her brothers the Kembles, Macready, Edmund Kean, and Helen Faucit, who married Sir Theodore Martin, the biographer of the Prince Consort, all acted at Covent Garden.

The theatre was burned down and rebuilt in 1809, and in 1847 it became the Royal Italian Opera House. In 1856 the theatre was burned down for the second time, to be reopened in 1858 with a performance of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*. Grand opera in London was given a new, vigorous life by the late Sir Augustus Harris, who was responsible for the first London performance of Wagner's *The Ring*, and in later years it has been inspired by the genius of Sir Thomas Beecham. The Russian Ballet, the most perfect art-form that the modern theatre has known, had its place with opera on the Covent Garden stage. All the greatest singers of three-quarters of a century, from Grisi to Melba, have sung at Covent Garden. But the fame of the singer is as passing as the fame of the actor:

The curtain falls, the play is played :
The Beggar packs beside the Beau ;
The Monarch troops, and troops the Maid ;
The Thunder huddles with the Snow.
Where are the revellers high and low ?
The clashing swords ? The lover's call ?
The dancers gleaming row on row ?—
Into the night go one and all.

Drury Lane Theatre, first known as the King's Theatre, was opened before the end of the seventeenth century. It stands on or near the site of an older theatre, the Cockpit, which was frequently visited by Pepys. For thirty years in the eighteenth century Drury Lane was associated with the fame of David Garrick, who, Dr Johnson said, "advanced the dignity of his profession," and in the early nineteenth century with Edmund Kean and his far less gifted son, Charles, with Macready, Mrs Siddons, and with dozens of other famous players. Sheridan, the dramatist and politician, was at one time the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and his *School for Scandal* was first acted there in 1809. During the period of Sheridan's management the theatre was burned down, and the House of Commons adjourned as a mark of sympathy with its distinguished manager.

During the management of Sir Augustus Harris Drury Lane became the home of melodrama and pantomime. Latterly its management has discovered a new gold-mine in elaborate American musical entertainments. Within the past few years much of the theatre has been rebuilt, but the portico and the colonnade are nearly a hundred years old.

Bow Street Police Court, opposite Covent Garden Theatre, is the central police court of the metropolis. Henry Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*, one of the

LOOKING DOWN THE STRAND TOWARD ST MARY-LE-STRAND

*Photo Herbert Felton*

MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE

*Photo Herbert Felton*

early masters of the English novel, was appointed London's Chief Magistrate in 1748, with a house in Bow Street and an income of £300 a year. "Fielding," wrote Austin Dobson, "set out to draw life precisely as he saw it around him, without blanks or dashes. He was it may be for a judicial moralist too indulgent to some of its frailties, but he was merciless to its meaner vices." Fielding was a conscientious magistrate, who certainly hastened his death by his eager efforts to rid London of the gangs of "villains and cut-throats" that infested it in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Edmund Waller, the Cavalier poet, was an earlier inhabitant of Bow Street. Waller is mainly remembered for his delightful lyric *On a Girdle*:

> That which her slender waist confined
> Shall now my joyful temples bind;
> No monarch but would give his crown
> His arms might do what this has done.

In York Street, a turning off Bow Street, Thomas de Quincey wrote the *Confessions of an Opium-eater*, and to lodgings in Russell Street Charles Lamb and his sister Mary moved from the Temple in 1817. They had rooms over an ironmonger's shop which until recently was a ham and beef shop, and long before Lamb's day was Wells's Coffee-house, a resort of Pope and Addison, Johnson, Garrick, and Joshua Reynolds. Lamb wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth:

> Here we are, transplanted from our native soil. I thought we never could have been torn up from the Temple. Indeed it was an ugly wrench, but like a tooth now 'tis out and I am easy. We never can strike root so deep in any other ground. This where we are, is a

light bit of gardener's mould, and if they take us up from it, it will cost no blood and groans like mandrakes pulled up. We are in the individual spot I like best in all this great city. The theatres with all their noises. Covent Garden dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinous, where we are morally sure of the earliest peas and 'sparagus. Bow Street, where the thieves are examined, within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four and twenty hours before she saw a Thief. She sits at the window working; and casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the solemnity. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female life.

Nell Gwyn was born at the Holborn end of Drury Lane. Benjamin Franklin worked as a journeyman printer in a court off Great Queen Street, where the Freemasons have their headquarters and where the Gordon Riots began.

The district east of Drury Lane was, within my lifetime, a congeries of slums and alleys leading south to Holywell Street, known in my youth as Booksellers' Row, with its two theatres, the Olympic and the Opéra Comique, where that most famous of *opéras bouffes*, *Les Cloches de Cornville*, was first played in London. Holywell Street and the two theatres were pulled down to make way for the construction of Aldwych, with its two theatres, the Aldwych and the Strand, its great hotel, the Waldorf, and its Bush House. Kingsway, another of London's most modern streets, runs north to Holborn.

There are two churches at the east end of the Strand. St Mary-le-Strand was built in the reign of Queen Anne, and is one of the most beautiful of London's post-Wren churches. A famous maypole stood in

front of the site of St Mary-le-Strand until 1718. St Thomas à Becket was rector of the older church, which was destroyed by the Protector Somerset in the reign of Edward VI. The church of St Clement Danes was built in 1682 under Christopher Wren's superintendence. St Clement's was a church in which Dr Johnson regularly worshipped, and there is a rather mean statue of him at its east end.

Until the construction in 1870 of the Victoria Embankment from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge the Strand was the one main road from Westminster to the City. The building of the first Westminster Bridge was begun in 1731, and it was opened in 1750. A new Westminster Bridge was built in 1862, and has since been considerably widened. A striking statue of Boadicea, the British Amazon who fought the Romans, stands at its south-eastern end.

The Embankment Gardens stretch from New Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, past Charing Cross to Waterloo Bridge. They contain many monuments, some of them almost inconceivably ugly, some of genuine artistic value. Perhaps the jolliest is the little statue of a Camel Corps rider. Other War memorials are Sir Reginald Blomfield's Royal Air Force and the monument of Belgium's gratitude. In the gardens, too, are medallions of both W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, whose fame is associated with the Savoy Theatre, which backs on the Embankment. On Gilbert's medallion are his lines:

> Is life a boon ?
> If so, it must befall
> That Death whene'er he call,
> Must call too soon.

Cleopatra's Needle was erected on the river-side of the Embankment in 1878. It is 68½ feet in height, and weighs 180 tons. It was originally erected at Heliopolis about 1500 B.C.

Charing Cross Railway-bridge, a thing of exceeding ugliness, has the Hungerford Foot-bridge by its side. Waterloo Bridge, built by John Rennie and opened in 1817 on the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, is by far London's finest bridge. It has, indeed, been called "the noblest bridge in the world." Some three years ago its foundations were found to be weakening, and it is now in process of renovation.

East of Waterloo Bridge are the Temple Gardens, and among the buildings beyond are Sion College, originally in London Wall, and founded as a home for needy London clergy, and the City of London School, of which the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith was a famous pupil.

# CHAPTER V

## ST JAMES'S AND THEREABOUTS

Much more is left to explore before we leave the Borough of Westminster. St James's, within its border, is London's home of romance. Every paving-stone in St James's Street has a tale to tell. Every corner in St James's Palace is chock-full of historical interest.

"Fourteen leprous maidens" were lodged in a hospital built, where St James's Palace now stands, before William of Normandy crossed the Channel. The hospital was rebuilt in the reign of Henry III, and Henry VI put its custody into the hands of the heads of Eton College, which he had just founded. The acquisitive Henry VIII, who had as little regard for the rights of "leprous maidens" as he had for the rights of tonsured monks, acquired the hospital at the time of his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and Stow relates that he built there "a goodly manor annexing thereunto a park closed about with a wall of brick." Henry's daughter, Queen Mary I, died at St James's Palace, heartbroken and weary. Both Charles II and James II were born in the palace, and King Charles the Martyr slept there on the last night of his life. James, then Duke of York, lived in St James's after the Restoration. His daughters Mary and Anne were both born there, as was the unlucky prince, the Old Pretender, who, so it was alleged, was not the King's son at all, but was smuggled into the palace in a warming-pan.

When George I arrived in England in 1714 he and his two German mistresses, "the Maypole" and "the Elephant," took up their residence in St James's Palace. But George of Hanover was the last sovereign permanently to reside there. George III and Queen Victoria were both married in the Chapel Royal, St James's, and George IV, "the First Gentleman in Europe," was born in the palace. Foreign Ambassadors are still accredited to the Court of St James's, the royal levees are usually held in the palace, and the officials of the royal household have their lodgings there. The Lord Chamberlain has his offices in St James's Palace, and here day after day sits the Reader of Plays, the urbane and scholarly Mr G. S. Street, reading the manuscripts of tragedies and farces, for no play can be produced in Central London without the Lord Chamberlain's licence.

Adjacent to the palace are several houses with historic interest. Stafford House, now the London Museum, was built in 1827 on a site part of which had been occupied by the last London house in which Charles James Fox lived. Near by is Bridgewater House, first built for the Duchess of Cleveland, and Clarence House, now the London house of the Duke of Connaught, which was the home of the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Queen Victoria.

So westward through St James's Park to Buckingham Palace, in front of which now stands the statue of Queen Victoria—a journey from the beautiful to the ugly. The site of Buckingham Palace was originally a mulberry-garden, which Pepys described as "a very silly place." The first Buckingham House, described by Pepys as "a country house in the summer, and a town house in the winter," was built in 1703. It was

acquired by George III in 1761. The King's library, which was presented by his successor to the British Museum, began in Buckingham Palace with a collection of 63,000 volumes bought in 1765. Dr Johnson was a friend of the royal librarian, and was permitted to spend many hours in the library, and it was here that he had his famous interview with the King. Boswell relates:

> During the whole of this interview Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect; but still in his firm, manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnson showed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

The palace was considerably enlarged by George III, who added to it a marble arch, which was removed to the north-east corner of Hyde Park in 1847. But with all its alterations and changes it still justifies Wheatley's description as "peculiarly mean and ugly."

If the palace is ugly, and the Victoria Memorial merely large, St James's Park and the Green Park, particularly on a summer's day, are places of sheer delight. Old maps show the Green Park as lying between St James's Park and "the way to Reading"—Piccadilly—and before the Restoration it was merely waste ground, with willows and ditches, among which must have been "the drie ditch bankes about Pakadilla" in which Gerard the botanist pottered for

botanical specimens, sometimes, perhaps, with his friend Shakespeare. A day of excitement came in 1554, when Queen Mary's army was drawn up in the Green Park to resist Sir Thomas Wyatt and his men of Kent. Then peace settled on the park for nearly a hundred years, when again rebels were in arms. The Parliamentarians beset London, and a redoubt and battery were set up on Constitution Hill. Charles II added to the Green Park, and built an ice-house, as a diarist notes, "for to cool wines and other drinks for the summer season." At the western extremity he formed a deer-harbour.

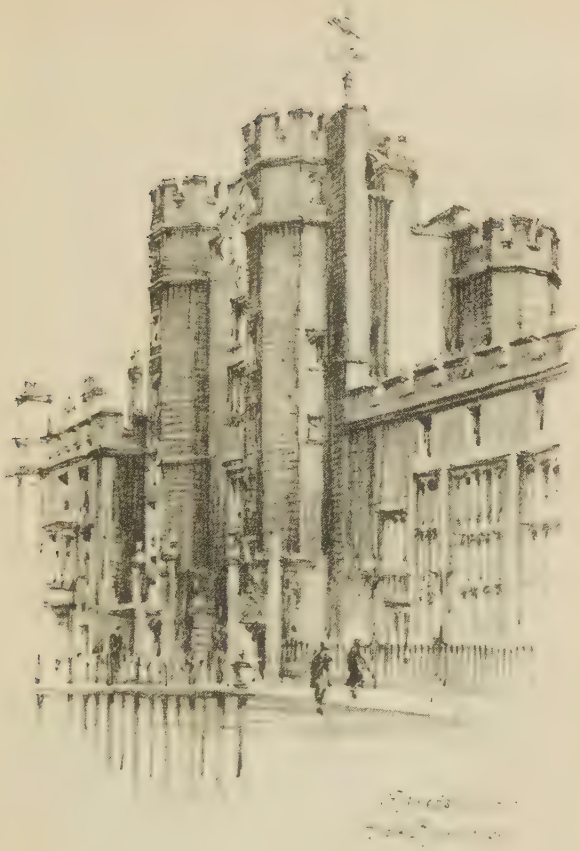
For many years onwards the history of the park is mainly concerned with duels. One which made a stir was between William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and John, Lord Hervey, the "Sporus" of Pope, who on account of the invalid's diet on which he subsisted was described by the poet as

> That thing of silk,
> Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk.

Queen Caroline, consort of George II, was fond of the Park, and the Board of Works was ordered to make a private walk for the Queen and her family, "to divert themselves in the spring," and the path was known as "Queen's Walk" in the early days of last century.

A quaint account of the park is given in a publication of 1731, *A Critical Review of the Public Buildings in and about London*, in which Constitution Hill is described as "a pleasing ascent to one of the finest eminences in nature"—high praise indeed! The account runs:

> From hence the eye may command a vast extent of variegated country bounded with distant hills. Im-



MAIN ENTRANCE
KENSINGTON
PALACE

mediately beneath appears the beautiful lawn of the Green Park, skirted on one side with buildings which are cheerful and neat; and on another by the trees of St James's Park, enriched with a view of the Abbey of Westminster. The lawn consists of the beautiful convexity of two gently rising hills.

It was in a pond in the Green Park, now filled in, hat Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, committed suicide in 1816.

The upper part of the park, west of Arlington Street, vhere the bandstand now is, was the scene of innumerble duels in the eighteenth century. Robert Peel was hrown from his horse on Constitution Hill in June 850, and died from the injuries that he received.

St James's Park, on the outskirts of an extensive orest, was in early times a swamp which could be overown by the Thames. At the time of the Domesday urvey the forests of Westminster were still large nough to support a hundred hogs. In the reign of ames I the park was still little better than an rdinary meadow, but must have been enlivened by he King's menagerie, which included camels, an lephant, and, it seems, even beavers, judging by a oggerel note about it as one of the curiosities of ngland (*Coryatt's Crudities*, 1611):

> St James his guinea hens, the cassowary, moreover
> The beaver in the Park, strange beast as ever any man saw,
> Down-shearing willows, with teeth as sharp as a handsaw.

eer and pheasant were also kept in the park.

The park fell under a cloud in the days of Cromwell, nd the Republicans even abolished the "Saint," so hat it was known simply as James' Park. But at the estoration a bright era set in. The park as we know

it is largely the creation of Charles II, who planted trees, laid out the lake (which was at the beginning a canal), and spent much of his leisure walking there with his friends and his mistresses.

About 1660 the park seems to have been opened to the public. Pepys records walking there with his wife and niece, Theophila, who ran races, "but Theophila outran my wife," he says, "and another poor woman that laid a pot of ale with me that she would outrun her." In his love for the park Charles II, says Waller, imitated the ancient kings, who delighted in green palaces, "and by frequenting sacred groves grew wise." The park was stocked with choice birds and animals—hence probably the name Birdcage Walk—and feeding the birds was among the King's amusements.

Evelyn wrote in his diary on February 9, 1665:

> Went to St James's Park, where I saw various animals, and examined the throat of the *onocrotalus*, or pelican, a fowl between a stork and a swan; a melancholy water-fowl, brought from Astracan by the Russian Ambassador; it was diverting to see how he would toss up and turn a flat fish, plaice, or flounder, to get it right into his gullet at its lower beak, which, being filmy, stretches to a prodigious wideness when it devours a great fish. Here was also a small water-fowl, not bigger than a moorhen, that went almost quite erect, like the penguin of America; it would eat as much fish as its whole body weighed; I never saw so unsatiable a devourer, yet the body did not appear to swell the bigger. The Solan geese here are also great devourers, and are said soon to exhaust all the fish in a pond. Here was a curious sort of poultry not much exceeding the size of a tame pigeon, with legs so short as their crops seemed to touch the earth; a milk-white raven; a stork, which was a rarity at this season, seeing he was loose, and could fly loftily; two

Balerian cranes, one of which, having had one of his legs broken and cut off above the knee, had a wooden or boxen leg and thigh, with a joint so accurately made that the creature could walk and use it as well as if it had been natural; it was made by a soldier. The park was at this time stored with numerous flocks of several sorts of ordinary and extraordinary wild fowl, breeding about the Decoy, which for being near so great a city, and among such a concourse of soldiers and people, is a singular and diverting thing. There were also deer of several countries, white; spotted like leopards; antelopes, an elk, red deer, roebucks, stags, Guinea goats, Arabian sheep, etc. There were withypots, or nests, for the wild fowl to lay their eggs in, a little above the surface of the water.

The Mall, of course, has its name from the game of pall-mall. The Mall was the favourite resort of fashionable London in the eighteenth century. Swift recorded that "it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking through." And Austin Dobson has written:

The ladies of St James's:
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air,
But Phyllida, my Phyllida:
The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
Is not so fresh as hers.

One feature of the St James's Park of olden days still remains—the collections of birds. The pelicans, the pheasants, and the waterfowl are the park's chief possession, and many birds not expected in the heart of London are sometimes to be seen there, such as the jay, kingfisher, kestrel, and puffin.

Walking round the park, eastward from Buckingham Palace, we pass on the left the backs of the houses of Carlton House Terrace, the house immediately west of the Duke of York's Steps being the German Embassy. The Duke of York's Column was erected in the years 1830–33, and Wheatley mournfully writes that "the whole expense of this frightful erection was defrayed by public subscription." On the left, just before reaching the Admiralty Arch, are Spring Gardens, which Evelyn described as "the enclosure not disagreeable from the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds." There was a refreshment house in Spring Gardens, and Evelyn's respectable heart was doubtless offended by the fact that "the thickets of the garden seemed to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry." Gallant Prince Rupert, the nephew of Charles I, died in a house in Spring Gardens.

We turn to the right and walk southward, noting the War memorial to the Guards, an impressive piece of statuary facing the Horse Guards Parade, originally the tiltyard of the palace of Whitehall, where Queen Elizabeth gave a great and costly tournament in 1581. Passing the back of the Foreign Office and the end of Downing Street, we make a sharp right turn, walking westward along Birdcage Walk. On the left are the backs of the houses of Queen Anne's Gate, excellent mansions of the Adam period, and among the most "desirable residences" in London. West of Storey's Gate is the Guards' Chapel and Wellington Barracks: and so once more to St. James's Palace.

At the end of the sixteenth century there were two people only living in what is now St James's Street, a Mrs Anne Poulteney and a Mr Baldwin. In 1609 they were joined by a Mr Walker, and by the middle

of the seventeenth century St James's Street began to be a well-populated and fashionable thoroughfare. It was ordered to be paved by a law passed in the reign of Charles II. John Evelyn was one of the paving Commissioners, and, writing in 1662, he described the street as a quagmire.

Some of the shops in St James's Street have long and honourable histories. The Berrys have been wine merchants at Number 3 since the beginning of last century. James Locke, the first of the hatters, was established there in 1793. Number 33 used to be in the occupation of a tailor called Walker, who discovered a new method of making trousers, and is said to have suggested Mr Goren in *Evan Harrington* to George Meredith.

St James's Street is a street of clubs, the institutions which the Englishman loves, and without which his life is incomplete. The older St James's Street clubs started as chocolate houses in the eighteenth century. White's was founded by one Francis White. The present club began in 1743, the subscription was a guinea a year, and there were to be no ballots for new members "but during the sitting of Parliament." In 1755 White's moved across from the west to the east side of St James's Street, to the building which it at present occupies. Everybody who was anybody belonged to White's—Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, Charles James Fox—but when Pitt was elected Fox and his friends took themselves to Brooks's. Beau Brummell, who set the fashions in London until his debts forced him to flee to France, to die in poverty in Caen, was to be seen daily sitting in the famous bow-window of White's.

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the

gambling at White's was formidable and fantastic. Mr Beresford Chancellor says:

> The probable longevity of a famous man; the possible matrimonial alliance of a beautiful woman; the period at which a lady of fashion was likely to present her husband with an heir; the chance of one man outliving another, or of some third party surviving both; the probability of military successes, or of a well-known man subscribing to a young lady's benefit; the possibilities of engagements, elopements, marriages, deaths, jostle wagers on grave political or military and naval crises; from a change in the Ministry to a change in the fashion of a frill—nothing seems to have been too important or too trivial to give the opportunity for members to try to win or risk losing money.

Horace Walpole relates that a man one day dropped dead at the door of White's. "The Club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death said it would affect the fairness of the bet." White's was Whig. The Cocoa Tree was Tory. Swift was an early member of the Cocoa Tree; so was Gibbon, who pompously wrote:

> That respectable body of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English—twenty or thirty perhaps of the finest men in the kingdom, in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-house, upon a bit of cold meat and a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch.

Sheridan and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, were very drunk together one night at the Cocoa Tree, and Byron records that he sat at supper there from six in the evening till five in the morning, drink-

ing claret and champagne and finishing with "a kind of Regency punch composed of Madeira, brandy and green tea, no real water being admitted therein."

Boodle's is an Adam house, and was at the beginning a country gentlemen's club. Brooks's was another Whig club, frequented, as I have said, by Fox. The betting there was quite as amazing as it was at White's, and it is rather disconcerting to know that that very dour person, William Wilberforce, once played faro at Brooks's.

The Conservative Club, almost at the bottom of the street, on the western side, is modern, and is nowadays famous for its kitchen. The Devonshire, at the top of the street, on the same side, was Crockford's, the most fashionable of early Victorian gambling-clubs. Crockford started life as a fishmonger, and died worth £700,000. The Devonshire has lost nowadays practically all the political significance which its name suggests. It has many professional writers among its members, and I recall pleasant meetings there with the late George R. Sims, the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, the late Clement Shorter, and the late Frank Richardson, who wrote entertainingly about whiskers. To-day it numbers among its members many London publishers.

Byron was living at 8 St James's Street when *Childe Harold* was published and he first took his seat in the House of Lords. Charles James Fox, statesman and rake, lived in St James's Street. Horace Walpole says in one of his letters:

> As I came up St James's Street I saw a cart and porters at Charles's door; coppers and old chests of drawers loading. In short, his success at faro has awakened his host of creditors, but unless his bank had

swelled to the size of the Bank of England it would not have yielded a sop for each. Epsom, too, had been unpropitious, and one creditor has actually seized and carried off his goods, which did not seem worth removing. As I returned, full of this scene, whom should I find sauntering by my own door but Charles? He came up and talked to me at the coach-window on the Marriage Bill, with as much *sang-froid* as if he knew nothing of what had happened.

History is written in St James's Street, and it is written, in not less interesting terms, in the streets that run from it. In Pickering Court there was in Georgian days a notorious gambling-house where roulette and hazard—the dice game associated with Crockford's—were played. In King Street is the St James's Theatre, first built in 1835. Rachel, the great French *tragédienne*, once acted at the St James's. Rachel had no love for London. She is reported to have said: "Les Anglais sont très aimables, mais ils paraissent avoir peur des artistes comme des bêtes sauvages, car ils vous parquent comme elles au Jardin des Plantes." The later history of St James's Theatre is associated with the Kendals, with John Hare and George Alexander, and particularly with Sir Arthur Pinero, whose most successful play, *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*, was produced there.

Christie's famous auction rooms have been in King Street, St James's, since 1823. James Christie, the first of the house, died in Pall Mall in 1803. He was the intimate friend of both Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough. After his death his son moved from Pall Mall to King Street. Nelson stopped at a hotel at 19 King Street after the battle of the Nile. Swift for a time lodged in a house over a butcher's shop in

the same street. I presume it was a butcher's, because he records that "D. D.'s mother bought the sweetbread when I lodged there."

In 1847, after his escape from Ham—not, as is sometimes stated, in 1836, after the Government of Louis-Philippe had insisted that he should leave Switzerland—Louis Napoleon had a house in King Street, for which he paid £50 a year rent. He spent the last year of his first exile in this house, losing a great deal of money on the English turf and gambling at Crockford's. Among his other schemes at this time was the cutting of a canal in Nicaragua in anticipation of the present Panama Canal. The revolution of 1848 and the abdication of Louis-Philippe made it possible for Louis Napoleon to return to Paris, first to be elected President of the Second Republic, and afterwards to be the Emperor Napoleon III, for a few brief years of Offenbachian glory, with the tragedy of Sedan as their sequel.

In Bury Street, which runs out of King Street, parallel to St James's Street, Swift had a lodging, "the first floor, a diningroom and a bed-chamber at eight shillings a week." Tom Moore, the Irish poet, lived in this street at the beginning of the last century, and Crabbe, the English poet, had a lodging at Number 37 in 1817. Daniel O'Connell was living at Number 19 when on April 13, 1829, King George IV, a king with no morals, but with fierce Protestant prejudices, reluctantly gave the royal assent to the Catholic Emancipation Act. "Wellington is king of England," he said, "O'Connell is king of Ireland, and I suppose I am only considered Dean of Windsor."

But perhaps to us nowadays the best-known inhabitant of Bury Street was the inimitable Major Pendennis. Thackeray says in an early chapter of

*The History of Pendennis*: "Pen had passed a few days with his uncle at the Major's lodgings in Bury Street before he set out for Oxbridge."

From 67 Duke Street, which also runs north from King Street, Edmund Burke wrote in 1790 his famous letter to Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the *Letters of Junius*, defending his denunciation of the French Revolution. "I really am perfectly astonished how you could dream," he said, "that I found no other cause than the beauty of the Queen of France (now I suppose pretty much faded) for disapproving the conduct which has been held towards her and for expressing my own particular feelings." As for the English defenders of the Revolution, "I mean to do my best to expose them to the hatred, ridicule, and contempt of the whole world; as I always shall expose such calumniators, hypocrites, sowers of sedition, and approvers of murder and all its triumphs." So men write nowadays of the Bolshevists, doubtless with equal justification, but not so effectively.

Campbell the poet lived in Duke Street, Captain Marryat wrote *Masterman Ready* in Duke Street, and it will be remembered that Twemlow in *Our Mutual Friend*, the kindly little soul with aristocratic connections and a meagre income, lived "over a livery stable yard in Duke Street, St James's."

In Ryder Street, which is parallel to King Street, there used to be one of the best French restaurants in London, the Dieudonné, famous in its day for an "ordinary," with Monsieur Dieudonné presiding at one end of the table and Madame at the other. There is no such charming eating-place in London to-day and no such perfect French cooking.

Jermyn Street, a more ambitious thoroughfare, that

runs parallel with Piccadilly, from St James's Street eastward to the Haymarket, has a history dating back to the second half of the seventeenth century. The great Duke of Marlborough had a house in Jermyn Street during the years in which he married the formidable Sarah and established his reputation as a soldier while fighting with the French under Turenne. He appears to have lived there until he and his family moved to St James's Palace as part of the household of the then Duke of York, afterwards James II, to whom the great soldier was attached owing to the fact that his sister was the Prince's mistress. "All agreed," says De Grammont, "that the man who was the favourite of the King's mistress and a brother to the Duke's favourite was in a fair way to preferment and could not fail to make his fortune."

Miss Stewart, one of Charles II's many mistresses, who afterwards married the Duke of Richmond, was living in Jermyn Street at the same time as the Duke of Marlborough. De Grammont says of her:

> She was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at everything, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll; blind-man's buff was her most favourite amusement; she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

Among the other notabilities who at one time or the other have had their home in Jermyn Street are Isaac Newton, Bishop Berkeley, the philosopher, Sydney Smith, the clerical humorist, and Sir Thomas Lawrence,

the great painter. Where the Turkish baths now are on the south side of the street Scott rested for three weeks in 1832, a dying man, on his way back from the Continent to his native Scotland.

Byron lived in Bennet Street, the first turning on the right as one goes down St James's Street. He used to call it Benedictine Street, and wrote *The Corsair* there. Byron had what Tom Moore called "an old hag of a servant" in Bennet Street. When he moved to the Albany his friends were surprised to find the same old woman in attendance. "I thought," said Rogers to the poet, "that she belonged to Bennet Street and that in getting rid of your lodgings there you also got rid of the hag." "Why, yes," said Byron, "but the poor old devil took such an interest in me that I did not like to leave her behind." Time passed and Byron married and took a large house in Piccadilly. But the same old woman appeared at the door, as Tom Moore records, "dressed out very smart with a new gown and a new wig."

Arlington Street, which runs out of Bennet Street to Piccadilly, is a short thoroughfare of great houses, with the Ritz Hotel at its north-west corner. Walpole was born in Arlington Street in 1717, and most of his letters are dated from Number 5. Here the Marquis of Salisbury has his town house, and till recently the Duke of Rutland had his. Few families have played such a leading part in the history of England for so many years as the Cecils. Their fortunes were founded when Thomas Cromwell and Henry VIII were filching the property of the monks. The family's political importance was established by Burghley and his son during the reign of Elizabeth, and they came again to their zenith with Queen Victoria's Prime Minister and

Foreign Secretary. Of the sons of this Marquis, one of the greatest of the Salisburys, one, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, is the most vigorous supporter of the League of Nations, and another, Lord Hugh Cecil, is a sort of lay Pope of the Church of England.

In a house in Arlington Street at breakfast in January 1800 Lord and Lady Nelson quarrelled vigorously concerning Emma Hamilton. "I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton," said Lady Nelson, not unnaturally, "and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me." Fox lived in Arlington Street for a short time in 1806, and Prosper Mérimée, the French author of *Carmen*, stayed there in 1860.

Returning to St James's Street, and continuing downhill on the western side, the explorer comes to the corner of Park Place, where the Overseas Club now is. David Hume, the historian, lived in Park Place, and there, so it is said, lived the original Mother Needham of Hogarth's *The Harlot's Progress*. For her misdeeds this undesirable lady was sentenced in 1731 to a fine of a shilling and "to stand twice in the pillory—viz. once in St James's Street over against the end of Park Place, and once in the New Palace Yard, Westminster, and to find sureties for her good behaviour for three years." It is recorded of her that she constantly prayed "that she may get enough by her profession to leave it in time and make her peace with God."

The most famous inhabitant of St James's Place was Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, who began to live at Number 22 in 1802, and remained there until his death in 1855. Samuel was a partner in the banking firm of Welch, Rogers, Olding, Rogers, and Rogers. As a young man he entered the office at 3 Freemasons' Court "with no willing heart," but with a dogged

determination to master his business in the City and to write poetry at Stoke Newington. The bank gave the poet a very handsome income, and from Stoke Newington he was soon able to move to St James's.

Rogers was something of a stilted and artificial poet. He was essentially a townsman, and it is difficult to believe that there was much sincerity in his *A Wish*:

> Mine be a cot beside the hill ;
> A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
> A willowy brook that turns a mill,
> With many a fall shall linger near.

Rogers was a great talker and a splendid friend. "He certainly had the kindest heart and the unkindest tongue of anyone I ever knew," said Fanny Kemble. He was, indeed, tireless in helping the men of letters who made his breakfast-parties famous. He reconciled Tom Moore and Byron, he paid Sheridan's debts, he lent Tom Moore a thousand pounds in such a charming way that the testy Irish poet was not offended. He lent Campbell five hundred pounds. He obtained for Wordsworth a sinecure as a distributor of stamps, and for Carey, the translator of Dante, a Civil List pension. In addition to the great writers of his day, Rogers' friends included Fox, Burke, Talleyrand, and the Duke of Wellington, and so great was his influence that all men were interesting and even witty at his breakfasts.

Sydney Smith was another friend of Rogers, and after meeting him in St James's Place Moore wrote in his diary:

> Have rather held out against him hitherto ; but this day he conquered me ; and now I am his victim, in the laughing way, for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers,

trying to touch each other's lips, highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith, very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull he throws in some touch which makes it rebound and rise again as light as ever.

Rogers, who had been the friend of Wordsworth, lived long enough to be the friend of Tennyson. When Wordsworth died in 1850 he was asked to succeed him as Poet Laureate. But he felt that he was too old, and the honour fell to Tennyson. His house in St James's Place was full of beautiful things, and at his death his collections were sold for £50,000.

Addison was one of the early inhabitants of St James's Place. Isaac D'Israeli, the father of the great Dizzy and the author of *Curiosities of Literature*, had lodgings there. Spencer House, which was built in 1760 for the first Earl Spencer, is the most impressive mansion in the street.

At the top of the hill of St James's Street is Piccadilly, which, wrote Henry Wheatley nearly sixty years ago, "with its trees and views over the Green Park, forms the most charming road in London." Piccadilly derives its name from a gaming establishment called Piccadilly House which stood on the north-east corner of the Haymarket. The origin of the word is mere guesswork. It is sometimes said to derive from *picadillo*, a Spanish mince which was served at Piccadilly House, and another unreliable theory is that it was the name of a collar worn by the exquisites in seventeenth-century England. One of the earliest versions of the word is "pakadilla," found on a tradesman's token in 1662. In the same year Evelyn wrote in his diary:

I sat with the Commissioners about reforming buildings and streets of London, and we ordered the paving

of the way from St James's North, which was a quagmire, and also of the Haymarket about Piqudillo, and agreed upon instructions to be printed and published for the better keeping the streets clean.

Piccadilly originally ran from the top of the Haymarket westward to Sackville Street. It was extended in the course of the eighteenth century to the turnpike gate at Hyde Park Corner. Walking westward from the Haymarket, the voyager crosses Piccadilly Circus, under which is now the largest of all the Tube stations. Until the last year or so Piccadilly Circus was ornamented by Gilbert's *Eros*, the daintiest of London's statues. North of the Circus is the Pavilion Theatre, once a music-hall associated with the fame of the great comedians of a generation ago—Dan Leno, most pathetic of drolls, and Marie Lloyd, most talented of all Cockney *diseuses*. Behind the Pavilion is the Trocadero Restaurant, on the site of the old Argyll Rooms, the scene of Middle Victorian naughtiness, where, however, the staid Philharmonic Society gave its early concerts and where Mendelssohn appeared in 1829. The Criterion Restaurant, on the south side of the Circus, is one of the oldest of London's restaurants, and was first opened in 1873. Crossing the Circus, and continuing on the north side of Piccadilly, we pass the Piccadilly Hotel, erected on the site of the St James's Hall, where, in my youth, the famous quartette of which Dr Joachim was the leader delighted the intellectuals at the Monday 'Pops' and the Christy Minstrels tickled the groundlings with burnt-cork humour.

Crossing Sackville Street, one of the few streets in London without a lamp-post, we come to the entrance of the Albany, where Byron lived in 1814, with

Canning as his neighbour. Macaulay wrote the *History of England* in the Albany. 'Monk' Lewis, the author of many 'thrillers,' lived there, and so did Bulwer-Lytton.

Burlington House, where nowadays every year, so its critics say, the Royal Academy demonstrates the mediocrity of British Art, was at the end of the eighteenth century the home of the Cavendishes, and here Burke, Fox, and Sheridan attended the meetings of the Whig party. Hatchett's Restaurant is built on the site of the old White Horse Cellar, one of London's most famous coaching inns, from which Mr Pickwick started on one of his memorable journeys. On the west side of Berkeley Street there is now a large block of millionaire's flats, recently erected on the site of Devonshire House, which was built in 1743 and where the beautiful Georgiana held her Whig court. From Number 80 Piccadilly Sir Francis Burdett was taken to the Tower for an alleged breach of the privileges of the House of Commons, and Piccadilly seethed with Radical rioters.

In the early nineteenth century Number 81 Piccadilly was Watier's Club, a gambling establishment of which Byron was a member. Number 94 was the home of Lord Palmerston. Nathan Rothschild, a financier with a sense of humour—he once told a German composer that the only music he cared for was the rattling of money—lived at Number 107, and the house was given to the late Lord Rosebery, who married Rothschild's daughter, as a wedding present. It afterwards passed into the possession of the Savile Club, of which Robert Louis Stevenson was one of the original members. Next door is the St James's Club, to which, for generations, the staffs of the foreign

embassies in London have all belonged. In a house that occupied part of the site of the Park Lane Hotel Lady Hamilton—Nelson's Emma—danced the tarantella in the year 1801. The Duke of Queensberry, the notorious "Old Q," lived at Number 138, lingering on till nearly ninety, and to the end sitting in the windows of his house and ogling the good-looking women who passed. Byron was living at Number 139 when he was separated from his wife.

West of Park Lane and the house now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of York, Piccadilly finishes at Apsley House, the home of the great Duke of Wellington, the windows of which were broken in 1832 during the Reform Bill agitation. We cross the street, and proceed eastward along its south side. Almost opposite where "Old Q" used to live is a curious stand, unique in London, erected years ago for porters to rest their packs on while they themselves rested. East of Arlington Street, where there is now an arcade of shops, was the Egyptian Hall, where the famous conjurers, Maskelyne and Cook, gave their entertainments. And as we pass Fortnum and Mason's we may recall Leigh Hunt's joy at the jar of honey from Mount Hybla which he bought there.

St James's church was designed by Wren. James Gillray, the famous caricaturist, is buried in the church, in our days associated with Dr William Temple, now Archbishop of York, who was its rector before he became Bishop of Manchester. The Earl of Chesterfield, the apostle of decorum, was baptized in St James's, Piccadilly.

In the eighteenth century the Haymarket was a street of famous posting inns. Addison and George Morland, the landscape-painter, are among the famous

men who have lived there. The Haymarket Theatre was first opened in 1720, and Henry Fielding, author of *Tom Jones*, was one of its early managers. Mozart played at the Haymarket Theatre in 1765, when he was eight years old. The present theatre, many times renovated and altered, was designed by Nash, and first opened something over a hundred years ago with a performance of Sheridan's *Rivals*. Macready acted in the theatre, and Sothern gained fame there with his Lord Dundreary. It was for years managed by the Bancrofts, who were followed by Beerbohm Tree before he built His Majesty's Theatre, opened in the year 1900. After Tree it was associated with the charming art of Mr Cyril Maude. Esther Vanhomrigh, Dean Swift's Vanessa, lived in Suffolk Street, hard by the Haymarket Theatre stage-door.

So to the southern end of the Haymarket, and westward again along Pall Mall. Pall Mall derives its name from a game, apparently a sort of anticipation of croquet, which was played on the south side of St James's Square. Erasmus, the great humanist, who, if he had not possessed so well developed a sense of humour, might perhaps have saved Europe from the dissolution that accompanied the Reformation, lodged in a house in what is now Pall Mall when he first came to England. Oliver Cromwell used to go to concerts in Pall Mall given by the choristers of the Chapel Royal, and Nell Gwyn had a house there in the days of her glory. Casanova took a furnished house in Pall Mall when he came to England in 1763, and in nine months spent £12,000. "I had dissipated it," he says, "like a fool, or like a wise man, or perhaps a little like both." In 1703 Defoe lived in Pall Mall, "the ordinary residence of all strangers because of its

vicinity to the Queen's palace, the Park, the Parliament House, theatres and the chocolate and coffee houses where the best company frequent." In later years Steele, Sterne, and Gibbon lodged in Pall Mall, and it will be remembered that Fielding found a home there for Tom Jones when he was compelled to leave Bond Street.

Nowadays Pall Mall is a street of clubs. Its club history goes back to 1660. Pepys refers in that year to Wood's—"Wood's at the Pell Mell (our old house for clubbing)." The Athenæum Club, the haunt of bishops and the elderly eminent, was opened in 1823. The Travellers' is nine years older. Talleyrand was one of its members. The Reform was founded in 1830, largely owing to the energy of Joseph Hume. The Carlton was founded by the Duke of Wellington in 1831. This is one of the few clubs left in London to which strangers are not admitted, though in recent years the club has acquired a mansion in Carlton House Terrace where its members may play the host. The Royal Automobile Club is recent in its origin and eclectic in its membership.

Hortense Mancini, the niece of Mazarin, and one of Charles II's mistresses, Cosway the miniature-painter, Gainsborough, and Christie the auctioneer are among the famous people who have lived in Pall Mall. Marlborough House was built by Sir Christopher Wren for the great Duke of Marlborough, and his wife, the masterful Sarah, died there in 1744. The house passed into the possession of the royal family in 1817, and was for many years the residence of King Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales. Carlton House, where George IV held his Court with the beaux of the Regency, stood on what is now Carlton House Terrace.

On the north side of Pall Mall, the sunny side which Thackeray loved, are the Constitutional Club and the Marlborough Club, which was started by King Edward because of the rule which prevented smoking in the dining-room at White's. North of Pall Mall is St James's Square, the character of which has considerably changed in recent years. At the corner of Charles Street the Bishop of London used to have his town house, but the building is now part of the Caledonian Club, and most of the other houses are now either clubs or business premises. Nell Gwyn once lived where the Army and Navy Club now stands. Sir Philip Francis, generally regarded as the author of the *Letters to Junius*, lived at Number 14. Castlereagh, one of the authors of the Treaty of Vienna, lived at Number 16. The Bishops of Winchester had their town house at Number 19. Number 21 is still the town house of the Dukes of Norfolk. Warren Hastings was living in St James's Square in 1793. Though St James's Square was the home of the great and famous, it was until well into the eighteenth century a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs, of Westminster.

Edmund Burke and the poet Crabbe lived for a while in Charles Street, which runs from St James's Square to the Haymarket; so did Canning the statesman and Hoppner the famous portrait-painter.

# CHAPTER VI

## FROM SOHO TO KENSINGTON

THERE remains that part of the Borough of Westminster that lies north and north-east of Piccadilly and that is now London's greatest shopping centre.

The vagaries of trade are impossible to explain. There is not a single draper's shop in the Strand, and until Mr Woolworth opened his establishment there it was impossible to buy a reel of cotton or a needle between St Paul's Churchyard and Charing Cross. There is no provision shop in Regent Street, but there is one large establishment in Bond Street which also, until recently, possessed a fishmonger's, now moved round the corner into Conduit Street. The Strand is popular with hatters, tailors, and hosiers. It is the most masculine shopping street in London. Birds of a feather most curiously flock together. Dentists affect St Martin's Lane, and Berwick Street, Soho, is practically monopolized by Jewish dressmakers or, rather, dress-sellers, who, so far as a man may gather, sell exactly the same type of garment at practically the same price.

In the past twenty-five years London has become a city of great stores, which play a large and varied part in the life of the city, and, indeed, of the nation. Together they spend an immense sum every year in newspaper advertisements, and it is this large revenue that has made possible those costly newspaper developments which are among the most interesting and, as

some would say, the most menacing phenomena of the age. The pioneer of the great store in London was William Whiteley, and Whiteley's in Westbourne Grove, recently acquired by Mr Selfridge, is still one of the greatest of the stores. The original Harrod was a small shopkeeper in the Brompton Road who sold vegetables and fish, and from that tiny beginning has grown one of the most complete and attractive of the world's great shops. It is said that the capital for the first development of Harrod's was obtained from a lucky speculation in 1887. Harrod and his then partner, Mr Edgar Cohen, hired the building which is now known as Ocean House, in Cockspur Street, at the bottom of the Haymarket, and built a great stand from which Queen Victoria's first Jubilee procession could be seen, and Harrod's began to grow from the profits.

Mr Gordon Selfridge was a rich man before he came to London, yearning for other worlds to conquer. He was a partner in the great departmental stores of Marshall, Field in Chicago. It is a small fact of curious interest that he and Ralph David Blumenfeld, who has been editor of the *Daily Express* for many years now, two of the few Americans who have really conquered London, were both born in the little town of Watertown, Wisconsin.

The coming of the great store has made a shopping guide for the London visitor entirely unnecessary, for all she has to do—the shopper is usually feminine—is to take a taxicab to Selfridge's in Oxford Street, to Harrod's in the Brompton Road, to Whiteley's in Bayswater, to the Army and Navy Stores in Victoria Street, to the Haymarket Stores, to the Civil Service Stores in the Strand, or to

Barker's in High Street, Kensington, and there, under one roof, everything can be bought from a guinea-pig to a garter or from a grand piano to a pound of sausages. It is all very convenient. The new system is efficient, and secures a considerable saving of time, though I am not quite so sure whether in practice it means any considerable saving of money.

The judicious, however, will still endeavour to introduce to some extent the spirit of adventure into their shopping by excursions into by-streets, and the attempt to discover the few specialists that remain with a technical knowledge of the goods that they sell and sometimes manufacture.

Shopping is not the only interest of Northern Westminster. There are, indeed, few districts in London that have contrived for so long to maintain a life and character of their own as Soho, which may roughly be said to lie between Oxford Street on the north and Leicester Square on the south, and between Regent Street on the west and Charing Cross Road on the east. Twenty-five years ago Soho was the French and Italian quarter of London. In it were many excellent restaurants where the impecunious lunched and dined admirably for a shilling or two, while the belief that every other foreigner whom one met in Frith Street, Greek Street, and Old Compton Street was an anarchist refugee made an incursion into Soho something of an adventure. But in recent years Soho has been largely captured by the cinema trade and by the Jews. Nearly all the film companies have their offices in the district. The Jews have practically absorbed the western half of Soho; kosher restaurants and kosher butchers are to be seen everywhere.

But the associations of Soho remain many and

interesting, and the visitor certainly cannot pretend that he knows London who has not explored the Soho streets. The name Soho is said to be derived from a hunting cry, "Sohoe, the hare ys fownde," and the Soho fields were used for coursing and fox-hunting as late as the beginning of the seventeenth century. The district was given by Dutch William to the Earl of Portland, his Dutch henchman, in the year 1695, but by that time a great part of the fields had been built over, and many of the existing streets were already laid out.

Leicester Square took its name from Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, who obtained a grant of land from the Crown and built a house on what are now Leicester Place and Lisle Street. Sidney's second title was Viscount Lisle. George II lived in Leicester House when he was Prince of Wales, and so did his son after one of the family quarrels which were the rule with the house of Hanover. Another great mansion, Savile House, stood on the site now occupied by the New Empire. In modern times Leicester Square has been celebrated for its music-halls—the Empire, alas! is now a cinema—and it is rather interesting in this connection to recall an entertainment provided in Leicester Square by Lady Sunderland for Evelyn as long ago as 1672. The diarist writes:

> She made me stay to dinner at Leicester-House, and afterwards sent for Richardson, the famous fire-eater. He devoured brimstone on glowing coals before us, chewing and swallowing them; he melted a beer-glass and eat it quite up; then taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster, the coal was blown on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was quite boiled.

> Then, he melted pitch and wax with sulphur, which he drank down as it flamed; I saw it flaming in his mouth, a good while; he also took up a thick piece of iron, such as laundresses use to put in their smoothing boxes, when it was fiery hot, held it between his teeth, then in his hand, and threw it about like a stone; but this I observed, he cared not to hold very long; then, he stood on a small pot; and bending his body, took a glowing iron with his mouth from between his feet, without touching the pot, or ground, with his hands; with divers other prodigious feats.

Peter the Great lodged in Savile House when he stayed in London, and the house, whose owner, Sir George Savile, was one of the pioneers of Roman Catholic Emancipation, was gutted during the Gordon Riots. Later in its history Savile House passed into the possession of an eccentric person, Sir Ashton Lever, who had a genius for training animals, and who taught his goose to act as a butler, standing behind his chair with a serviette under one wing. Lever opened a public museum at Savile House which he called Holophusikon. After his death the house was occupied by Miss Linwood's exhibition of pictures made with the needle on linen, a harmless form of amusement which seems to have been extremely popular. Miss Linwood died in 1845, and for the next twenty years Savile House was occupied by all kinds of exhibitions, varying from performing fleas to the most vulgar comic singers. The house was burned down in 1865, and soon after the Empire took its place. For years the Empire was the home of elaborate artistic ballets which, without having the complete beauty and genius of the Russian Ballet, had a charm of their own, particularly in the later days when Mme Adeline Genée, a Danish dancer

of genius, was the *première danseuse*. Charles Dibdin, the famous and always impecunious author of *Tom Bowling*, built a little theatre, where he sang his own songs, where Daly's now stands. Daly's Theatre was built by an American manager, the late Augustin Daly, and before it became the home of musical comedy Ada Rehan, most charming of American actresses, appeared on its stage in various of the Shakespearean *rôles*.

In 1770 Sir Joshua Reynolds removed from 5 Great Newport Street to 47 Leicester Square, which is now the auction rooms of Messrs Puttick and Simpson, and from his window he is said to have watched the Gordon Rioters attacking the house of his friend, Sir George Savile. David Hume lived in Lisle Street, which runs parallel to Leicester Square. Moses Kean, the uncle of the great actor Edmund Kean, had a brass collar made for the boy's neck, on which was inscribed: "This boy belongs to Number 9 Lisle Street, Leicester Square. Please bring him home." Another famous actor, Charles Matthews, lived for some years in a house in Lisle Street.

Wardour Street, one of the main arteries of Soho, which runs from Oxford Street to Coventry Street, has few historical associations of much interest. Old Compton Street, which runs eastward from the north of St Anne's church, is one of the most interesting of the Soho thoroughfares. As long ago as 1720 its inhabitants were mostly French, and there is a reference both in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* to a dancing master, whose name suggested that he was of French origin, who kept his school in Old Compton Street, Soho, "over against St Anne's Church back door." The father of the celebrated French tragedian, Talma, practised as a dentist in Old Compton Street in the

middle of the eighteenth century. George Wombwell, the proprietor of Wombwell's Menagerie, and a rival of the Sangers, had a bootmaker's shop in Old Compton Street about a hundred years ago.

Mrs Thrale, Dr Johnson's friend, lived in Dean Street, Soho, which runs parallel to Wardour Street, before her marriage, and an unfortunate gentleman known as Theodore, King of Corsica, was so reduced in circumstances that he once lodged in a garret in this street. But perhaps Dean Street's most famous inhabitant was a Mrs Harris, landlady of the Blue Posts, in the middle of the eighteenth century, who weighed upwards of forty stone, and was reckoned the largest woman, not only in England, but in all Europe. The Royalty Theatre in Dean Street has a history approaching a hundred years. Ellen Terry's name appears in one of the playbills of 1861. Gerrard Street, which runs parallel to Lisle Street, nowadays associated with notorious night-clubs, has many literary memories. Boswell lived in Gerrard Street, so did Edmund Burke and Dryden, who died there on May 11, 1700. The literary club of which Johnson, Boswell, Joshua Reynolds, Burke, and Goldsmith were members met at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street.

Two streets, Greek Street and Frith Street, run from Old Compton Street to Soho Square. At Number 13 Greek Street Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter, had exhibition rooms in the eighteenth century. Frith Street was originally known as Thrift Street. It was in Frith Street that Mozart lived when he came to London as a boy. I take the following interesting advertisement from *Soho and its Associations*:

> Mr Mozart, the father of the celebrated young musical Family, who have so justly raised the Admiration of the

greatest Musicians of Europe, proposes to give the Public an opportunity of hearing these young Prodigies perform both in public and private by giving on the 13th of this month a Concert, which will be chiefly conducted by his son, a boy of Eight years of Age, with all the overtures of his own composition. Tickets may be had at 5*s.* each of Mr Mozart at Mr Williamson's in Thrift Street, Soho, where Ladies and Gentlemen will find the Family at home every Day in the Week from 12 till 2 o'clock, and have an opportunity of putting his Talents to a more particular proof by giving him anything to play at sight, or any Music without a Bass, which he will write upon the Spot without recurring to his harpsichord.

Sir Samuel Romilly, the Whig lawyer, who spent his life in fighting for the humanizing of the penal laws, was born in Frith Street in 1757. Macready lived in Frith Street, and the Venetian Embassy was in the same street in the eighteenth century.

Soho Square has a long and thrilling history. At one time it was the centre of fashionable London. The Duke of Monmouth, the unlucky natural son of Charles II, had his town house in Soho Square, and after his death Monmouth House became the residence of the French Ambassador in London, a rather interesting fact when it is remembered that on the north side of Soho Square to-day there is a large French Protestant chapel. Carlisle House was another of the aristocratic mansions in Soho Square built in the seventeenth century. In later years it was acquired by Angelo, the celebrated fencing master, and among the company whom he entertained there were Garrick, Wilkes, Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Bach. The site of Carlisle House is now occupied by the Roman Catholic church of St Patrick. Before it was pulled down Carlisle House passed into the possession

of the notorious Mrs Cornelys, the daughter of a travelling actor, who, after many amorous adventures in half the capitals of Europe, appeared on the London stage in one of Gluck's operas. But, according to Dr Burney, she "never surpassed mediocrity in voice, taste or action." Fourteen years afterwards, in the year 1760, Mrs Cornelys took Carlisle House, and gave parties at which she obtained "the most lavish patronage of every high-born leader of *ton* and lover of gaiety." She gave concerts as well as balls, and royal personages were among her patrons, and she was far-sighted enough, or perhaps kindly enough, to devote a portion of her considerable earnings to the purchase of coals for the poor of the parish of St Anne's. However, Mrs Cornelys had her enemies, and she was summoned to Bow Street, charged with keeping and managing a common disorderly house, and fined fifty pounds, and this was the end of her greatness. The furniture and fittings of Carlisle House were sold by auction in 1772. Mrs Cornelys, however, began again at the Pantheon in Oxford Street, and was back again at Carlisle House five years after the sale. Little success attended the renewed venture. Carlisle House, which had been the scene of masquerade balls, became a sort of anticipation of the Polytechnic in Regent Street and the home of improving lectures. In 1795 Mrs Cornelys became a "vendor of asses' milk at Knightsbridge." But this venture too was a failure, and she died in the Fleet Prison, at the age of seventy-four.

Casanova, most picturesque of eighteenth-century adventurers, had a long connection with Mrs Cornelys, with whom he flirted desperately in Venice when he was eighteen. She received him very coldly when he

ame to London, having little desire to restart a *liaison* ith an adventurer of evil reputation and a very thin urse. In his *Casanova in England* Mr Horace Bleackley says that Sophie Cornelys, who Casanova elieved was his daughter, was "an artful hypocrite," vho behaved with gross inhumanity to her mother vhen she fell on evil times. She seems, however, to ave made a better thing out of respectability than er mother did out of raffishness, for she was com- anion to one noble lady after another, and in the bituary notices which appeared after her death in 823 she was described as "sub-treasurer of the Adult Orphan Institution."

Another of Soho's mansions was the White House, vhich was at the corner of Sutton Street, on the eastern ide of the square. It was once the residence of Oliver romwell's third daughter. In later years it was the ome of Admiral Sir Clowdisley Shovel, who was rowned off Scilly. His body lay in state in the White louse before it was taken to Westminster Abbey. he White House became the Spanish Embassy in ondon, and afterwards a notorious hotel, before it was cquired by Messrs Crosse and Blackwell, who pulled down and erected part of their premises on its site.

Alderman Beckford, the friend of John Wilkes, wice Lord Mayor of London, lived in a house at the orner of Soho Square and Greek Street. When he vas first elected Lord Mayor he ordered that every oor man in the parish of St Anne's, Soho, should eceive a leg of mutton, a half-peck loaf, three pounds f potatoes, and half a crown in money, and to every oor woman was given six pounds of beef, one quartern nd one threepenny loaf, and one shilling and six- ence. I cannot for the life of me understand why the

gentlemen should have had the mutton and the ladies the beef. Alderman Beckford's son was the author of *Vathek*, an Eastern romance which shows evident traces of the influence of Voltaire and which Byron acclaimed as a work of genius.

Soho Square has become almost entirely a place of commerce. For me it will always be associated with Charles Alias, a delightful and cultured Frenchman, who for many years was the best-known maker of theatrical costumes in London. Charles Alias had a brother who had remained in France, and who regularly sent him the very first *asperges d'Argenteuil* that grew in his market-garden, and *asperges d'Argenteuil* are a food of the gods! When they arrived the hospitable little Frenchman invited his best friends to luncheon, and it is one of my proudest memories that I was sometimes one of those friends. But Alias did finer things than give his intimates first French asparagus. One night on the Embankment he got into conversation with a thin, hungry Englishman, who told him that he was starving and that he was an artist. He took the artist back to Soho Square, fed him, gave him clothes and a bed and work and wages. That artist's name was Phil May!

Soho, a district of struggle and penury, is bounded on the west by Regent Street, and there Mayfair, the London of leisure and the well-filled purse, begins. Regent Street used to be a street of character and distinction, if of no great beauty. It starts from Pall Mall and the hideous Duke of York's Column and runs northward to Portland Place. It was designed in 1813 by John Nash, the favourite architect of George IV, and was intended to connect Carlton House, which stood near where the York Column now is, with the

QUEEN ANNE SHOP-FRONT IN THE HAYMARKET

*Photo M. L. Harry*

LIBERTY'S

Joseph Pike

orth of London. John o' London has said that ash's idea was "the creation of group façades, each nder one classical design," and the old Regent Street uadrant was a characteristic feature of the West End. ut since the War, Nash's Regent Street has been ulled down to make place for a hotchpotch of costly gliness. All Souls' Church at the extreme north end all that is left of the Regent Street of the Regency. iberty's, just round the corner in Great Marlborough reet, is a striking contrast to its Renaissance neighours. The building is a faithful reproduction of the udor. Its decorations include the arms of the Tudor onarchs and of the great figures of the sixteenth ntury. Passers-by are attracted by the most original ock in London, which every quarter of an hour retells e story of St George and the Dragon. The building a proper home of a business with original ideas. It as founded fifty years ago by Sir Arthur Liberty, no was a friend of Whistler, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, d Watts.

*Fraser's Magazine*, in which Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* peared, was published at 215 Regent Street, and ere Carlyle met James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, d was surprised to find him "cheerful, mirthful and usical," which the Sage of Chelsea himself was cidedly not.

The Café Royal was the first French restaurant ened in London, and before the War it was the most ractive of the places where men—writers, painters, rnalists—went to gossip, and maybe to drink. The fé was founded by M. Nicol, a Parisian who settled London after the Commune. At its beginning its ncipal feature was the usual French "ordinary," t the Café soon became properly popular for the

excellence of its cooking and the cheapness of its French wines, and M. Nicol waxed exceeding prosperous. No place in London is so full of interesting ghosts. The Café has been rebuilt and redecorated. It is still the haunt of the artist, but I recall the men of twenty years ago whom I used to meet at "the hour of the aperitive" who are most of them no more.

At the other end of Regent Street was another restaurant, Verrey's, which used to have its own sober and admirable traditions. Phil May, the most gifted and original of English comic artists, was generally to be found at Verrey's in the late afternoon.

Portland Place, the continuation northward of Regent Street, was designed by the brothers Adam, and is famous to-day as the dwelling-place of Dame Madge Kendal and Mr Edgar Wallace.

Savile Row, which runs parallel to Regent Street, is one of the few West End streets that have been little changed by the craze for 'improvement.' A hundred years ago it was the doctors' street. Now it is the tailors' street. The Savile Club had its first home in Savile Row. Grote, the historian of Greece, lived in Savile Row, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan died there. Sheridan was a man of many parts—dramatist, theatrical manager, Whig Member of Parliament, and friend of George IV. Sheridan lived conspicuously hard in a hard-living age. He was almost always in money trouble, living "always in an extreme," as Charles James Fox said. Henry Grattan said of him: "Sheridan's faults, like those of most men of genius, are the excesses of his generous virtues." He lives in literature as the author of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* and in political history for his indictment of Warren Hastings.

Conduit Street, another tailors' street, was in the sixteenth century part of the favourite hunting-ground of the City merchants. "Lord Mayor Harper, the Aldermen, and divers other Worshipful persons rode to the Conduit Head before dinner; they hunted the hare and killed her, and thence to dine at the Conduit Head," wrote Stow. At the corner of Conduit Street and George Street, where Broadwood's pianoforte house now is, was Limmer's Hotel, much favoured by the country gentry, and notable both for its extreme dirtiness and its good port. George Street still possesses three or four early nineteenth-century houses.

Hanover Square was laid out at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was named in honour of King George I, a much-maligned monarch, and certainly not the dull boor of Thackeray's satire, though he never learned English and never pretended to be anything but German. Hanover Square is ornamented by a statue of William Pitt by Chantrey, who left the Chantrey Bequest to the Royal Academy for the purchase for the nation of English works of art. These purchases were the beginning of the collection of British pictures in the Tate Gallery.

Many famous people have lived in Hanover Square. Talleyrand stayed in a house at the corner of Brook Street when he came to England as French Ambassador in 1830. Two great sailors, Lord Anson and Lord Rodney, lived in Hanover Square, and one poet, Thomas Campbell, the author of *Ye Mariners of England*. On the east side of the square were the Hanover Square Rooms, the concert-hall of two generations ago. On the west side is the Oriental Club, the members of which are almost exclusively

Anglo-Indians. Handel lived in Brook Street, which runs from Hanover Square to Hyde Park.

Bond Street, says John o' London, is "the Rue de la Paix of London, and it is also, more locally, the comfortable old High Street of Mayfair." Old Bond Street stretches from Piccadilly to the corner of Grafton Street; New Bond Street continues northward to Oxford Street. The street is the most congested in the West End of London, far too narrow for the huge motor omnibuses which use it. It has been for two generations the most fashionable of shopping centres. Lord Lytton wrote:

> Dear street!—where at a certain hour
> Man's follies bud forth into flower!
> Where the gay minor sighs for fashion;
> Where majors live that minors cash on;
> Where each who wills may suit his wish,
> Here choose a Guido—there his fish:—
> Or where, if woman's love beguiles,
> The ugliest dog is sure of smiles.
> Dear street of noise, of crowds, of wealth,
> Of all earth's thousand joys, save health;
> Of plate, of books—and (I incline a
> Little that way) of old Sèvres china,
> Of all, in short, by which pursuing,
> We glide entranced to our undoing!

This is as true to-day as when it was written, except for the fact that Bond Street's fishmonger has, as I have mentioned, moved round the corner.

Laurence Sterne, the author of *Tristram Shandy*, died in Bond Street, at "the silk bag shop," in 1768. On the evening of his death a number of his friends were dining together near by in Clifford Street. They knew that Sterne was very ill, and one of them, Macdonald, left the party to inquire how he was. I quote from Mr Walter Sichel's *Life of Sterne*:

The Mistress opened the door. She told Macdonald to seek the nurse in the sick room. He watched him die. Ten minutes he waited; but in five, Sterne gasped, "*Now it is come.*" He put up his hand as if to ward a blow, and expired. The masquerader had quitted the ballroom.

Alas, poor Yorick, one of the most unhappy of English writers!

Nelson lodged in Bond Street, at what was then Number 147, after the loss of his arm. For three months he suffered agonies of pain, and then the ligature came away, almost of itself. As soon as his health was re-established he wrote to the rector of St George's, Hanover Square: "An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed on him." Nelson had considerable trouble in recovering from the Admiralty the compensation due to him for the loss of his eye. Nothing would be paid, he was told, until he produced a medical certificate. Southey says:

> A little irritated that this form should be insisted upon, because, though the fact was not apparent, he thought it was sufficiently notorious, he procured a certificate at the same time for the loss of his arm, saying they might just as well doubt one as the other. This put him in good-humour with himself, and with the clerk who had offended him. On his return to the office, the clerk, finding it was only the annual pay of a captain, observed he thought it had been more. "Oh!" replied Nelson, "this is only for an eye. In a few days I shall come for an arm, and in a little time longer, God knows, most probably for a leg." Accordingly, he soon afterwards went, and with perfect good-humour exhibited the certificate of the loss of his arm.

General Paoli, the Corsican patriot, who drove the Genoese out of his native land, only to see it fall into the hands of the French, lived in Bond Street during his exile in England. He was presented by Boswell to Dr Johnson, who said of him: "General Paoli has the loftiest port of any man I have ever known." Gibbon was living in Bond Street in 1760. The poet Thomson, the Thomson of *The Seasons*, lived there for a while, and Sir Walter Scott used to stay in Long's Hotel, now pulled down, but which I well remember, on the right-hand side of the road going north.

On what is now Old Bond Street and Albemarle Street there stood at the end of the seventeenth century Clarendon House, described by Evelyn as a "glorious palace," the town residence of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, a Minister of Charles II and the grandfather of Queen Mary II and Queen Anne. Hyde died in exile, and his sons sold the house to the second Duke of Albemarle, who wasted his substance, and in his turn sold Clarendon House to "certain rich bankers and mechanics." Through them it came into the possession of Sir Thomas Bond, who had been Controller of the Household of Queen Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles I, and who had a country-house at Peckham which excited Evelyn's admiration. "It is on a flat," he wrote, "but has a fine garden and prospect through the meadows to London." Bond pulled Clarendon House down and laid out Albemarle Street and Bond Street. "I was astonished," writes Evelyn, "at this demolition, nor less at the little army of labourers and artificers levelling the ground, laying foundations, and contriving great buildings at an expense of £200,000, if they perfect their design." Evelyn hated changes and innovations. He had

many happy memories of Clarendon House, and seeing the labourers and artificers he wrote: "I turned my head the contrary way till the coach had gone past it." Labourers and artificers have been busy enough pushing down and levelling during the last few years, and often, as the old landmarks have disappeared, I too have turned my head away till the taxi has gone past them.

John Murray, one of the most famous of London publishers, has his office in Albemarle Street, the firm having moved there from Fleet Street over a hundred years ago. It was in this Albemarle Street house that Byron first met Scott and that Southey first met Crabbe. Mr Murray's office was the centre of literary London. Byron wrote:

> The room's so full of wits and bards,
> Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres and Wards.

*The Quarterly Review*, still published by the house of Murray, was started in 1809 as a Tory organ in opposition to the Whig *Edinburgh Review*. Among its early contributors were George Canning, Walter Scott, Byron, and Dean Milman of St Paul's.

On the east side of Albemarle Street is the Royal Institution, established in 1799 for encouraging improvements in arts and manufactures. Many famous men have been associated with the Royal Institution, the most famous being Michael Faraday, the son of a blacksmith, who, starting life as an apprentice to a bookseller, became one of the greatest figures in the story of British science.

Dover Street, parallel to Albemarle Street, is another street of clubs—the Arts Club; the Albemarle Club, the first mixed club ever opened in London,

which occupies a house which was once the London palace of the Bishop of Ely; the Empress Club, the largest of London's women's clubs; the Bath Club, where the Prince of Wales swims and plays squash rackets; and three or four others.

Henry Brougham, remembered for his masterly defence of Queen Charlotte, the wife of George IV, lived in Grafton Street, which runs from Dover Street into Bond Street. Brougham was an extraordinary eccentric, a man of tremendous energy and ability, who lived to be ninety. He was Lord Chancellor of England when he was fifty-four, but he was so unbearably dictatorial, and at times so insulting, that no public office was entrusted to him after he was fifty-seven.

The Duchess of York was married from a house in Bruton Street, which runs from Bond Street to Berkeley Square. Sheridan lived in Bruton Street, and was so harried by duns that he dared not open the front door, and the food for his family was lowered through the area railings.

Berkeley Square is one of the most fashionable of all London's residential centres. But times are changing, and several of its houses have now passed into the possession of traders. Lansdowne House, at the south side of the square—soon to be pulled down—was built in 1762 by the Earl of Bute, Minister of George III, who was furiously assailed in the *Letters of Junius*. Soon after the house was finished Dr Johnson called on the Earl to thank him for the pension of £300 a year granted to him by the King. "Pray, my lord," said Johnson, "what am I expected to do for this pension?" "It is not given to you for anything you are to do," was the reply, "but for what you have

done." Lansdowne House was rented for some years by Mr Gordon Selfridge.

Horace Walpole died in Berkeley Square. The Marquis of Hertford, the Lord Steyne of *Vanity Fair*, had a house there. Clive, the famous Indian soldier and administrator, committed suicide at Number 47. In more recent years Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, the famous players, Lord Northcliffe, and Lord Rosebery have lived in Berkeley Square.

When Devonshire House was pulled down Berkeley Street, which runs from the square to Piccadilly, was widened, and the May Fair Hotel was built on its west side.

Lord Beaconsfield died in 1881 in Curzon Street, which is parallel with Piccadilly and may be reached from Berkeley Square by way of Lansdowne Passage. M. André Maurois says:

> In the street outside, the crowd waited for news. A gentleman had sent an offer of his blood. People could hardly bring themselves to believe that this strange wizard, who had become so curiously national, could disappear like a common mortal. The unforeseen was expected, even in death. Queer stories went the rounds. It was said that he had sent for a Jesuit confessor. But the truth was that Lord Beaconsfield "was now no more mysterious than any one else," and that he sank quietly into the final torpor. On April 19th, about two in the morning, Dr Kidd saw that the end was drawing near. Lord Rowton was there, holding the right hand of the motionless body. Suddenly the dying man slowly straightened up his head and shoulders, throwing back the shoulders with a movement which the astonished bystanders recognized as that familiar to him when, rising in the House, he was about to speak. His lips moved. His friends leaned over him, but could catch

no word. He fell back, and did not emerge again from his sleep.

Frederick Maurice, the Christian Socialist and the friend of Charles Kingsley, died in Curzon Street. It is said—it has never been really determined whether the story is true or not—that in Curzon Street Chapel, pulled down some thirty years ago, George III was married to the Quaker Hannah Lightfoot. There is now a handsome Christian Science church in Curzon Street. At the west end of the street is Chesterfield House, Princess Mary's London home. The house was built by the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, the author of the famous letters and the first English nobleman to employ a French cook. Near by, in a house in Seamore Place, the beautiful Lady Blessington held her court with Count D'Orsay, the last of the dandies, by her side and Bulwer-Lytton and the bejewelled Disraeli among her constant guests.

In Mount Street, between Berkeley Square and Grosvenor Square, is the back entrance to the Jesuit Church of the Immaculate Conception, the London headquarters of the great Order, where Father Bernard Vaughan used to denounce the sins of society and where the most eloquent preachers of the Roman Communion are to be heard.

Grosvenor Square was the last place in the West End to be lighted by oil lamps. The square is the home of the rich and the great. Henry Thrale, the Streatham brewer, whose wife was Johnson's friend, lived in the square, and the Doctor was once seen there chasing and thrashing a pickpocket who had stolen his handkerchief. Lord Shaftesbury, grandfather of the present peer, the Victorian philanthropist and the

real author of the Victorian Factory Acts, lived in Grosvenor Square.

The streets in the neighbourhood of the square, though they are gradually losing their old-time character, all have their interest. Grosvenor House, the Duke of Westminster's mansion in Upper Grosvenor Street, has been pulled down and its place taken by an enormous and prison-like block of flats. That strange woman, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, is buried in the vaults of Grosvenor Chapel, where Bishop Gore often preaches. Sydney Smith, wit and Canon of St Paul's, died in Green Street. Smith was a kindly, fat man, who entertained the brightest of his contemporaries at ten o'clock breakfasts, when they were supplied with "muffins and metaphysics, crumpets and contradictions."

The beautiful modern church of St Anselm in Davies Street is interesting from the fact that it was designed by Eustace Balfour, the late Earl Balfour's brother.

In the early eighteenth century Park Lane was merely "the lane that led from Piccadilly to Tyburn." Two hundred years later it had become the haven of the millionaire. But even in Park Lane there are signs of change—flats at the corner of Grosvenor Street, a restaurant, and two banks! *Eheu, fugaces!* Palmerston was born in Park Lane, and Disraeli wrote *Sybil* and *Coningsby* at Number 29.

Mayfair, it should be said, has its name from the fair which was held every year in May on ground now occupied by Shepherd's Market, the little congeries of shops hidden away on the south side of Curzon Street.

Hyde Park was the property of the Abbot of St Peter's, Westminster, and at the Dissolution passed

into the possession of the Crown. The acquisitive King wanted to enlarge his hunting-ground. The open land now St James's and Regent's Parks was already part of his domain, and with Hyde added to them there was a clear run from the palace of Westminster to Hampstead Heath. Hyde continued for years to be a royal hunting-ground. In the pools of the park were waterfowl and heron, at which Elizabeth may have cast her hawk.

On St James's Day, 1625, Hyde Park saw a most remarkable scene—Henrietta Maria, the young, beautiful French wife of Charles I, going barefoot and in sackcloth through the park to pray at the gallows at Tyburn for the Catholic martyrs executed during the reign of Elizabeth. The French Ambassador denied the story, but it seems to have been the cause of King Charles writing a laconic letter to the Duke of Buckingham ordering him to ship back the priests who had come with the Queen from France, "dryving them away like so many wyld beastes, soe the Devyll goe with them." Charles I threw open Hyde Park to the public, and in his reign there were horse-races in the park, which the King patronized. In 1645 the Puritans shut the park on the Lord's Day and on fast and thanksgiving days.

In 1650 there was a grand military pageant in the park when Cromwell returned to town after the wars in Ireland. "Your Highness may see," a flatterer said to the Lord Protector, "that you have the voice of the people as well as the voice of God." "As to God," said Cromwell, "we will not talk about Him here; but for the people, they would be as noisy if they were going to see me hanged." Cromwell was, on another occasion, thrown from his horse in the park and nearly killed.

After the execution of King Charles, Parliament resolved that, with other once royal parks and mansions, Hyde Park should be kept for the Commonwealth. But soon after the journals of the House of Commons contained the entry: "Resolved that Hyde Park be sold for ready money." Enfield Chase, Hampton Court, Bushy Park, Greenwich, Windsor, and Somerset House were also put under the hammer. Hyde Park was sold in three lots, fetching some twenty thousand pounds. The deer were sold for the benefit of the Navy. Evelyn records in 1653: "I went to take the air in Hyde Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State, as they were called."

With the Restoration the park became itself again, the heart of the world of fashion, the courts of law having declared the sale of the Crown lands to be null and void. The park was the playground of the royal family and the Court. Pepys writes in his diary on September 16, 1668:

> When I come to St James's I find the Duke of York gone with the King to see the muster of the Guards in Hyde Park; and their Colonel, the Duke of Monmouth, to take his command this day of the King's Life-Guard, by surrender of my Lord Gerard. So I took a hackney-coach and saw it all: and indeed it was mighty noble, and their firing mighty fine, and the Duke of Monmouth in mighty rich clothes; but the well-ordering of the men I understand not. Here, among a thousand coaches that were there, I saw and spoke to Mrs Pierce: and by and by Mr Wren hunts me out and gives me my Lord Anglesey's answer to the Duke of York's letter, where I perceive he do what he can to hurt me by bidding the Duke of York call for my books: but this will do me all

the right in the world, and yet I am troubled at it. So away out of the Park and home, and there Mr Gibson and I to dinner.

De Grammont describes Hyde Park as "the *rendez-vous* of fashion and beauty." Writing in 1682, Evelyn says that the Moroccan Ambassador, to whom he scornfully refers as "this slave," went off into Hyde Park on horseback, where he and his retinue showed their extraordinary activity in horsemanship and flinging and catching their lances at full speed. "They rode very short and could stand upright at full speed, managing their spears with incredible agility."

John Wilkes, the demagogue, was wounded in the stomach in a duel in Hyde Park, and Charles James Fox fought there with William Adam, the nephew of Robert and James Adam, the great architects.

The name Rotten Row is probably derived from *route du roi*. The Serpentine, Hyde Park's lake, was formed nearly two hundred years ago. While George II was improving Kensington Gardens, and destroying many of its Dutch features—box-tree grenadiers, dragons of yew, and the like—the Queen conceived the idea of forming the Serpentine out of the little Westbourne brook. The word Serpentine commemorates a bend in the brook. At this same time the Queen added three hundred acres of the park to the private Kensington Gardens, then reserved for the royal family. She even contemplated robbing the public of St James's Park and making it a garden for the palace. Sir Robert Walpole caused her to change her mind by remarking, when she asked what the cost would be, "Only two or three crowns."

Cricket-matches were played in the park in the days

of the Georges, and highway robberies were a commonplace. The park was, indeed, as unsafe as Blackheath or Finchley Common. Towards the close of the eighteenth century the park was described by a newspaper writer as a disgrace to the police: "In the evening all is depredation, robbery, and the filthiest debauchery. People are robbed and stripped as they pass, and the robbers and their trulls hardly ever quit the ground."

The park, too, had lost all its natural graces, judging by these lines of Byron:

> A vegetable puncheon
> Call'd Park, where there is neither fruit nor flower
> Enough to gratify a bee's slight munching:
> But, after all, it is the only "bower"
> (In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
> Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

His Majesty's Office of Works has changed all that. Hyde Park to-day is a happy blend of the Arcadian—as witness its sheep—and the formal—as witness the marvellous shows of bedding-plants. There is flower to more than gratify the bee, and the plan adopted some seven years ago of forming bird-sanctuaries in quiet spots, one of which is graced by a remarkable statue by Epstein, has added a new grace of bird-song.

Free entertainment is provided every Sunday afternoon to thousands of persons by the orators in the Park's forum near the Marble Arch. For the most part it is just entertainment which is sought by the crowd, and it is doubtful whether the propaganda has much result.

William III, who on account of his asthma preferred Kensington Palace to Whitehall, placed three hundred lamps on the road running through the park, that his

coach might be driven safely at night. That was the first instance of lamps on a public road in London.

When Kensington Palace—Nottingham House, as it then was—became a royal residence Kensington was a quiet village, and so it remained for fifty years. The lofty room known as the King's Gallery was designed for the King by Christopher Wren. Over the chimney-piece was set an odd wind-dial, its hands connected with a weather-vane outside, showing if the wind were suitable for an asthma patient to venture out of doors. The Dutch Garden was made to remind the King of his home. Queen Anne lived at the palace, also George II, but George III preferred Kew. Queen Victoria was born in Kensington Palace. By Queen Victoria's command her old home was thrown open to the public in commemoration of her Diamond Jubilee.

Kensington Gardens is pre-eminently the children's park, and Peter Pan is its presiding deity.

Besides its park and its palace, the chief possessions of the Royal Borough of Kensington—"magnificent Kensington," as it has been called—are the Albert Hall, the Albert Memorial, and the South Kensington Museum. No city ever really deserved so ugly a monument as the memorial to the consort of Queen Victoria, but it is large and solid, the summary of Victorian respectability. It should be added that the twilight tones down some of the memorial's horror.

The museum, the building of which was begun seventy years ago, contains a glorious collection of painting, sculpture, pottery-work, vestments, jewellery, and furniture. The Raphael cartoons are perhaps the museum's most priceless possession. In the Science Museum is an interesting collection of scientific relics, including Stephenson's "Rocket" and,

far older and more interesting, a clock made by a fourteenth-century monk for Glastonbury Abbey. Adjacent to the South Kensington Museum is the Natural History Museum, with its wonderful collection of birds.

The Roman Catholic Oratory in the Brompton Road is closely associated with Cardinal Newman. Newman founded the Community of the Oratorians in Birmingham at the beginning of 1848. The community's first London house was opened in 1849 in King William Street, Strand, on the site which was afterwards Toole's Theatre and is now part of the Charing Cross Hospital. The irresponsible W. G. Ward wrote, after seeing a play at Toole's Theatre: "Yesterday I visited Toole's Theatre. Two thoughts came to my mind. The first was last time I was here I heard Faber preach. The second was how much more I am enjoying myself than I did when I was last here." Faber was, of course, the great hymn-writer. In 1880 Newman, then nearly eighty years old and recently made a cardinal, assisted at Vespers and gave Benediction at the Oratory in the Brompton Road.

Macaulay lived in Kensington, and the borough has intimate associations with Thackeray, who went to live at Number 13 Young Street, Kensington Square, in 1846, with his two young children and a little black cat. Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, and *Pendennis* in Young Street. The Palace Hotel now stands on the site of the King's Arms, which is mentioned in *Pendennis*. Dickens wrote the unfinished *Edwin Drood* in Hyde Park Place. David Wilkie the painter lived in Church Street. Isaac Newton died in Kensington, and Pepys often went there. William Wilberforce, the leader of the anti-slavery movement,

lived at Gore House, which used to stand in Kensington Gore. After his death it was for a while the home of Lady Blessington.

Holland House was in the early nineteenth century perhaps the most famous house in the whole of London. Macaulay has written of one evening party there:

> Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Baretti, while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg or his ride with Lannes over the Field of Austerlitz.

Eldon and Brougham, Byron and Washington Irving, Humphry Davy and Tom Moore, were among the guests at Holland House at the height of its fame.

On the road between Kensington and Hammersmith is St Paul's School, originally founded by the great Dean Colet in St Paul's Churchyard in 1510, "specially to increase knowledge and worshipping of God and Our Lord Jesus Christ and give Christian manners and life in the children." In the statutes of the school "the most honest and faithful fellowship of the Mercers of London" were appointed the school governors, Colet exhorting them "to fear the terrible judgments of God that seeth in darkness and shall render to every man according to his works." St Paul's has a long list of eminent old boys, Mr G. K. Chesterton among them.

Returning westward, we come to Knightsbridge, immediately south of Hyde Park, which as recently as 1740 was a notorious haunt of highwaymen. South of Knightsbridge is the aristocratic district of Belgravia, the rival of Mayfair. Belgrave Square has a great reputation for propriety. It is said to house fewer divorced persons than any other of the streets or

squares of the West End. It may be remembered that Gilbert assured the world that

> Hearts just as pure and fair
> May beat in Belgrave Square
> As in the lowly air
> Of Seven Dials !

Many well-known personages, including the venerable Lord Halifax, have houses in Eaton Square, which adjoins Belgrave Square. Still walking south, we cross Ebury Street, the street of pleasant lodgings and interesting curiosity shops, and reach Victoria Station, one of the termini of the Southern Railway, where the unfortunate traveller from the Continent has his luggage examined in the coldest and most uncomfortable custom house in the world. South and west of Victoria Station is Pimlico, also a district of attractive squares, but claiming none of Belgravia's exclusiveness.

We walk north again up Grosvenor Gardens, with the west wall of the garden of Buckingham Palace on our right, and once more cross the park from Hyde Park Corner to the Marble Arch.

North-west of the Marble Arch, near where Connaught Place meets the Edgware Road, stood Tyburn Tree, where malefactors were publicly hanged until the place of execution was transferred to the space in front of Newgate Gaol in 1783. The prisoners were brought in a cart from Newgate along what is now Oxford Street, having generally been heartened by a quart of ale outside St Giles's Church.

Perkin Warbeck, Pretender, was hanged at Tyburn in 1499, and in the sixteenth century many of the rebels against the religious revolution of the Tudors met their death on Tyburn Tree. Of these by far the

most interesting was Robert Southwell, a well-born English Jesuit, who, after his ordination as a priest in Rome, came back to England, certainly not to plot against Elizabeth, but, as Mrs Ivo Hood has written, "as a priest of God trying to exercise his sacerdotal functions as his conscience directed him." Father Southwell was arrested in 1592, and was first imprisoned in the Gate-house at Westminster in a noisome and filthy cell. In answer to a petition of his family he was removed to the Tower, and there he remained for three years, writing a considerable volume of poetry, which has given him a certain position among English religious poets. At his trial he protested that he had been guilty of no treason against his sovereign, but he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. He was taken to Newgate Gaol, "where he spent the following night, the last of his life, in prayer, full of thoughts of the journey he was to take the next day." Owing to the bungling of the hangman, Father Southwell's death was protracted, and must have been incredibly painful. His last words were, "Into Thy Hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and a Protestant noble who watched the execution remarked, "I cannot judge of his religion, but pray God whensoever I die, that my soul may be in no worse case than his." The Jesuit was, indeed, a very gallant gentleman. For the quality of his poetry I may quote the following:

> Sleep, Death's ally, oblivion of tears,
> Silence of passion, balm of angry sore,
> Suspense of loves, security of fears,
> Wrath's lenitive, heart's ease, storm's calmest shore,
> Senses and soul's reprieval from all cumbers,
> Benumming sense of ill, with quiet slumbers.

Thirty-three years after the death of Father South-

well John Felton, the murderer of the flamboyant Duke of Buckingham, the would-be lover of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, was hanged at Tyburn. Dumas has a vivid picture of Felton, a fanatical Puritan, in *The Three Musketeers*:

> He was of pale complexion, with clear blue eyes, rather deeply set; his mouth, fine and well cut, remained motionless in its correct lines; his chin, strongly marked, denoted that strength of will which in the ordinary Britannic type denotes mostly nothing but obstinacy; a brow a little receding, as is proper for poets, enthusiasts, and soldiers, was scarcely shaded by short thin hair which, like the beard which covered the lower part of his face, was of a beautiful deep chestnut colour.

The bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton were dragged to Tyburn on January 30, 1661, and beheaded there in futile revenge for the death of Charles I. Evelyn wrote in his diary on this day:

> This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw (the judge who condemned his Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law to the usurper), dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them all in their pride being spectators. Look back at October 22, 1658, and be astonished! and fear God and honour the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change.

Jack Sheppard was hanged at Tyburn on November 6, 1734, in the presence, so it is said, of seventeen thousand spectators, and a far meaner villain,

Jonathan Wild, was hanged there six months later. Jonathan's last action in this world, so it is said, was to pick the pocket of the clergyman appointed to give him ghostly consolation. Perhaps the most notable criminal ever executed at Tyburn was Dr Dodd, who died there in 1777 for forging a bond for £4200 on his former pupil, Lord Chesterfield. Dodd had a distinguished career at Cambridge, and was a popular preacher, sufficiently distinguished to be appointed one of the royal chaplains. Dr Johnson did everything possible to save Dodd's life. He wrote the speech which the prisoner delivered from the dock at the Old Bailey; he wrote a sermon which the unhappy man delivered to his fellow-prisoners at Newgate; he wrote a petition which was sent to the King; and when it was clear that nothing could save him from the gallows he wrote Dodd a letter of characteristic dignity and feeling:

> That which is appointed to all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances, the eyes and the thoughts of men, are below the notice of an immortal being about to stand the trial for eternity, before the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth. Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude. It corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life. It involved only a temporary and repairable injury. Of this, and of all other sins, you are earnestly to repent; and may God, who knoweth our frailty, and desireth not our death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.
>
> In requital of those well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you make in your devotions one petition for my eternal welfare.

The last prisoner hanged at Tyburn was John Adams, who died there on November 7, 1783.

Oxford Street, the old Tyburn Way, is a street of stores and drapers' shops, with restaurants and cinemas. The Princess Theatre, which was on the north side of the street, east of Oxford Circus, where Ellen Terry made her first stage appearance as a tiny girl, as Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*, was pulled down some years ago, and the Oxford Music Hall has more recently become a popular restaurant.

# CHAPTER VII

## FROM BAYSWATER EASTWARD TO HACKNEY

Six of London's principal railway-stations are situated on a straight line. Paddington, the Great Western terminus, is at the west end of the line; Marylebone Station is about half a mile farther east, with Baker Street next door; and Euston, St Pancras, and King's Cross are two miles or so farther east.

West of Paddington Station is the residential district of Bayswater, nowadays the home of the boarding-house. As recently as 1852 Westbourne Grove, which is Bayswater's principal shopping street, was a road of quiet cottages, with a nursery-garden where Whiteley's store now stands. The district was built over during the next twenty years, most of the houses being large and commodious mansions, and for a generation Bayswater was the home of the rich, among whom, as time went on, there was an increasing number of Jews. Then the era of high taxation and the dearth of servants began, and the motor made it possible for the City man to live farther from his work. The result has been that most of the Bayswater houses have become boarding-houses or have been cut up into flats. The boarding-house habit is an interesting development in the history of London. There must now be quite hundreds of thousands of Londoners permanently living in these establishments in Bayswater, in Bloomsbury, and in many of the South London suburbs.

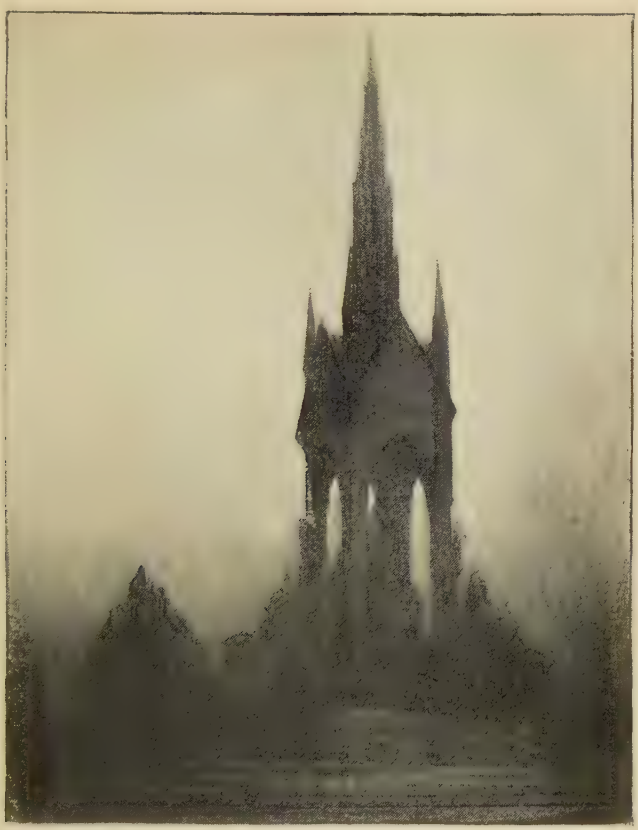
Paddington Station was opened in 1840. Forty years earlier the Paddington Canal was constructed, and for a while most of the goods sent to London from the West were delivered on the wharves near Paddington Station. We leave the station by Bishop's Road and, walking eastward, cross this canal. Two hundred yards farther east we come to old Paddington church and Paddington Green. Robert Browning lived for many years by the canal side, and near by Henry Russell, the author of *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, had his home. Mrs Siddons, the great actress, is buried in Paddington churchyard, and there is a statue to her on Paddington Green. It was unveiled in 1897 by Sir Henry Irving. Dr Johnson wrote his name on the hem of Mrs Siddons' dress in Reynolds' picture of the actress as the Tragic Muse. "I would not lose," he said, "the honour this opportunity afforded to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Our way takes us to the end of the Harrow Road, always a squalid thoroughfare, across the Edgware Road, and into the Marylebone Road. We pass the Queen Charlotte Lying-in Hospital on the right and the Marylebone Grammar School, of which Lord Rothermere, the chief proprietor of *The Daily Mail*, is an old boy, on the left, and come to the Marylebone Station of what was until recently known as the Great Central Railway. The Great Central Railway was brought into London some thirty years ago, a large part of rural St John's Wood being destroyed in its making. We cross Baker Street, remembering that at its north end, then known as York Place, Cardinal Wiseman, the first Roman Catholic English archbishop since the Reformation, died in 1865 in the house that was afterwards Bedford College. Cardinal Wiseman

was the predecessor of the great Cardinal Manning. Mr Lytton Strachey describes him as "a man of vast physique—'your immense' an Irish servant used respectfully to call him—of sanguine temperament, of gentle disposition, of versatile capacity." Bedford College has now moved into the Inner Circle of Regent's Park. It was founded in 1849, and is one of the oldest English colleges for the higher education of women.

Baker Street Station, which serves Harrow and the outer northern suburbs, is now on our left, and we come, on the same side of the road, to the new Madame Tussaud's. The original waxworks exhibition was opened by Madame Tussaud in the Strand. In 1833 she moved to Baker Street. Madame Tussaud, who died in 1850, at the age of ninety, was a Swiss who had lived in Paris and had taught drawing to Madame Elisabeth, sister of Louis XVI. The first Madame Tussaud's exhibition in the Marylebone Road was opened in 1884, and burned to the ground in one of the most thrilling of modern London fires.

Almost opposite Madame Tussaud's, at the corner of the Marylebone Road and Devonshire Terrace, Charles Dickens lived in 1839, "in a handsome house with a garden of considerable size, shut out from the new road by a high brick wall facing the York Gate into Regent's Park." *Barnaby Rudge* was the first novel that Dickens wrote in his new house. Farther east, on the right, is St Marylebone parish church, where Richard Cosway, the most famous of all English miniature-painters, was buried in 1821. This south side of Marylebone Road, covering what is now Devonshire Place, Upper Harley Street, and Marylebone Lane, was once the Marylebone Gardens, a rival of



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL: A MISTY MORNING IMPRESSION

A. Rosenkrantz 184

A CORNER OF REGENT'S PARK

*Photo Herbert Felton*

Ranelagh and Vauxhall, where the entertainments provided for the public included "music, wine and plum cake." Edmund Burke lived in Wimpole Street after his marriage, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived in the same street before hers. Hallam wrote his *History of the Middle Ages* in Wimpole Street.

Regent's Park on our left as we walk eastward had its origin in a stretch of wooded meadow-land called Marylebone Park Fields. The fields and the modern Borough of Marylebone had their name from the fifteenth-century church dedicated to St Mary in the village of Tybourne, which stood on a rivulet rising at Hampstead and flowing into the Thames. There was a royal manor-house in Marylebone Park until 1646, when King Charles parted with it as security for a debt. The Duke of Portland was the last private person to own the land. The present park was laid out early in the nineteenth century, when Marylebone still retained its rural character. A painting of Primrose Hill in 1820 shows haymaking going forward in a rustic setting, with only three buildings near the present Marylebone church. Macaulay remarked that at the end of the reign of Charles II, "cattle fed and sportsmen wandered with guns and dogs over the site of the borough of Marylebone."

Many duels were fought in the Marylebone Fields, and in 1661 Pepys records: "Then we went abroad to Marrow-bone and there walked in the garden, the first time I was ever there, and a pretty place it is." The old manor-house stood opposite the present York Gate, and Queen Elizabeth often stayed there for the hunting. It was pulled down in 1791.

In 1838 Regent's Park was thrown open to the public. It was named after the Prince Regent. The

park contains upwards of five hundred acres, and is almost circular, the road known as the Outer Circle running for nearly three miles. More than twenty acres are devoted to the ornamental lakes. The Broad Walk runs in a nearly straight line from north to south, a noble, tree-flanked avenue. The park is famous for its flowers, trees, and shrubs; the predominant elms and planes were planted when it was formed. The horse-chestnuts were in the old fields.

Waterfowl in large numbers are at home on the lakes. The islands are a favourite roosting-place for starlings, many thousands strong. All the British song-birds are well represented. The wood-pigeon abounds, and a kingfisher has occasionally been seen. There are many grey squirrels in the park, and a hundred years ago hares were plentiful. Otters have been seen in the Regent's Park Canal.

Among the most notable buildings in the park is St Dunstan's, which during the War was the head-quarters of the homes for blinded soldiers, initiated and directed with splendid energy by the late Sir Arthur Pearson, the founder of *The Daily Express*. St Dunstan's was designed by Decimus Burton. The ground surrounded by the Inner Circle is occupied by the Royal Botanic Society. The gardens of the Zoological Society, which occupy the north-west corner of the park, were acquired in 1828. The Zoological Gardens have been made doubly interesting and comparatively humane by the genius of Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell.

Perhaps the place of greatest interest in the purlieus of Regent's Park is St Katherine's Hospital, on its eastern side. St Katherine's was removed to Regent's Park from the neighbourhood of the Tower. It was

founded by Queen Matilda, the wife of King Stephen, and its patronage is always in the hands of the Queen Consort of England.

Primrose Hill is north of the park. It has been so named since the fifteenth century. Another mound close by, levelled for a reservoir, was known as Barrow Hill, suggesting that it had been a Druidical burying-place. Until about eighty years ago primroses were abundant on Primrose Hill. Historically the hill is associated with the murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey in 1678, the beginning of the notorious anti-Catholic plot of that foul scoundrel Titus Oates. Charles Lamb speaks of "lying on the Hill and reading *Pamela*." Leigh Hunt gives a picture of Hampstead as he saw it from the hill. Mother Shipton prophesied "when London surrounds Primrose Hill the streets of the metropolis will run with blood." The danger is not imminent, since Regent's Park to the south keeps the builder at bay.

Farther north again is Chalk Farm, now a suburb, once a farm which was another favourite spot for duels. The best known was that between Tom Moore, the poet, and Francis Jeffrey, one of the founders of *The Edinburgh Review*, whose attack on Shelley and Keats moved Byron to the vehement lines:

> Health to immortal Jeffrey ! once, in name,
> England could boast a judge almost the same ;
> In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
> Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
> And given the spirit to the world again,
> To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.

Returning to the south of Regent's Park, and still going eastward, we reach the Euston Road, one of the most depressing of thoroughfares, and because it

contains three railway-stations well called "the doormat of London." At the corner of Euston Road and the Hampstead Road is a public-house with the sign of Adam and Eve, the modern development of an inn very famous at the time when Tottenham Court Road was lined with hawthorn hedges. The Adam and Eve tea-garden was celebrated for its cakes and cream of a particular succulence. Hogarth drew the Adam and Eve in his picture *The March of the Guards to Finchley*, and the poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries sung its merits. The author of *Rejected Addresses* wrote:

> Determined to be quite the crack, O!
> Would lounge at the "Adam and Eve,"
> And call for his gin and tobacco.

Unhappily the Adam and Eve became the haunt of "highwaymen, foot-pads, pickpockets and low women," and the magistrates suppressed its attractions.

After he had been rescued from the blacking factory Dickens went to school in the Hampstead Road at an establishment grandiloquently called the Wellington House Academy, and George Cruikshank, the illustrator of the Dickens novels, lived for years in Mornington Crescent, in the same neighbourhood.

Tottenham Court Road has been made famous by Messrs Maple and Messrs Shoolbred. It is the home of the furniture-dealer, and the hire-purchase system flourishes in its stores. In Charlotte Street, a little to the west of the Tottenham Court Road, is the Scala Theatre, which stands on the site of the old Prince of Wales Theatre, where Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft gained fame and fortune by producing the comedies of T. W. Robertson, of which *Caste* is the best

known. Dame Madge Kendal is Robertson's youngest sister.

The first Whitefield's Tabernacle was opened in the Tottenham Court Road in 1756. It was built by the Countess of Huntingdon for George Whitefield, the contemporary and to some extent the rival of John Wesley. Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, and David Garrick were among the celebrities who listened to Whitefield's sermons.

Again walking eastward, we cross Gower Street, which Ruskin said was the ugliest street in London, but I know many that are uglier. In Gower Street is University College, now one of the most important colleges of London University. Joseph Chamberlain was a student at University College. It was founded a hundred years ago as a non-sectarian rival of King's College in the Strand. In Gower Street, too, is University College Hospital.

The district of Bloomsbury lies east of the Tottenham Court Road, north of New Oxford Street, and south of the Euston Road. It is the land of learning and boarding-houses, its life largely centring round the British Museum and the schools and colleges attached to London University. The British Museum stands on the site of Montagu House, one of the great London mansions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The museum owes its beginning to the munificence of Sir Hans Sloane. The library began with a hundred thousand volumes collected by George III. Art and learning have no more magnificent temple in any city in the world. The Elgin Marbles, removed by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon in Athens in 1801, among the greatest achievements of ancient Greek art, are the museum's chief possession. But they are only the

most interesting of an amazing collection, gathered from the ends of the earth and representing the aspirations of mankind through all the ages.

It would be merely dull to reprint here the catalogue to be obtained at the museum doors. Personally I find pathetic interest in the Manuscript Room, in Lady Jane Grey's Prayer Book, in the will of Mary Queen of Scots, and in the faded letters written by the pens of the worthies of long ago. I confess that the library, with its three miles of bookcases, appals me, particularly when I remember the tons and tons of books that are packed away in the cellars. I may perhaps be permitted to quote a reflection printed elsewhere:

> I know that there are many other things besides books in the British Museum. I know that there is a mummy whose maleficent influence ensures swift punishment for those who write or speak disrespectfully of her. I know that there are Elgin marbles and great treasures of art and beauty brought from India and Rome and Ephesus—the sculptures of Assyria and Egypt and Babylon; collections of porcelain and pottery, of jewels and gems and bronzes, and Heaven knows what beside. I know all this. My better nature tells me that here is a wonderful national collection, unrivalled in any other city of the world, which, like Charles Kingsley, I ought to study and enjoy. I know that I ought to walk up the steps with my head held high, murmuring,
>
> For he might have been a Roosian,
> A French or Turk or Proosian,
> Or perhaps Itali-an!
> But in spite of all temptations
> To belong to other nations,
> He remains an Englishman.

But somehow I cannot do it. As soon as I get within sight of the British Museum I forget the Elgin marbles, the Assyrian inscriptions, the wonderful treasures from Greece and Rome, and I remember only that every day dozens of idiotic novels are solemnly handed over to the Chief Librarian, who must, I am sure, sigh sadly as he hands them over to one of the assistant librarians, who carries them to a nice dry cellar where they are preserved in order that future generations may know the rubbish that was written and read in England in the twentieth century. I feel that it is altogether wrong, for every generation must wish that its successors should think well of it. Why should we compel posterity to despise us? But perhaps, and there is a gleam of hope, perhaps the novels are not preserved at all. Perhaps the Chief Librarian only pretends, and when *The Sin of Christopher* and *My Gorilla Uncle* are duly receipted, they are at once cast into the furnace in order that the industrious old gentlemen who sit hour after hour in the reference library may be comfortably warmed at a minimum of expense to the nation.

One hundred and fifty years ago there were open elds between St Pancras church and the British luseum, the only other building in sight being White-eld's Tabernacle, in the Tottenham Court Road, and ne good citizens of the eighteenth century used to ather watercress growing by the side of the conduits f the New River Company.

In the reign of Charles II Bloomsbury Square was escribed as "one of the wonders of England." One hole side of it was taken up by Bedford House, the wn mansion of the Dukes of Bedford, and, among her fashionable people, the Earl of Chesterfield, the iend of the Chevalier de Grammont, lived in the uare. The Earl, who had been educated in Italy,

had trouble with his wife, and to keep her from temptation banished her to his country place some hundred and fifty miles from London. De Grammont writes in his memoirs:

> In England they looked with astonishment upon a man who could be so uncivil as to be jealous of his wife ; and in the city of London it was a prodigy, till that time unknown, to see a husband have recourse to violent means to prevent what jealousy fears, and what it always deserves. They endeavoured, however, to excuse poor Lord Chesterfield, as far as they could safely do it, without incurring the public odium, by laying all the blame on his bad education. This made all the mothers vow to God, that none of their sons should ever set foot in Italy, lest they should bring back with them that infamous custom of laying restraint upon their wives.

Richard Baxter, the Puritan divine, lived in Bloomsbury Square, and there is a record in his autobiography that throws a curious light on the state of the Church after the Restoration:

> My wife urged the building of another meeting-place in Bloomsbury for Mr Read (to be furthered by my sometimes helping him), the neighbourhood being very full of people, rich and poor, that could not come into the parish-church, through the greatness of the parish, and Dr Bourman, the parish parson, having not preached, prayed, read, or administered sacraments these three or four years.

Dick Steele, the friend of Addison and the editor of *The Tatler*, also lived in Bloomsbury Square. In his *English Humourists* Thackeray writes:

> Having a small house in Jermyn-street for which he couldn't pay, and a country house at Hampton on which

he had borrowed money, nothing must content Captain Dick but the taking, in 1712, a much finer, larger, and grander house in Bloomsbury-square; where his unhappy landlord got no better satisfaction than his friend in St James's, and where it is recorded that Dick, giving a grand entertainment, had a half-dozen queer-looking fellows in livery to wait upon his noble guests, and confessed that his servants were bailiffs to a man.

Bloomsbury Square was the scene of some of the worst excesses of the Gordon Riots, and after they were suppressed several of the rioters were executed there. In *Barnaby Rudge* Dickens writes:

> Two cripples—both mere boys—one with a leg of wood, one who dragged his twisted limbs along by the help of a crutch, were hanged in this same Bloomsbury Square. As the cart was about to glide from under them, it was observed that they stood with their faces from, not to, the house they had assisted to despoil; and their misery was protracted that this omission might be remedied.

Benjamin Disraeli was born in Bloomsbury Square n 1804. Dickens was living in Tavistock Square when ıe wrote *Bleak House*. Many great lawyers have lived ın Russell Square, including Lord Mansfield, Lord Ellenborough, and Sir Samuel Romilly, the legal reormer. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great painter, ied in Russell Square in 1830. Colley Cibber, the ighteenth-century dramatist, who added the line "Off vith his head, so much for Buckingham," to Shakepeare's *Richard III*, lived in Southampton Street, and wo English poets, William Cowper and Thomas Gray, ad their homes in Southampton Row. Adelaide nne Procter, the poetess, was born in Bedford Square,

which in later years has been the residence of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith and Mr Seymour Hicks.

Thackeray wrote his *Paris Sketch-book* in Coram Street. William Morris, poet and craftsman, lived in Great Ormond Street, and opened his first shop in Red Lion Square. The Foundling Hospital in Guilford Street, soon to be pulled down, was opened in 1754, fifteen years after it had been founded in Hatton Garden by Thomas Coram, a ship's captain, for "the reception, maintenance, and education of exposed and deserted young children." Until the school was removed to the country the foundling children in their quaint eighteenth-century costumes were one of the sights of London. Handel gave a performance of his *Messiah* in the chapel of the Foundling, and £7000 were added to its funds as the result.

The literary atmosphere of Bloomsbury was emphasized by Mudie's Library at its southern boundary. The library is now in Kingsway. Near by, in Hart Street, is St George's, Bloomsbury, designed by a pupil of Wren's, with a steeple described by Horace Walpole as "a master stroke of absurdity, consisting of an obelisk crowned with a statue of King George I."

> When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
> The people of England made him head of the Church;
> The Church's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
> Instead of the church made him head of the steeple.

The Euston Road, Bloomsbury's northern boundary, is drab and depressing. As I have written, "I can imagine the stranger arriving at Euston Station, walking out into the Euston Road, exclaiming 'So this is London!' and immediately going home again." Euston Station was built one year after Queen Victoria's

accession, and was originally the terminus of the London and Birmingham railway. The great feature of Euston Station is its central hall, with its Ionic columns. Attracted by its wide expanse, G. F. Watts offered to decorate this hall with frescoes at his own expense, but the directors politely declined, explaining that it was none of their business to provide art for travellers. The posters on the Underground stations in London are evidence that the modern director has more imagination and a more exalted conception of his duty to his neighbours.

On the eastern side of Euston Station is the sombre district of Somers Town, interesting in these days as the scene of an idealistic rebuilding scheme, carried out by priests of the Church of England, by which the poor are helped out of foul underground caves into well-built, airy flats, for which they are charged exactly the same rent.

Even the Euston Road has its interest. Unity House, on the south side, is the office of the National Union of Railwaymen, where Mr J. H. Thomas used to sit and direct the affairs of the nation. The Quakers have erected a handsome building opposite Euston Station, on what has been for generations an open garden.

Peter Pindar, the gentleman who had an equal belief in pale brandy and flannel underclothes, lived near Euston Station. William Rossetti, the brother of Dante Gabriel and Christina, lived at 56 Euston Road. William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, whose daughter married Shelley, lived in Euston Square, and Wordsworth and Coleridge used frequently to go to musical parties in the square at the house of one Aders.

East of King's Cross, Pentonville Hill rises to what was once the village of Islington. Pentonville Hill is

another drab, straggling thoroughfare, distinguished by a reservoir. Sir Roger Casement was hanged for high treason in Pentonville Prison in 1916. This was the first execution for high treason for a hundred years.

On the left, at the foot of the hill, is the Caledonian Road, where one of London's most interesting markets is still held. The Angel at Islington, once a famous inn, and now become, in the decadence of the times, a teashop, is the centre of a very interesting district. From the Angel to Highbury Corner, under which the New River runs, is the Islington Mile, once famous for its many inns. In one of them Sir Walter Raleigh was seen smoking for the first time by his servant, and the man, believing him to be on fire, threw a pint of ale over his pipe. Henry VIII must have frequently ridden by the Angel on his way to visit Dudley, Earl of Warwick, at Stoke Newington and the Earl of Northumberland at Newington Green. And there are many records of Queen Elizabeth having visited the Islington Fields.

Three or four minutes' walk eastward from the Angel Charles Lamb lived from 1823 to 1826, in what was then Colebrook Row. This was immediately after his retirement from his clerkship in the India House. In his *Life of Charles Lamb* Mr E. V. Lucas quotes a description by Thomas Hood of Charles Lamb's cottage:

> A cottage of Ungentility, for it had neither double coach-house nor wings. Like its tenant, it stood alone. He said, glancing at the Paternoster one, that he did not like " the Row." There was a bit of a garden, in which, being, as he professed, more fond of " Men Sects than of Insects," he made probably his first and last observation in Entomology. He had been watching a spider in a

gooseberry bush, entrapping a fly. "Good God," he said, "I never saw such a thing! Directly he was caught in her fatal spinning, she darted down upon him, and in a minute turned him out, completely lapped in a shroud! It reminded me of the Fatal Sisters in Gray."

Lamb himself told Southey: "I feel like a great Lord, never having had a house before."

Daniel Defoe went to school at Islington, and Mary Wollstonecraft, the first of the feminists and the mother-in-law of Shelley, kept a school there. Sadler's Wells Theatre, a little south of the Angel, has its name from wells the mineral water of which was supposed, in the eighteenth century, to be good for rheumatism and gout. In the early nineteenth century Sadler's Wells Theatre was associated with the fame of Grimaldi, the famous clown. *Black-eyed Susan* was played for the first time on any stage at Sadler's Wells, and in 1844 the great Samuel Phelps became the theatre's manager. It is interesting to recall that when he was a young man Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson acted with Phelps. For many years now Sadler's Wells has fallen from its high estate.

South-east of the Angel is the City Road. John Wesley laid the foundation-stone of Wesley's Chapel in the City Road in 1777. Here, too, was the Grecian Theatre, a favourite playhouse a century ago, and the Eagle Tavern, immortalized in the old-time song:

> Up and down the City Road,
> In and out the Eagle,
> That's the way the money goes,
> Pop goes the weasel.

East of the City Road, and leading directly from Islington into the City of London, is the Goswell Road,

memorable as the street in which Mrs Bardell let lodgings to Mr Pickwick:

> His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bedroom the second floor front; and thus, whether he were sitting at his desk in his parlour, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare. His landlady, Mrs Bardell —the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mr Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlour; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighbouring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr Pickwick's will was law.

East of Islington is a sprawling industrial district, with Dalston on its north, Hoxton on its west, Bethnal Green on its south, and Hackney on its east. Farther east one crosses into London over the border, to Ilford and the other districts that have sprung up in the county of Essex, where the London that works in the City by day sleeps by night. A hundred years ago Dalston was "a small hamlet adjoining Hackney," and even as late as 1860 it was famous for its nursery-gardens. Hoxton, which lies on the west side of the

Kingsland Road, a thoroughfare running north from Shoreditch parish church, and remarkable for a very beautiful church, St Columba's, is the home of the costermonger. Hoxton Market on a Saturday night is one of the sights of East London.

Oxford House, the University Settlement of which the present Bishop of London was for years the head, is in the Bethnal Green Road. The East End Jewish colony, which was a few years ago almost entirely confined to Whitechapel, has now spread north, and Bethnal Green is now largely Jewish. It is a dull, depressing neighbourhood, with little beauty and no history. Bill Sikes and Nancy lived in Bethnal Green, as Dickens says in *Oliver Twist*, "in a maze of mean and dirty streets which abound in that close and densely populated quarter." Haggerston, between Bethnal Green and Hoxton, is a little duller, perhaps, and a little less sordid than its neighbours.

So we make our way eastward into Hackney proper. The correct title of the parish is St John-at-Hackney. The manor originally belonged to the Knights of St John of Jerusalem. There is little to hinder the wayfarer in its streets. In one by-way off Mare Street John Milton courted his second wife. According to a paragraph in *The Tatler*, in the eighteenth century Hackney was famous for its boarding-schools for young ladies. One of Dick Turpin's favourite hostelries was in Hackney Wick. The manner in which the parish found its name is not without interest. I quote from Maitland's *History of London*:

> The village of Hackney being anciently celebrated for the numerous seats of the nobility and gentry, occasioned a mighty resort thither of persons of all conditions from the City of London, whereby so great a number of horses

were daily hired in the City on that account, that at length all horses to be let received the common appellation of 'Hackney horses'; which denomination has since communicated itself both to public coaches and chairs; and though this place at present be deserted by the nobility, yet it so greatly abounds with merchants and persons of distinction, that it excels all other villages in the kingdom, and probably on earth, in the riches and opulence of its inhabitants, as may be judged from the great number of persons who keep coaches there.

This is ingenious, but almost certainly not true.

# CHAPTER VIII

## FROM HOLBORN TO THE CHARTERHOUSE

North of Holborn, the continuation of Oxford Street into the City, and east of the Gray's Inn Road is a network of interesting streets. In Brooke Street, which leads from Holborn to the church of St Alban, Thomas Chatterton poisoned himself with arsenic on August 24, 1770. He was then seventeen years and nine months old. Chatterton was sent as a clerk into an attorney's office when he was fifteen, a curious, dreamy, abstracted boy, the son of a chorister of Bristol Cathedral. He contrived to get his first poems published by the ingenious pretence that they were the work of "one Rowley, a priest in Bristol who lived in the reigns of Henry VI and Edward IV." His verse was accepted by various periodicals, and he came to London, as many another young man has come, full of hope, and determined to gain fame and fortune. Editors, however, were mean in those days. Chatterton was generally paid no more than a shilling for an article, and sometimes only eightpence for a poem. The patrons on whom he had counted—Horace Walpole among them—failed him. He was too proud to beg, and, starving and desperate, he poisoned himself in the Brooke Street garret. Slight as was his output, Chatterton had undoubted genius. His writing influenced both Keats and Shelley, and in later years Rossetti, and his pathetic figure has a place

of eminence in eighteenth-century literary history. Coleridge wrote of him:

> Yet oft perforce ('tis suffering nature's call)
> I weep that Heaven-born genius so should fall.

And Wordsworth described him as

> The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.

Chatterton was buried in the churchyard of the Shoe Lane workhouse, now part of the site of Farringdon Market. It is one of the many ironies of London that this unhappy poet should lie under a gigantic butcher's shop.

The church of St Alban's, Holborn, was consecrated in 1863, and it has been from the beginning of its history one of the best known of Anglo-Catholic churches. Its first vicar was the Rev. A. H. Maconochie, who before his appointment was a curate at the equally famous Anglo-Catholic church of St Peter's, London Docks. In 1867 Mr Maconochie was prosecuted for using the mixed chalice, altar lights, kneeling during the Prayer of Consecration, elevating the chalice and paten, and for the ceremonial use of incense. The Dean of Arches, the father of the late Lord Phillimore, decided that altar lights and kneeling were lawful and that the other practices were unlawful. But the Privy Council, on appeal, condemned all Mr Maconochie's practices, and in 1870 he was suspended for disobeying their orders. The persecution continued until 1883. In that year Mr Maconochie exchanged the living of St Alban's for St Peter's, London Docks. But he was worn out by his troubles, and his life came to a sad end in 1887. After the death of Maconochie St Alban's, Holborn, was remarkable for many years for the eloquent preaching of

Father Stanton. Father Suckling was the vicar of the church, Father Stanton packed it by his eloquence, while Father Russell, who has only been dead two or three years, gave it additional distinction through the saintliness of his life.

On the Holborn front, immediately south of St Alban's, is the great building of the Prudential Assurance Society. The earliest known policy of life insurance was made in the Royal Exchange, London, on June 18, 1583, for £383 6*s*. 8*d*., for twelve months, on the life of one William Gibbons. The premium was eight per cent. The Prudential Assurance Company was the pioneer in England of what is called industrial insurance. It was founded in 1848, and the Prudential has now in force some 22,258,127 policies, with an average premium of approximately threepence halfpenny.

In a sponging-house, where debtors were detained, in Eyre Street, a turning off Leather Lane, another unhappy genius, George Morland, one of the greatest of English landscape-painters, died in penury and misery in 1804. Mr Frank Rutter has written:

> Notwithstanding his dissipation—and a day rarely passed in which he was not drunk—he was not idle, for Morland was the author of four thousand pictures and of a still greater number of drawings. But his intemperance and his dependence on dealers greatly impoverished his art, and the man who had a genuine love and understanding of country life and ought to have been one of the world's greatest rustic painters, sank into pot-boiling, painting what the dealers wanted instead of what he wanted to do himself. His terms were four guineas a day—and his drink.

Saffron Hill was so called from the crops of saffron that used to grow there. Early in the eighteenth

century it was inhabited by "nasty and inconsiderable people." Now it is the home of the Italian colony in London, pleasant, law-abiding, industrious folk, mainly from Southern Italy, among whom the ice-cream man and the organ-grinder are conspicuous. The Italian colony has its own church, dedicated to St Peter, entirely Italian in its atmosphere and its rather garish ornament.

Hatton Garden is the home of the diamond trade, still largely controlled by Dutch Jews. Edward Irving, who founded the Catholic Apostolic Church and whom Mrs Carlyle nearly married—perhaps she would have been happier if she had preferred the preacher to the prophet—preached in the Caledonian church in Hatton Garden to congregations that included Canning, Brougham, and half the well-known political leaders of the time.

Hatton Garden had its name from Sir Christopher Hatton, the Elizabethan statesman. The name of Lady Hatton is associated with Bleeding Heart Yard, near Hatton Garden. In the *Ingoldsby Legends* Barham tells the legend of Bleeding Heart. A good lady who lived there, so it is said, was carried off by the devil, leaving nothing behind except a bleeding human heart. Barham writes:

> And still, it is said, at that "small hour" so dread,
> When all sober people are cosy in bed,
> There may sometimes be seen on a moonshiny night,
> Standing close by the new pump, a Lady in White,
> Who keeps pumping away with, 'twould seem, all her might,
> Though never a drop comes her pains to requite!
> And hence many passengers now are debarr'd
> From proceeding at nightfall through Bleeding Heart Yard!

Dickens introduces Bleeding Heart Yard into *Little Dorrit*. It was here that Mr Plornish, the kindly plasterer, lived. "He was one of those many wayfarers on the road of life, who seemed to be afflicted with supernatural corns, rendering it impossible for them to keep up even with their lame competitors." Bleeding Heart Yard was the property of old Christopher Casby, the slum landlord, "so grey, so slow, so quiet, so impassionate, so very bumpy in the head." Dickens has his own explanations of the origin of the name:

> The opinion of the Yard was divided respecting the derivation of its name. The more practical of its inmates abided by the tradition of a murder; the gentler and more imaginative inhabitants, including the whole of the tender sex, were loyal to the legend of a young lady of former times closely imprisoned in her chamber by a cruel father for remaining true to her own true love, and refusing to marry the suitor he chose for her. The legend related how that the young lady used to be seen up at her window behind the bars, murmuring a lovelorn song of which the burden was, "Bleeding Heart, Bleeding Heart, bleeding away," until she died. It was objected by the murderous party that this Refrain was notoriously the invention of a tambour-worker, a spinster and romantic, still lodging in the Yard. But, forasmuch as all favourite legends must be associated with the affections, and as many more people fall in love than commit murder—which it may be hoped, howsoever bad we are, will continue until the end of the world to be the dispensation under which we shall live—the Bleeding Heart, Bleeding Heart, bleeding away story carried the day by a great majority. Neither party would listen to the antiquaries who delivered learned lectures in the neighbourhood, showing the Bleeding Heart to have been the heraldic cognizance of the old

family to whom the property had once belonged. And, considering that the hour-glass they turned from year to year was filled with the earthiest and coarsest sand, the Bleeding Heart Yarders had reason enough for objecting to be despoiled of the one little golden grain of poetry that sparkled in it.

Close to where nowadays Farringdon Road joins Holborn, by way of wide business streets, was situated Field Lane, one of the most squalid of London's criminal haunts, which Dickens has described in *Oliver Twist*:

> Near to the spot on which Snow Hill and Holborn meet, there opens: upon the right hand as you come out of the City: a narrow and dismal alley, leading to Saffron Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale bunches of second-hand silk handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns; for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the windows or flaunting from the door-posts; and the shelves, within, are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field Lane are, it had its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself: the emporium of petty larceny; visited at early morning, and setting of dusk, by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back parlours; and who go as strangely as they come. Here, the clothes-man, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-merchant, display their goods, as sign-boards to the petty thief; here stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars.

How London has changed!

On the north side of Holborn Circus is Ely Place, the site of the palace of the Bishops of Ely, where "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," died in

STAPLE INN, HOLBORN.

1399. The palace possessed a garden famous for its fruit and flowers. In Shakespeare's *Richard III* Gloucester says:

> My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
> I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Farther west, on the south side of Holborn, almost opposite Gray's Inn Road, is an old house, marking the entrance to Staple Inn, which dates back to the reign of James I and is one of the two or three oldest houses still to be found in London. Staple Inn itself remains a place of old-fashioned peace and quietness within a few feet of the rush of motor traffic. It is to-day much as Dickens described it in *Edwin Drood*:

> Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, London, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the Old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks, the turning into which, out of the clashing street, imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to one another, "Let us play at country," and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings. Moreover, it is one of those nooks which are legal nooks; and it contains a little Hall, with a little lantern in its roof: to what obstructive purposes devoted, and at whose expense, this history knoweth not.

Crossing Holborn again, and walking north-east, we reach the industrial district of Clerkenwell, particularly associated with clock-makers and working jewellers,

The Quarter Sessions for the County of London are held in the Session House on Clerkenwell Green, and here, until 1890, stood the Clerkenwell House of Detention. In 1867 the Irish Fenians were imprisoned in the House of Detention, and a determined effort was made to rescue them by blowing up the outer walls of the prison. Baxter, the Puritan saint, was imprisoned in an older gaol on the same site, from which, a hundred years later, Jack Sheppard contrived to make his famous escape. St John Street, Clerkenwell, is one of the most ancient thoroughfares in Northern London. Guy Fawkes and his fellow-plotters used to meet in a house in St John Street.

John Wilkes, the demagogue, was born in Clerkenwell. Izaak Walton lived in Clerkenwell before moving to Fleet Street, as did Swedenborg, the Scandinavian mystic, when he was staying in London towards the end of his life. Swedenborg was a man of remarkable genius who, before turning his mind to mystical religion,

> suggested the use of experimental tanks testing the powers of ship models, invented an ear trumpet for the deaf, improved the common house stove of his native land, cured smoky chimneys, took lively interest in machine guns, and even sketched a flying machine.

All this nearly two hundred years ago!

The name of Sir Hugh Myddelton, the projector of the New River, is remembered in Myddelton Street, Myddelton Square, and Myddelton Place, all on the high ground leading to Pentonville Hill. A large number of the old streets of Clerkenwell were cleared away when Rosebery Avenue was constructed. In earlier centuries the district had its fashionable inhabitants, and the Dukes of Newcastle had their town-

house there. Burnet, bishop and historian, lived in Clerkenwell, and it was the home of Henry Carey, the author of the immortal song *Sally in Our Alley*. Carey was another unfortunate poet. He hanged himself in despair in 1743, and only a halfpenny was found in his pocket.

From Clerkenwell Road we turn south—we are now within the borders of the City—and reach Charterhouse Square, a quiet oasis in the desert of rush and noise. The square was the burial-ground of the old Carthusian monastery, and it is said—the figure must be grossly exaggerated—that fifty thousand bodies were buried there during the Black Death. After the Dissolution, Queen Catherine Parr lived in Charterhouse Square before her marriage to Henry VIII, and in later years it was the home of many foreign Ambassadors.

Of the Charterhouse itself there now exists the gate-house, the entrance court, the Master's Court, the Chapel Court, the Chapel Cloister, with its many memorial tablets to old Carthusians, the chapel, the terrace, which dates back to the sixteenth century, the great hall, part of which belonged to the old monastery, the Master's lodge, and the Preacher's Court. The Charterhouse enshrines, perhaps, more history than any other part of London. The Carthusian Order, founded by St Bruno of Cologne, had its first house at La Grande Chartreuse, in that most beautiful district of France that used to be called the Dauphiné, between Chambéry and Grenoble. The Carthusian house in London was first projected in 1349, but it was not actually opened until 1370. Each monk had his own detached cottage and garden plot, varying in area from thirty to fifty square feet.

The monk's day was spent in contemplation and

prayer. He was awakened at five forty-five to say his office in his cell. At six-thirty the Angelus sounded, and a quarter of an hour later the monk left his cell for the church, where he knelt in silent prayer. At seven there was the conventual High Mass, and at seven forty-five each monk—it should be noted that every Carthusian monk was a priest—said his own Mass. Mr Gerald Davies has pointed out that this rule explains why there were so many chapels in every Carthusian establishment. At nine o'clock the monks were back in their cells for work and meditation. At ten they said Sext, and their food was brought to them by the lay brothers. At twelve the Angelus again sounded, and Nones was recited alone. At two-thirty came Vespers, and at two forty-five the monks were again in church. Half-past four was supper-time, but there was no supper at all for the Carthusians from September 14 to Ash Wednesday, and only a very meagre supper during Lent. At six Compline, and the monks went to bed, to be wakened, however, at a quarter to eleven for Matins, while at a quarter to twelve they again went to church for Lauds of the Dead and the Ave Marias of the first Angelus.

Even during the years of the decadence of monastery life the reputation of the Carthusians stood very high, and the charges brought against them by Thomas Cromwell, when he embarked on his campaign of robbery, were obviously false. The Carthusians, however, were among the first openly to resist the novel claim of the King to rule the Church, and four Carthusian monks anticipated Fisher and More in their martyrdom. They were dragged on hurdles, in their white habits, through the City to Tyburn, where they were put to death with incredible cruelty. They were

the first offenders who ever suffered in England in the habit of the religious. Even a harder fate was reserved for their fellows, who, refusing to bend their knee to the King, were imprisoned in Newgate, chained upright to columns and allowed to die of starvation amid filth and cold.

This was the end of the Charterhouse as a monastery, and for three years it was abandoned and empty. Then it was handed by the King to Lord North, and while it was in his possession Queen Elizabeth stayed there for five days on her entry into London as sovereign after the death of her sister, Mary. From Lord North it passed to the Duke of Norfolk, who, appointed head of the Commission to inquire into the misdeeds of Mary Queen of Scots, fell in love with that fascinating lady, and, hoping to marry her, became party to a fantastic conspiracy which was hatched in the Charterhouse and which brought him to the headsman's block on Tower Hill.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Charterhouse was bought by one Thomas Sutton, a public servant of great ability and many possessions, who died in 1611 and left the Charterhouse as a hospital and free school, appointing sixteen Governors, who included George Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Dean of St Paul's, the Dean of Westminster, the Lord Chief Justice, and that great Churchman Lancelot Andrewes, then Bishop of Ely. In order to ensure the continuance of the charity the Governors secured from the King letters-patent, for which they paid the frugal James the sum of £10,000, taken from the Sutton bequest, for the repairing of a bridge over the river Tweed. At one of their early meetings the Governors decided that

> there shall no rogues or common beggars be placed in the said Hospital, but such poor persons as can bring good testimony and certificate of their good behaviour and soundness in religion and such as have been servants of the King's Majesty, either decrepid or old captains either at sea or land, soldiers maimed or impotent, decayed merchantmen fallen into decay through shipwreck, casualty or fire or such evil accident, those that have been captives under the Turks.

It was similarly resolved that no children should be accepted into the school "whose parents have any estate of lands to leave unto them, but only children of poor men that want means to bring them up."

Eighty brothers were admitted into the house in 1613, and thirty-five scholars were elected a year afterwards. The first of the brothers was a Captain George Ffenner, who had commanded a ship during the fight against the Spanish Armada and who had had all sorts of thrilling adventures with Hawkins in the Spanish Main. He was, Mr Davies said, "half buccaneer, half naval officer, but wholly a patriot." In the early days of the Charterhouse there was some trouble with the brothers, who had an unfortunate habit of drinking too much and of fighting duels, but by 1627 a series of statutes was drawn up which commanded comparative obedience, and which continued in force till 1872. Francis Bacon was a Governor of the Charterhouse, but was removed from office after his impeachment by Parliament. Archbishop Laud was also a Governor, and so was Oliver Cromwell. The unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II, was a Governor. During the reign of James II the Charterhouse made history by refusing to

obey the King's order and to admit a Roman Catholic among the brothers.

Fifty years ago it was resolved:

> Poor brothers shall be deserving men of good character, widows or unmarried, in decayed circumstances, being or having been officers in the army or navy, clergymen, merchants or persons engaged in trading, professional, agricultural or other similar occupations who have become reduced by misfortune or accident without their own wilful default and who shall be not less than sixty years of age.

Since its foundation more than two thousand brothers have entered the Charterhouse, among them Maddison Morton, the author of that perennial farce *Box and Cox*, and in more recent times E. J. Odell, the last of the Bohemians, who was a brother for many years and a rebel for many years more, and who was wont to satisfy his Bohemian conscience by the reflection that he had broken every rule in the establishment. But Colonel Newcome remains the most famous of the recipients of the Sutton bounty. The description of the death of Colonel Newcome in the Charterhouse is one of the jewels of English fiction:

> At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quietly said "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

The Charterhouse School was long ago removed to Godalming. Among the famous men educated in the

school have been Richard Crashaw and Richard Lovelace, seventeenth-century poets, George Grote the historian, Sir William Blackstone the lawyer, William Makepeace Thackeray, John Leech the *Punch* artist, Henry Havelock the famous Indian soldier, Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Robert Baden-Powell the founder of the Boy Scouts, and Cyril Maude the actor.

# CHAPTER IX

## THE CITY

London may not be a city of church-goers, but the ancient City of London, the tightly packed centre of wealth and commerce that lies between Temple Bar on the west and Aldgate and Bishopsgate on the east, and between the Thames on the south and Moorgate and Aldersgate on the north, is certainly a city of beautiful churches. St Peter is the patron saint of Westminster. St Paul is the patron saint of the City. His cathedral, built on the summit of Ludgate Hill, possibly stands on the site of a temple of Diana built in the days of the Roman occupation of Great Britain. The first Christian church, dedicated to St Paul, was erected soon after St Augustine's arrival in Kent. It stood for nearly five centuries, and was destroyed in the fire which devastated London almost immediately after the Norman Conquest. The second cathedral was begun in the year 1087, and held its proud pre-eminence on the hill-top until the Great Fire of 1666. It is said that this second cathedral took two hundred years to finish. The Bishop of London's palace was attached to the cathedral, which also possessed a prison "for such as were detected for opinions in religion contrary to the faith of the Church."

Old St Paul's suffered grievous desecration after the Reformation, and Evelyn asserts that it became "a stable of horses and a den of thieves." The great nave was a market and the haunt of undesirables. Clergy-

men seeking benefices hung about its doors, lawyers met their clients on its steps, and it was a favourite children's playground. The chantry chapels were used as warehouses and wine-cellars. After the Restoration it was stated, in a remonstrance addressed to the King, that English Jews were endeavouring to buy St Paul's to turn into a synagogue.

From the twelfth century to the seventeenth St Paul's Cross was, as Dean Milman has said, the pulpit of the Church of England. "A collection of Paul's Cross sermons would indeed be a history of the Anglican Church." It stood at the north-east corner of the cathedral, and cross and pulpit were built of stone. The Lord Mayor of London was required to provide "sweet and convenient lodgings with fire, candles and all other necessaries" for the divines from the universities who were invited to preach from time to time, and at the cross Papal Bulls were promulgated, excommunications were read, sinners did their penance, and heretics read their recantations. Latimer preached at Paul's Cross at the beginning of the Reformation, but Catholics as well as Protestants were heard there, and one bold adherent of the old religion hotly denounced the King's demand for a divorce from Catherine of Aragon. Similarly, it was at Paul's Cross at the accession of Edward VI that a Protestant preacher ridiculed Lenten fasting and Ridley denounced the invocation of saints. There were riots at Paul's Cross when Queen Mary followed her brother on the throne. Queen Elizabeth, who had no great love for preaching or preachers, stemmed the eloquence of Paul's Cross with an order that no reference should be made there to the government of the realm. But the sermons went on until the Commonwealth, when the

St BARTHOLOMEWS
GATEWAY - SMITHFIELD
Joseph Pennell 1920

pulpit was demolished because of its connection with the "Popish" cross.

The Great Fire of 1666, which reduced the old cathedral to ashes, and the Plague that preceded it remain two of the most remarkable events in the history of London. The Plague broke out in Holborn, and crossed the City to Stepney. Richard Baxter says: "The number that died in London (besides all the rest of the land) was about an hundred thousand, reckoning the Quakers and others, that were never put in the bills of mortality, with those that were in the bills." The Fire—"It was," says Baxter, "a sight that might have given any man a lively sense of the vanity of this world"—cleansed the Plague out of the City streets, but at a heavy price. Pepys wrote in his diary on September 16, 1668, "I stopped at Paul's and there did go into St Faith's church and do see a hideous sight of the walls of the church ready to fall that I was in fear as long as I was in it."

Before the Fire Christopher Wren had been commissioned to improve the old cathedral, and he was at first instructed to patch up the ruins, but after two years' patching it was clear that an entirely new church must be built, and Wren prepared a plan "handsome and noble." The building of the cathedral was a national undertaking, and it is interesting to note that part of the cost was defrayed by the judges of the Ecclesiastical Courts from such money "as shall from time to time fall into their power for or by reason of commutations of penance." Every new bishop was ordered before his consecration to pay fifty pounds to the cathedral funds, but the greater part of the money was derived from a tax on coal arriving in the City of London. The cathedral eventually cost over a million

sterling. Wren's original designs were constantly altered against his wish, and he was treated with almost incredible meanness. St Paul's is Wren's monument, and it was to a large extent his martyrdom. St Paul's was the first cathedral in England with a definitely Protestant character and purpose.

The first monument admitted to St Paul's was that of John Howard, the famous prison reformer. The second was that of Dr Samuel Johnson, the third that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Nelson is buried in the cathedral's crypt, in a sarcophagus designed by Rovezzano and made by Cardinal Wolsey for the body of Henry VIII. He lies surrounded by the bodies of fellow-sailors and by monuments to others of them, buried elsewhere. The cathedral also contains the body of the Duke of Wellington. Fifteen thousand persons are said to have been present in the cathedral at the Duke's funeral.

The names of many great Churchmen are written on the roll of the Deans of St Paul's. To me the most attractive is Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, Thomas More, and Fisher. Among other famous Deans are John Donne, greater as a poet than a Churchman, William Sancroft and John Tillotson, both afterwards Archbishops of Canterbury, Henry Milman the historian, and Richard William Church, the most lovable and not the least learned of the Tractarians. It was during Church's term that the cathedral was packed Sunday after Sunday to listen to the eloquence of Canon Liddon. Times have changed; the Tractarians have departed, to give way to a Modernist divine of amazing versatility, a philosopher, a great scholar, a brilliant stylist—and a successful popular journalist.

Eighty-six parish churches within the City of

London were destroyed in the Great Fire. Forty-nine of them were rebuilt by Wren. Of the pre-fire churches eight remain. From the steeple of one of them, Allhallows Barking, now the mother church of Toc H, Pepys watched the fire, "the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw." Archbishop Laud was buried in Allhallows after his martyrdom in 1645, and his body remained there for eighteen years, until it was transferred to St John's College, Oxford. William Penn, the Quaker friend of James II and the founder of Pennsylvania, was baptized at Allhallows.

St Andrew's Undershaft, at the junction of Leadenhall Street and St Mary Axe, was built at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The church of St Bartholomew the Great, in West Smithfield, is the oldest parish church in London, and one of the oldest in England. It is the only remaining portion of the Priory of St Bartholomew, which was built by the saintly courtier Rahere after his return to the Court of King Henry II from a pilgrimage to Rome.

St Ethelburga's, in Bishopsgate Street, a small church, only sixty feet by thirty, is happy, or unhappy, in having no history. St Giles's, Cripplegate, was so called, says Stow, because of the number of cripples who begged at its doors, an ingenious but entirely erroneous essay in etymology. It was built in the fourteenth century, and partially reconstructed in the sixteenth. Lancelot Andrewes, the great bishop who preserved the Catholic character of the Church of England, was vicar of St Giles's from 1588 to 1605. Foxe, the author of the *Book of Martyrs*, was buried in the church, and so was Sir Martin Frobisher, the Elizabethan discoverer. But St Giles's is best remembered from the fact that it is the burial-place of John Milton.

St Helen's, Bishopsgate, is dedicated to St Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, sometimes supposed to have been a British princess, who discovered the site of the Holy Sepulchre in the city of Jerusalem. It was the chapel of a priory of Benedictine nuns at the time of the Dissolution. Sir Thomas Gresham, the Elizabethan merchant-adventurer who founded the Royal Exchange, is buried in the church, as is another famous merchant-prince, Sir John Crosby. St Katherine Cree, in Leadenhall Street, derives the name 'Cree,' which means Christ, from the fact that it was built in the precincts of Holy Trinity, Christchurch. The present church was consecrated in 1631, and it is said to have been designed by Inigo Jones. It contains the tomb of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who was for a time Elizabeth's Ambassador in Paris and who played a considerable part in that great Queen's intriguing diplomacy.

St Olave's, Hart Street, dates back to the fourteenth century, and was considerably repaired in the reign of Charles I. Pepys lived in the parish of St Olave's, and was a frequent attendant at the parish church, his brother being buried in the middle aisle, "just under my mother's pew." He himself is buried in the church, and a monument was erected to his memory in 1884.

The Wren churches in the city of London have, of course, a shorter and less romantic history, though the beauty of many of them is far greater than that of the great cathedral with which Wren's name is generally associated. There are few things, indeed, in London more delightful than the church of St Magnus the Martyr, that stands almost next door to the unsavoury ugliness of Billingsgate Market.

I can do no more than suggest a very few of the associations of the Wren churches. Dr Charles Burney, the father of the famous Fanny, was at one time the organist of All Hallows, Lombard Street. William Hazlitt was married in St Andrew's, Holborn, Charles Lamb being the best man and Mary Lamb the bridesmaid. "I was at Hazlitt's marriage," wrote Lamb, "and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral." Benjamin Disraeli was baptized at St Andrew's, Holborn, in 1817. St Bride's, Fleet Street, the parish church of journalists, has many literary associations. Samuel Richardson is buried in its middle aisle, and, so the story goes, Madame de Staël, moved by sentimental admiration for his *Clarissa*, journeyed all the way from Paris to weep on his tomb, only to be discovered by the sexton weeping on the tomb of another Richardson, who was a Smithfield butcher. Milton once lived in a house in St Bride's churchyard, and in recent times the literary associations of the church were emphasized by the fact that Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins' father was the vicar.

The church of St Edmund, King and Martyr, in Lombard Street, of which that splendid modern Churchman, Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy, was vicar, was completed by Wren in 1690. Addison was married at St Edmund's in 1716. The church of St Mary-at-Hill, near the Monument, is now the headquarters of the Church Army. St Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, has a long history. It derives its name from the word 'bow,' which meant an arch, and it used to be the home of the Court of Arches, the principal ecclesiastical court in the province of Canterbury. St

Mary's is still the scene of many formal ecclesiastical functions.

The rector of St Michael's, Paternoster Royal, a deliciously beautiful little church in College Hill, a turning off Cannon Street, recently made a formal protest in the cathedral against the alleged heretical teachings of the present Bishop of Birmingham, and it is interesting to recall that one of his predecessors was afterwards one of the Seven Bishops who refused to swear obedience to William of Orange and went out into the wilderness as a Non-juror. St Stephen's, Walbrook, is another delightful church certainly not to be neglected by the visitor to London. Sir John Vanbrugh, dramatist and architect, who designed Blenheim Palace, is buried in its crypt. Robert Herrick, writer of perhaps the loveliest lyrics in the English language, was baptized at St Vedast, in Foster Lane.

There is a certain interest in the City churches that have been built since Wren. St Bartholomew the Less, which stands within the precincts of the hospital, and is its parish church, was largely rebuilt about a hundred years ago. It contains a chapel to the memory of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A baby son of Ben Jonson was buried in St Botolph's, Bishopsgate, which escaped the Fire, but which fell into ruins in the early eighteenth century and was rebuilt in 1725. John Keats the poet was baptized there on August 31, 1795. St Dunstan's-in-the-West, in Fleet Street, was the church attended by Izaak Walton, and John Donne, poet, afterwards Dean of St Paul's, was its rector. It too escaped the Fire, but only just. St Sepulchre's, at Holborn Viaduct, was largely destroyed in the Great Fire; it was rebuilt, probably with the assistance of

Ye Olde Cheshire House

Christopher Wren, but has been so considerably patched and changed in latter times that little of the seventeenth-century church remains. It is the parish church of Newgate. The bell of St Sepulchre's used to toll on the morning of every execution, "to the end and purpose that all good people hearing the passing bell may be moved to pray for those poor sinners going to execution."

The exploring of the City naturally begins at Temple Bar, at the west end of Fleet Street. In 1492 Robert Pynson, William Caxton's apprentice, set up a printing-press at Temple Bar, and ever since then Fleet Street has been the printers' street. It has its name from the Fleet river, or the Fleet Ditch, now an underground sewer. On the right-hand side is Child's Bank, founded by Francis Child in the reign of Charles I, which had among its earliest customers Nell Gwyn, Pepys, and Dryden. When Sweet Nell died she owed her bank nearly £700. Child's Bank is the oldest bank in London, but not much older than Hoare's Bank, a few doors farther east, which was founded in 1680. Hoare's Bank now stands on the site of the Mitre Tavern, which was one of Dr Johnson's favourite resorts. Next door to Child's Bank was the Devil Tavern, frequented by Ben Jonson and by Swift and Addison. Old Fleet Street was, indeed, a street of famous taverns. The last of them, the Cock, which stood on the north side of the street, was destroyed in 1886. Dr Johnson lived in Gough Square, north of Fleet Street, and close by, in Wine Office Court, in which is the entrance to the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, Goldsmith lived for a time. Izaak Walton had an ironmongery shop for eight years near the corner of Fleet Street and Fetter Lane.

Fetter Lane, now a dull enough thoroughfare, running from Fleet Street to Holborn, was the site of one of London's most famous gardens, where Gerard, the Elizabethan naturalist, grew daffodils, and violets, and gillyflowers, and rosemary, and thyme. Shakespeare was often in Gerard's garden, and from him probably learned the flower-lore of his plays.

> There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; . . . and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. . . . There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays.

These lines may have been written in Gerard's garden.

Strafford, who went to the block in the reign of Charles I because he was too thorough, and Tom Paine, whose revolutionary opinions shocked the respectabilities of the later eighteenth century, both lived in Fetter Lane.

Continuing eastward, we pass the house, or, rather, its successor, where John Murray started his famous publishing business. The Duke of Wellington used often to go to Peel's Tavern to read the newspapers, and in Fleet Street the poet Chaucer got himself into serious trouble by thrashing a Franciscan friar. At the Cock Tavern Pepys entertained the fascinating Mrs Knipp, the actress of whom his wife was not unreasonably jealous. "They drank, ate a lobster and sang and were mighty merry till almost midnight."

Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, who wrote the famous lines

> I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honour more,

died in Shoe Lane, on the north side of Fleet Street. Two of London's leading newspapers, the *Express* and

the *Evening Standard*, are now published in Shoe Lane. Pepys records:

> To Shoe Lane, to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there, a spot I was never at in my life: but Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament-man, by name Wildes, that was Deputy Governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor, to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows one with another cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it. . . . It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put into their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at one bet, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle; so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting.

The name of Whitefriars Street, on the south side of Fleet Street, records the fact that friars once lived where newspapers are now printed. The White Friars are the Carmelites, and to-day the *Daily Mail* is published in Carmelite House.

In Salisbury Square there was a seventeenth-century theatre frequently visited by Pepys. Leigh Hunt says it was the last London theatre to which people went by boat. South-east was the district of Alsatia, where the King's writ did not run and the criminal was at peace. But Bridewell Gaol was conveniently situated on the border of Alsatia.

Dr Samuel Johnson is the most famous of Fleet Street's heroes. From Gough Square to the Cock Tavern, from the church of St Clement Danes to the Cheshire Cheese, walking with Boswell, or maybe with Goldsmith, the queer, odd figure, stout, stooping, ungainly in its plain suit of brown, with black worsted stockings and none too clean linen, belonged to

Fleet Street and it to him. "You are quite right, sir," he said to Boswell, who suggested that Greenwich Park was not so fine as the street that he loved.

"Fleet Street," wrote John Davidson, "was once a silence in the ether." It has become the Street of Adventure, of good-fellowship—for men who write are generally skilled in friendship—of fortune for some, and for many the Street of Disappointment.

The Temple, the home of the lawyer, and perhaps London's chief beauty spot, lies between Fleet Street and the river. Lawyers have never been popular in London. Wat Tyler burned their books in Fleet Street, and "Down with them all" was Jack Cade's slogan. To-day, despite their immense influence in public affairs, lawyers can probably count on no greater popular esteem than they had in the fifteenth century. But they occupy an admirably preserved and most interesting remnant of old London.

The gateway at the top of Middle Temple Lane, in Fleet Street, was built by Wren, and the house to its left, Number 17 Fleet Street, was built during the reign of James I and was the office of the Duchy of Cornwall. Mr Augustus Hare thinks that it is probably the oldest house in London. It was bought some years ago by the London County Council. The plaster ceiling on the first floor is well worth seeing. On the right as we enter the Temple is the modern Dr Johnson's Buildings, erected on the site of the house where Johnson lived when Boswell first visited him. The chambers were then known as Numbers 1 and 2 Temple Lane, and Charles Lamb, whose name is intimately associated with the Temple, also lived there. "I was born and passed the first seven years of my life

in the Temple," wrote Lamb. "Its church, its halls, its garden, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young days what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places? —these are my oldest recollections." In after years Lamb lived at Number 4 Inner Temple Lane, where "Hare's Court trees come in at the window so that it is like living in a garden," and at the upper end of King's Bench Walk. King's Bench Walk, with its view over the gardens, contains the pleasantest of all the Temple chambers. Inner Temple Hall is a modern, unimpressive building, erected in 1870.

The Middle Temple lies to the west of the Inner Temple. Chaucer was a student in the Middle Temple. At Number 2 Brick Lane Blackstone wrote his famous *Commentary*, seriously disturbed by the noise made by Oliver Goldsmith and his friends in the rooms above. Goldsmith died in these chambers in 1774, hopelessly in debt, but beloved by scores of men and women poorer than himself whom he had never failed to help. Thackeray, who lived at Number 2 Brick Court, refers to "the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within that black oak door."

The Temple Church just escaped destruction in the Great Fire of London of the seventeenth century, only to have much of its ancient beauty destroyed in two "abominable restorations," to use Mr Augustus Hare's very proper phrase, in the Philistine nineteenth century. The original round church of the twelfth century was built in imitation of the round church of the Holy Sepulchre, and is one of the five round churches left in England. The church, famous nowa-

days for the beautiful singing of its choir, is packed with monuments, effigies, and historical suggestion. But perhaps it is most interesting to recall that Purcell once played on its organ and that Oliver Goldsmith was buried on the Middle Temple side of the north churchyard. The Master of the Temple has a pleasant ecclesiastical office that is in the gift of the Crown. The office has been held by many famous ecclesiastics, including the judicious Hooker, and in modern times by Dean Vaughan, who trained many famous divines for the sacred ministry, and the present Bishop of Birmingham.

After the gardens, the fountain is the most attractive of the Temple's possessions. It was here that Ruth Pinch and John Westlock played their pretty love-scene in *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

> Brilliantly the Temple fountain sparkled in the sun, and laughingly its liquid music played, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced, and peeping out in sport among the trees, plunged lightly down to hide themselves, as little Ruth and her companion came towards it.

In Middle Temple Hall, which was built in 1572, Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was performed in 1602; this is one of the two existing buildings in which a Shakespearean play was seen by the poet's contemporaries. In the Temple Gardens the red rose and the white rose were plucked by the Lancastrians and the Yorkists in the first part of *Henry VI.*

The Law Courts, built forty-five years ago, are opposite the Fleet Street entrance to the Temple. Before they were built common law cases were heard in Westminster Hall and Chancery cases were heard in the hall of Lincoln's Inn, as readers familiar with the

case of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce in Dickens's *Bleak House* will remember. The Law Courts are dull and tortuous, and it is more interesting to make one's way northwards along Chancery Lane, regretting the recent disappearance of two old Inns—Serjeant's Inn and Clifford's Inn—which used to stand hard by the church of St Dunstan's-in-the-West. On the west side of Chancery Lane is Chichester Rents, also associated with *Bleak House*. Here Mr Crook had his rag and bottle shop, and was "continually in liquor"; here "a person of the name of Guppy" often passed, and close by was the shop of Mr Snagsby, the henpecked law stationer who suffered from the eloquence of Mr Chadband. In Took's Court there were many sponging-houses, those curious institutions where the arrested debtor was detained until either his bills were paid or he was taken to the Fleet Prison.

So on to the gateway of Lincoln's Inn, where, so it is said, Ben Jonson worked as a bricklayer, with a trowel in one hand and a Horace in the other. Lincoln's Inn Chapel, which was seriously damaged during an air-raid in the Great War, was built by Inigo Jones. Among the many famous divines who have been preachers at Lincoln's Inn were John Donne, afterwards Dean of St Paul's, Tillotson, Heber the hymn-writer, and Frederick Maurice the Christian Socialist and the friend of Charles Kingsley. Donne was a great preacher and an original and powerful poet, but perhaps the best thing that can be said of him is that he was the friend of Izaak Walton, gentlest and most lovable of fishermen. Thomas More, the gayest of the sixteenth-century Humanists, was a student of Lincoln's Inn, and a hundred years later William Prynne, the vehement Puritan who wrote *Histrio-*

*mastix*, was a Bencher there. Horace Walpole was entered at Lincoln's Inn in 1751, but he never went there, as he says, "not caring for the profession." Two great statesmen, Pitt and Canning, were Lincoln's Inn students, as was David Garrick the actor.

On the west side of Lincoln's Inn is Lincoln's Inn Fields, the largest square in London. Nowadays the students from the London School of Economics play tennis in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there are many facilities for play for the children of the crowded streets round about, while the weary may rest in a particularly beautiful seat erected to the memory of the late Mrs Ramsay MacDonald by her many friends. Lincoln's Inn Fields have their tragic memories. The foolish, addle-pated Babington, who, so it is alleged, was concerned in a futile plot for the rescue of Mary Queen of Scots, was hanged and quartered in the Fields, and Lord William Russell was beheaded there for treason in 1683.

We return to Lincoln's Inn, cross again to Chancery Lane, and, proceeding north and crossing Holborn, arrive at Gray's Inn, the last of the Inns of Court, associated nowadays with the fame of Lord Birkenhead, who was a student there and is now one of the Benchers. But it is with Francis Bacon, a greater man than Lord Birkenhead, that the Inn is most intimately connected. Bacon, who was the Treasurer in 1597, laid down the walks and planted many elm-trees. It was while walking under the trees that the great philosopher thought out his *Novum Organum*, which has been said to be "like the peace of God, since it passeth all understanding." Thomas Cromwell, that mean villain who persuaded Henry VIII to raid the monasteries, was a student of Gray's Inn; so were

Bishop Gardiner, perhaps the most accomplished of Tudor statesmen, Lord Burghley, Elizabeth's right-hand man, and Archbishop Laud, who died to save the English Church from both Geneva and Rome. The garden of Gray's Inn was the Hyde Park of the seventeenth century. "When Church was done," wrote Pepys, "my wife and I walked to Gray's Inne to observe the fashion of the ladies because of my wife's making some clothes."

We return to Fleet Street and the exploring of the City. Ludgate Circus, at the east end of Fleet Street, was, a hundred and fifty years ago, surrounded by a network of alleys which, from the fact that they were mainly inhabited by criminals, were known as "Jack Ketch's Warren." On the east side of Farringdon Street, which runs north from Ludgate Circus, is Fleet Lane, associated with the exploits of the infamous Jonathan Wild. Nowadays—such are the changes in the whirligig of time—the Congregationalists have their headquarters in the Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street, and almost next door is Fleetway House, where the many publications of the Amalgamated Press are published.

Lud Gate, one of the ancient gates of the City of London, stood at the foot of Ludgate Hill until the middle of the eighteenth century—a beautiful ancient gate which has been supplanted by a particularly hideous railway-arch. To the east of Lud Gate the Dominicans—or Black Friars—had their London house, near where the office of the *Times* newspaper now stands. Henry VIII's divorce proceedings against Catherine of Aragon were heard in the great hall of the Black Friars monastery, and in this same hall Shakespeare's *King Henry VIII* was first acted. The

Hall of the Apothecaries was built on the site of the monastery's guest-house.

On the left side of Ludgate Hill is La Belle Sauvage Yard, where Messrs Cassell, the publishers, have their offices. La Belle Sauvage was for generations a famous tavern, of which the elder Mr Weller was a patron. The very beautiful Stationers' Hall is to the left of Ludgate Hill.

The streets round St Paul's Cathedral recall the manners of a more pious age. The religious attached to the cathedral began their out-of-door processions by reciting the Creed in Creed Lane; the Ave Maria was said in Ave Maria Lane, the Paternoster in Paternoster Row, and the prayers ended at Amen Corner. Paternoster Row is now the traditional headquarters of the London publishing trade, and the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's have their pleasant houses in Amen Court. The wholesale woollen traders have their warehouses in St Paul's Churchyard. Charlotte and Anne Brontë stopped at a coffee-house in St Paul's Churchyard when they first came to London in 1848.

The curious name Old Bailey may have been derived from *ballium*, which was the space immediately outside the walls of the ancient city, or it may derive from bailiff. At the corner of the Old Bailey and Newgate Street stand the Central Criminal Court and Newgate Gaol. The Central Criminal Court, which was rebuilt early this century, is one of the responsibilities of the City Corporation. There are four courts, one of which is presided over by a judge of the King's Bench, another by the Recorder of the City, the third by the Common Serjeant, and the fourth by the judge of the City County Court. According to its statutes, each court must have two judges on the Bench. The City

aldermen are counted as judges, and there is always an alderman in attendance when the courts are in session.

Newgate Gaol has a long and gloomy history. In the Middle Ages there was a Gate-house, or prison, at each of the gates of the City, and it was one of these gate-houses that was the beginning of the famous prison where criminals from Claude Duval and Dick Turpin to the notorious offenders of our time have been lodged and sometimes executed. Public executions took place in front of the gaol after the journey to Tyburn had been abolished, and the degrading brutality that characterized these public executions has been described by Dickens, and by Barham in the *Ingoldsby Legends*:

> And hark !—a sound comes, big with fate ;
> The clock from St Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight !—
> List to that low funereal bell :
> It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell !—
> And see !—from forth that opening door
> They come—He steps that threshold o'er
> Who never shall tread upon threshold more !
> —God ! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
> That pale wan man's mute agony,—
> The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
> Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
> As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
> The path of the Spirit's unknown career ;
> Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
> Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer ;
> That heaving chest !—Enough—'tis done !
> The bolt has fallen !—The spirit is gone—
> For weal or for woe is known but to One !—
> —Oh ! 'twas a fearsome sight !—Ah me
> A deed to shudder at,—not to see.
>
> Again that clock ! 'tis time, 'tis time !
> The hour is past : with its earliest chime
> The cord is severed, the lifeless clay

By 'dungeon villains' is borne away :
Nine !—'twas the last concluding stroke !
And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke !
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose :
And they stared at each other, as much as to say,
"Hollo ! Hollo ! Here's a rum go !
Why, Captain !—my Lord !—Here's the devil to pay !
The fellow's been cut down and taken away !
What's to be done ? We've miss'd all the fun !—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown !"

On the opposite side of Newgate Street the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, had their monastery. It was on a September morning in the year 1224 that the first Franciscan friars—four clerks and five lay brothers—landed at Dover. Three of them were English—two men of Norfolk, the third a man of Devon. These three Englishmen, all priests, with one of the lay brothers, after resting for a night or two at Canterbury, made their way to London, stopping first with the Dominicans in a house in Holborn. They hired a house for themselves in Cornhill, placed at their disposal by the Sheriff of the City, but they soon outgrew the Cornhill house, and a more convenient centre was found for them near Newgate, the house and land being given to them by a wealthy City merchant, who himself joined the Order. And there, on the site afterwards occupied by Christ's Hospital—the old home of the Blue Coat boys, only recently pulled down—the friars remained till the Dissolution. Christ Church, one of the Wren churches, occupies part of the site of the church built by the Franciscans in the early part of the fourteenth century, mainly owing to the generosity of two pious queens. It was built just before the Black Death ravaged Europe and almost

THE TEMPLE CHURCH

destroyed the Franciscan Order in England, and it was almost as famous as Westminster Abbey as the burial-place of royal princes. Sir Edward Hutton says of the Franciscans:

> Into these confined unstable and unspeakably filthy towns of Europe the friars came like saviours. To the corruption and debauchery of the town clergy they opposed their purity, to the wealth of the pluralists their poverty, to the scandalous living of Canons and great ecclesiastics their humility.

And the people, affronted by the lives of parish priests, "flew with confidence," writes Matthew Paris, "to make their confessions under the shelter of the wings of consolation and counsel spread out to them by passing preachers, the Dominicans and Minors."

North of Newgate Street is St Bartholomew's Hospital, with its many centuries' history of service to the poor and the afflicted, and between the hospital and the Charterhouse is Smithfield Market. It is a pleasant adventure to walk across Smithfield, to note with a certain approval the hygienic care with which the city's meat is distributed, to be interested by a sign over one shop, "Tripe Curer and Dealer in Offal"—incidentally to wonder why anyone should adopt such a calling—and then to find oneself in the quiet seclusion of Charterhouse Square, of which I have written elsewhere.

Newgate Street runs into Cheapside. The name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ceap*, which means 'to buy.' Mr Herbert Cox has pointed out that the fact that Cheapside was once the centre of London's shopping district is proved by the names of the surrounding streets—Bread Street, Milk Street, Poultry, Iron-

monger Lane, and Friday Street, where the fishmongers had their shops. Cheapside was entirely destroyed in the Great Fire. "You may stand where Cheapside was," says a contemporary writer, "and see the Thames."

The City Corporation has its headquarters in the ancient Guildhall, in King Street, Cheapside. I have already mentioned the proud privileges of the Lord Mayor, the chief magistrate of the City and the chief officer of its Corporation. The aldermen and common councillors of the City are elected by the members of the City livery companies, the descendants of the medieval trade and craft guilds. The twelve great City companies are the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Tailors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clock-workers, and there are some fifty smaller companies. Many of the companies possess great wealth, which is nowadays largely spent in education, and a few of them own beautiful ancient halls, which are, with its churches, the chief ornaments of the City.

The Guildhall enshrines the long history of the City. The crypt, the most ancient portion of the existing building, was built in 1411. The Common Council meets in the Guildhall. The City justices hold their sessions there, and there, too, the Corporation entertains distinguished public servants and famous and exalted visitors from foreign countries. The Guildhall, with its wonderful roof, is guarded by the two fir-wood giants, Gog and Magog. Its library is admirable and its picture-gallery distinguished.

On November 13, 1553, Archbishop Cranmer was tried at the Guildhall for treason. Lady Jane Grey was tried there five months later and condemned to death, and after fifty years a Jesuit priest, accused of

complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, was tried in the Guildhall, and was afterwards executed in St Paul's Churchyard.

During his year of office the Lord Mayor lives in the Mansion House, opposite the Bank of England, a Georgian building sufficiently ugly to damp down the civic ambition of any man of taste. On the Mansion House site there was, until the eighteenth century, the Stocks Market for the sale of meat and fish.

At its beginning the Bank of England was associated with the City guilds, and had its headquarters first in the Mercers' Hall and then in the Grocers' Hall. It has occupied its present site for about two hundred years. The Bank has intimate connections with the Government and the Treasury, but it is an entirely independent institution, with vast powers and influence that affect public affairs in many ways that the uninitiated cannot hope to understand. From its position the Bank is called "the old lady of Threadneedle Street." The Bank is guarded every night by soldiers of one of the regiments of the Guards.

The first Royal Exchange was built by Sir Thomas Gresham, the Elizabethan merchant-adventurer, and it was intended for a meeting-place for British and foreign traders. Gresham, who, in the proper merchant's manner, always had an eye for profits, contrived to derive a yearly income of £700, no inconsiderable sum in those days, from the shops that he let in the Exchange, which was opened by Elizabeth in 1571. We are told that

> the milliners and haberdashers in that place sold mouse traps, bird-cages, shoeing-horns, lanthorns and Jew's trumps, etc. There were also at that time that kept shops in the upper pawn of the Royal Exchange,

armourers that sold both old and new armour, apothecaries, booksellers, goldsmiths and glass-sellers.

The first Exchange was destroyed in the Great Fire, and the second Exchange was burned down in 1838. The Exchange is now the headquarters of Lloyd's, where the insurances on ships are arranged with the underwriters.

Lloyd's, as all the world knows, is an association of marine underwriters, and its story is rather an interesting one. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Edward Lloyd had a coffee-house in Tower Street, and afterwards removed to Abchurch Lane, in Lombard Street. This coffee-house was the favourite meeting-place of ship-owners, and many ships changed hands on Lloyd's premises. In 1696 he started *Lloyd's News*, which was intended to furnish all possible intelligence of the movement of ships. Lloyd's is mentioned both in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, and it was the scene of wild gambling at the time of the South Sea Bubble. The present society was founded in 1770.

East of the Bank of England is the Stock Exchange, the members of which are often to be found, when the Exchange is closed, doing business on the pavements in Throgmorton Street.

Two roads run northward from the central point of the City—Aldersgate Street and Moorgate Street. Aldersgate was one of the gates of the City long before Norman William landed in Sussex, and the gate was until the seventeenth century regularly ornamented with the limbs of executed criminals. Pepys wrote: "I saw the limbs of some of our new traitors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see." In 1640 Milton went to live "in a pretty garden house in Alders-

gate Street at the end of an entry and therefore the fitter for his turn by reason of the privacy." The poet brought his first wife, Mary Powell, a young girl of seventeen, to this house. But they soon quarrelled and parted. Aldersgate Street has a large place in the religious history of England from the fact that it was the scene of John Wesley's conversion. He wrote in his *Journal* on May 24, 1738:

> In the evening I went, very unwillingly, to a Society in Aldersgate Street where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle of the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation, and *an assurance was given me* that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for all those who had in an especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all what I now first felt in my heart.

The Barbican, near by, derived its name from the City defences. In Plantagenet times the Keeper of the Barbican held a royal, and probably a sinecure, office. Daniel Defoe was born in Fore Street. Austin Friars has its name from the Augustinian Canons, whose house there was founded in 1243. After the Dissolution this was given to the Dutch colony in London, and there is still a Dutch church in Austin Friars.

The two main roads leading from the City eastward are Bishopsgate and Aldgate. Crosby Hall, almost the last of the City's medieval relics, and removed in 1910 to Chelsea, stood in Bishopsgate. Thomas More lived

in Crosby Hall, and it is introduced by Shakespeare into his *King Richard III.* Gresham College, the first headquarters of the Royal Society, was also in Bishopsgate. Pepys was President of the Royal Society in 1675. The college was pulled down in 1854.

To the east of Bishopsgate are Finsbury Circus and Finsbury Square, built on the site of the old Moor Fields. The Honourable Artillery Company, the most ancient volunteer regiment in the English Army, has its headquarters at Finsbury. John Bunyan is buried in the cemetery in Bunhill Fields, close by, as is Susanna Wesley, the mother of John Wesley and eighteen other children. There is a curious inscription on a tomb in Bunhill Fields to a lady who died in 1728, of whom it was said: "In 67 months she was tapped 66 times and had taken away 240 gallons of water, without ever repining at her case or ever fearing the operation."

On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV in 1685 several thousand Huguenots settled in Spitalfields, the district east of Bishopsgate, and introduced the silk-weaving industry there. Farther south, running from Bishopsgate to Aldgate, is Houndsditch, the ditch into which dead dogs were thrown in the days before the sanitary inspector. The street was, indeed, at one time called Dog's Ditch, and in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays there are the lines:

> More of knavery and usury
> Of foolery and brokery than Dog's Ditch.

Houndsditch is now mainly occupied by Jewish traders.

Near by is Bevis Marks, originally Bury's Marks, so called because the Abbots of Bury St Edmunds had their town house there. Readers of *The Old Curiosity*

*Shop* will remember that the rascally attorney Mr Solomon Brass, "a tall meagre man with a nose like a wen, a protruding forehead, retreating eyes and hair of a deep red," had an office in Bevis Marks, where the poor little Marchioness was bullied and half starved by the fearsome Sally Brass until she was rescued by Mr Richard Swiveller.

Leadenhall Street runs eastward from Bishopsgate to Aldgate. Until 1862 the office of the East India Company was in Leadenhall Street, and Charles Lamb worked there for thirty-three years. He went to the office as a boy clerk in 1792, starting at a salary of £40 a year. His salary was £730 a year when he retired in 1835, and he received a pension of £450 a year. Lamb hated the office and the office-work, the merchants and the merchandise. He wrote:

> These "merchants and their spicy drugs" which are so harmonious to sing of, they lime-twig up my poor soul and body, till I shall forget I ever thought myself a bit of a genius! I can't even put a few thoughts on paper for a newspaper. I 'engross' when I should pen a paragraph. Confusion blast all mercantile transactions, all traffick, exchange of commodities, intercourse between nations, all the consequent civilization and wealth and amity and link of society, and getting rid of prejudices, and knowledge of the face of the globe—and rot the very firs of the forest that look so romantic alive, and die into desks.

James Mill and his son John Stuart Mill were both clerks in East India House. So was Thomas Love Peacock, the poet and the father-in-law of George Meredith. Gibbon's great-grandfather was a Leadenhall Street draper.

Leadenhall Market is said to be the oldest market in

London. Before the Great Fire poultry and dairy produce were sold in the market, and after it was rebuilt butchers and fishmongers had their stalls there. In the nineteenth century Leadenhall Market did a large business in cats, which were sold to the masters of rat-infested ships.

Leadenhall Street has for generations been associated with the shipping trade. Dombey and Son had their offices just off Leadenhall Street, "just round the corner stood the East India House," and Solomon Gills, the nautical instrument-maker, lived with his nephew Walter, who afterwards married Florence Dombey, at 157 Leadenhall Street, with the figure of the little midshipman outside the shop-door.

Bishopsgate leads into Gracechurch Street, and so to London Bridge. Old London Bridge was finished in the year 1206, the architect being a priest of the church of St Mary Colechurch, which stood in Cheapside. St Thomas of Canterbury was baptized at St Mary Colechurch, and the chapel built on London Bridge was dedicated to him. In the fifteenth century there were one hundred and twenty-nine houses on the bridge. At its southern end was the Traitors' Gate, which was adorned with the heads of executed criminals, and at the City end was a timber mansion, occupied, it is supposed, by the Lord Mayor. The present bridge was designed by Rennie, who also built Waterloo Bridge. It was opened in 1831.

East of the City approach to London Bridge is Lower Thames Street. In Fish Street Hill is the Monument, erected by Wren to commemorate the Great Fire, which broke out in Pudding Lane, 202 feet from where the Monument stands. The Monument is 202 feet in height, and is one of London's monstrosities.

The Custom House, with its pleasant river frontage, is in Lower Thames Street, near Billingsgate, London's central fish-market. There has been a fish-market at Billingsgate since the fourteenth century. Billingsgate fish-porters were once famous throughout the world for the wealth of their vocabulary, but nowadays —such is the decadence of the age—they are said to have acquired a gentle courtesy of manner and a surprising reticence in expletives.

The name of Mincing Lane, which runs northward to Fenchurch Street, has a curious origin. It was originally called Mincheon Lane, because the houses in it belonged to the Minchuns, or nuns of St Helen's.

# CHAPTER X

## THE TOWER AND THE EAST END

The Tower of London was built by William the Conqueror to overawe the Saxon citizens of London. The earliest parts of the Tower, designed by the then Bishop of Rochester, who was himself a Saxon, were the church of St Peter ad Vincula, the White Tower, and the Jewel Tower. The Tower was considerably enlarged by Henry III.

The Tower liberty is partly within the City of London and the parish of Allhallows Barking and partly in the old parish of Stepney. During its history the Tower has been a royal palace, a protection against popular risings, a court of justice, and a prison. Many have been its illustrious prisoners. When Edward I came back from his successful Scottish campaign, bringing from Scone the Coronation Stone that is still in Westminster Abbey, he also brought with him as a prisoner the Scottish king, John de Baliol, who remained in the Tower for one hundred and eighty-nine days, with his own dogs and horses and a numerous suite.

Edward II kept his Court in the Tower, and it was while staying there that his wife, Queen Isabella, fell in love with Roger Mortimer. Isabella always hated her husband, who had been the first Prince of Wales. Edward was a philanderer and a fool, who was eventually compelled to abdicate, and was murdered in Berkeley Castle, and the poet Gray accurately calls his wife "the she-wolf of France." After his father's

death Mortimer hoped to dominate young King Edward III, but that masterful young man soon threw over his mother's paramour, who was eventually hanged at Tyburn, after being dragged at the cart's tail through the streets of London.

The gay-hearted troubadour Prince Charles of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt, was imprisoned in the Tower of London for twenty-five years. He found the climate of England "prejudicial to the human frame." He disliked English beer and English coal-fires. "In my prison in England," he wrote after his return to France, "with the weariness, danger and discomfort in which I then lay, I have many a time wished I had been slain in the battle where they took me."

Shortly before Charles of Orleans was imprisoned in England Sir John Oldcastle, better known as the good Lord Cobham, was sent to the Tower for his sympathy with the Lollards, the followers of John Wycliffe. He escaped from his gaolers, and summoned the Lollards to a great assembly in St Giles's Fields, in South London. But the people were dispersed, and Oldcastle was again arrested, and burned at Smithfield, being hung in chains over a fire kindled under his feet. This was in the early days of King Henry V, the hero of Agincourt.

Edward V, a boy of twelve, and Richard his brother, aged eight, were murdered in the Bloody Tower by order of their uncle the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. In the reign of Charles II the bones of the murdered princes were found under the staircase in the Tower Keep, and were reinterred in Westminster Abbey.

The Tower and its wardens were kept busy during

the reign of Henry VIII. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Thomas More, once Chancellor of England, were imprisoned in the Tower for their opposition to Henry's claim to rule the Church. Both of them belonged to the little group of Oxford Humanists. They were both good, lovable, and learned, and they both died with splendid courage. "Pity that this should be cut," said More, moving his beard from the headsman's block, "that has never committed treason." And Fisher's last words were: "This is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God."

Later in Henry's reign the poet Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was imprisoned in the Tower, nominally because he had quartered Edward the Confessor's arms on his shield, but really because the new nobility whom the King favoured were jealous of Surrey's influence. He was described by Raleigh as a man "no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hopes." He was executed on Tower Hill, and his body was buried in the church of Allhallows Barking. Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1536, and Catherine Howard was beheaded there six years later.

After the Pilgrimage of Grace, the popular rising in the North against the King's religious innovations, the ringleaders were imprisoned in the Tower before being hanged at Tyburn or burned at Smithfield, and in the reign of terror established by Thomas Cromwell Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, that noble lady, whose only offence was that she was the mother of Cardinal Pole and the closest friend of the Princess Mary, daughter of Catherine of Aragon, was sent to the Tower and the block. Mary, Queen of England by her father's will after the death of her

brother Edward VI, slept in the Tower when she made her entry into London, and Lady Jane Grey, the beautiful tool of an ambitious father-in-law, was imprisoned in the Tower with her husband and his father, the Duke of Northumberland. Lady Jane, who was as learned as Elizabeth, spent her time in prison reading the Greek Testament. Queen Mary was anxious to save her life, but she was overruled, and Lady Jane made the familiar journey to Tower Hill, murmuring as the axe fell: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower in 1554, charged with being privy to the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt. She hotly protested her innocence. "I protest before God," she wrote to her sister, "who shall judge my truth, whatsoever malice shall devise, that I never practised, counselled nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person any way or dangerous to the State by any means." Elizabeth's imprisonment, as a matter of fact, was very short and by no means uncomfortable.

Wyatt was imprisoned in the Tower before being taken to Westminster for execution in Palace Yard. Courtenay, the eldest son of the Marquis of Exeter, who had royal blood in his veins, and who was mentioned at one time and another as a possible husband for Mary Tudor, her sister Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots, spent the greater part of an unfortunate life a prisoner in the Tower, and in the Tower in the reign of Queen Mary the Protestant martyrs, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, were imprisoned before being sent to Oxford for trial and eventual execution.

During Elizabeth's reign the Duke of Norfolk, who had been appointed head of the commission to inquire

into the complicity of Mary Queen of Scots in the murder of her husband Darnley, and who promptly fell in love with the unlucky Queen, was sent to the Tower for plotting against Elizabeth. Years afterwards, and towards the end of the reign of the great Queen, a more romantic figure, the Earl of Essex, who had dazzled the world as the Queen's favourite, entered the gloomy portals of the Tower, a prisoner charged with treason. At his trial he was prosecuted by Francis Bacon, who had been his intimate friend. Despite many waverings, the old Queen allowed the handsome young man, whom she had loved, to be executed in the Tower on February 25, 1601, Walter Raleigh watching the execution from a window in the White Tower. After the accession of James I Raleigh himself spent long years in the Tower, writing there his *History of the World*. He obtained his release from the greedy Scottish king by promising vast wealth from a gold-mine, the position of which he knew, in the New World. He sailed for Guiana in 1618, but the expedition was a failure, and on his return the King, acting under pressure from the Spanish Ambassador, who was naturally incensed by the great poet-sailor's semi-piratical adventure, ordered his rearrest, and he was taken back to the Tower. He was condemned to death after a mock trial. The last night of his life was spent at the Gate-house at Westminster, and his execution took place in the Old Palace Yard. "He was very cheerful that morning he died, ate his breakfast heartily and took tobacco and made no more of his death than it had been to take a journey." Major Martin Hume has said of Raleigh: "His love and faith in the future of England as the mighty mother of empires and the mistress of the seas demand for him the judgment that

he was a towering Englishman who died for a great ideal."

Guy Fawkes was imprisoned in the Tower, and tortured to tell the names of his accomplices. The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower is one of the mysteries of the reign of James I. He was a friend of Robert Carr, the despicable favourite of James I, who was infatuated by Lady Essex, "a woman noted for her infamy and immodesty." Overbury hated Carr's mistress, and it was through her plotting that he was first imprisoned and then killed. The lesser criminals who were Overbury's actual murderers were tried and executed, and Carr and his wife were sent to the Tower, the Countess being condemned to death. The King's favour, however, stood them in good stead, and they were both eventually pardoned.

Felton, the murderer of the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles I, whose story is told by Dumas in *The Three Musketeers*, was lodged in the Bloody Tower. Prynne, the Puritan with an equal loathing of actors and bishops, was sent to the Tower, where his ears were both cut off, and there he was followed by the Earl of Strafford, whose policy worked his master's undoing, and by Archbishop Laud. Laud was imprisoned in the Tower for four years, and was condemned to death by a Bill of Attainder passed by the Puritan Parliament. Before putting his head on the block, he prayed as follows:

> Lord, I am coming as fast as I can; I know I must pass through the shadow of death, before I can come to see Thee; but it is but *umbra mortis*, a mere shadow of death, a little darkness upon nature; but Thou by Thy merits and passion hast broke through the jaws of death. The Lord receive my soul, and have mercy upon me, and

bless this kingdom with peace and plenty, and with brotherly love and charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Jesus Christ His sake, if it be Thy will.

In the reign of Charles II William Penn, the famous Quaker and the founder of Pennsylvania, spent a few months in the Tower. Lord William Russell was there for a while, charged with complicity in the Rye House Plot, before his imprisonment in Newgate, and Algernon Sidney, who was hounded to death by Judge Jeffreys, was imprisoned in the Tower and executed on Tower Hill. The Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles II, was imprisoned and executed in the Tower for his rebellion against his uncle James II. After the flight of James II Judge Jeffreys was hurried to the Tower, after having been discovered disguised in an ale-house in Wapping. He died in the Bloody Tower. The Jacobite leaders in the rebellion of 1715 were sent to the Tower and their deaths. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, and the friend of Swift, was imprisoned in the Tower for plotting with the Pretender at Saint-Germain, and the Scottish rebels of 1745 had the same fate as those of 1715.

In 1763 John Wilkes was sent to the Tower for attacking the King's Ministers in his paper *North Britain*, and some fifty years later Francis Burdett, another Georgian Radical, was imprisoned for offending the privileges of the House of Commons. The last State prisoners in the Tower were the Cato Street conspirators, who plotted to kill the whole Cabinet, but whose plottings were not very serious. They crossed the drawbridge in 1820.

Nowadays the Tower houses the Crown jewels. Its armoury is of great historic interest, and its Beefeaters

are among the few picturesque things left in modern London.

In the thirteenth century a royal menagerie was established in the Tower of London. Writing in 1662, Pepys says: "To dinner to my Lady Sandwich, and Sir Thomas Cray's children coming thither I took them and all my ladies to the Tower and showed them the lions and all that was to be shown." By the beginning of the last century the Tower menagerie had degenerated into a grizzly bear, an elephant, and a few birds. Many other animals, however, were added to it in the next few years, but in 1834, the restricted space being found unhealthy for the animals, the menagerie was removed to Regent's Park, and formed the beginning of the Zoological Gardens.

The chapel of St Peter ad Vincula in the Tower is one of the oldest, if not actually the oldest church, in London A great deal of it is Norman. "There is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery," says Macaulay.

> Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame.

Nearly all the prisoners in the Tower who were condemned to death were actually executed on Tower Hill, outside the precincts. The last person to be executed on Tower Hill was Lord Lovat, the Jacobite, who died

there in 1747. It was, so the story goes, from a cutler on Tower Hill that Felton, the Puritan fanatic, bought the knife with which he stabbed the Duke of Buckingham. Edmund Spenser, the author of *The Faerie Queene*, was born near Tower Hill.

In a public-house in Great Tower Street Peter the Great used to spend his evenings drinking brandy and ale mixed after his work in the shipyards at Deptford. Pepys lived for a while in Seething Lane, Tower Street.

Trinity House, on Tower Hill, is the headquarters of the company founded in the reign of Henry VII for the encouragement of navigation, the regulation of lighthouses, and the licensing of pilots. The corporation consists of a Master, a Deputy Master, and thirty-one Elder Brethren. The Master is generally a royal prince, and the Elder Brethren are frequently statesmen of outstanding distinction. Two of the Trinity Masters, who are always retired captains in the Mercantile Marine, sit as assessors with the judge in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division when he hears Admiralty cases.

The Tower Bridge was opened in 1894. It is at once a triumph of engineering and an object of considerable beauty and attractiveness.

Standing on Tower Hill, the great industrial district of East London, with its countless factories and its teeming streets, is spread out before us. On the riverside, beyond St Katherine's and London Docks, is Wapping. Execution Dock, where convicted pirates were hung in chains, was at Wapping. Beyond are Shadwell and Limehouse. At Limehouse the river, which runs due east from Charing Cross, takes a sharp turn to the south, running north again when it reaches

THE SPANIARDS' INN
HAMPSTEAD.

Greenwich. The peninsula, with Limehouse at the north-west and Poplar at its north-east, is a network of docks. On the east side of the peninsula are two colonies of dock-workers cut off by water from the mainland of the city.

It is difficult to believe that Poplar derives its name from the poplar-trees that grew there. Blackwall, east of Poplar, was "a notable harbour for ships," often visited by Pepys.

The main road of the southern districts of the East End is the Commercial Road, which starts at Aldgate and runs into the East India Dock Road. This continues to Canning Town, whence, as the Barking Road, it goes on to Barking. The one interesting street between the main road and the river is Ratcliffe Highway, renamed St George's Street, the centre of London's Chinatown. A murder in Ratcliffe Highway is one of the subjects of De Quincey's essay *On Murder considered as One of the Fine Arts.*

The Borough of Stepney lies between the Commercial Road and the Mile End Road. Stepney was at one time the home of the well-to-do City merchants, and afterwards of retired ship's captains. It is now overcrowded and depressing. Colet, Dean of Paul's in the early years of the sixteenth century, was Vicar of Stepney. One of his letters to Erasmus was addressed "from the country at Stepney with my mother, who still lives and wears her advancing age beautifully, often happily and joyfully speaking of you." Afterwards Erasmus paid a visit to Stepney: "I come to drink your fresh air, my Colet," he said, "to drink yet deeper of your rural peace." Wat Tyler collected his followers on Stepney Green.

North-west of Stepney is Whitechapel, regarded by

the ignorant as a place of grinding poverty, but in effect the rather squalid home of well-to-do aliens. It has been well said that when the visitor emerges from Aldgate Station he finds himself in a foreign city. "The names over the shops suggest Lodz rather than London," and Yiddish is to be heard in the streets and the tramcars more frequently than English. Almost immediately east of Aldgate Station is Middlesex Street, better known as Petticoat Lane, the scene of a famous Sunday morning market, and it is amusing to recall the fact that where the eager Jew now barters the Spanish Ambassador lived in the reign of King James I. At the west end of Whitechapel there is a hay-market where farmers' carts are still allowed to impede the motor traffic. Whitechapel was the starting-place for the old-time stage-coaches travelling eastward, and Mr Pickwick began his famous journey to Ipswich from there.

The London Hospital, in the Whitechapel Road, is one of the largest and best equipped of all the Metropolitan hospitals. The Salvation Army had its beginnings in 1865 at a meeting in the Whitechapel Road. The Whitechapel Road runs into the Mile End Road, often visited by Mr Pepys. In the Mile End Road, amid much modern ugliness, there is a row of quaint old-time almshouses built by Wren "for twenty-eight decayed Masters of ships or ye widows of such."

# CHAPTER XI

## THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS

Modern London fills the wide valley between two chains of hills. The northern heights may be said to terminate on the west with Harrow-on-the-Hill. The Elizabethan writer Norden says of Harrow:

> It may be noted how nature hath exalted that high Harrow-on-the-Hill, as it were in the way of ostentation to shew it selfe to all passengers to and from London, who beholding the same may saye it is the centre (as it were) of the pure vale; for Harrow standeth invironed with a great contrye of most pure grounds, from which hill, towardes the time of harveste, a man maye beholde the feyldes rounde about, so sweetly to address themselves to the sicle and syth, with some comfortable harboundance of all kinde of grayne, that it maketh the inhabitants to clappe theyre handes for joye to see theyr valleys so to laugh and singe. Yet this fruiteful and pleasante countrye yeldeth little conforte unto the wayfaringe man in the winter season, by reason of the clayish nature of the soyle, which after it hath tasteth the autombe showers it beginneth to mix deep and dirtye, yeldinge unsavory passage to horse and man. Yet the country swayne holdeth it a sweet and pleasant garden.

The name Harrow has puzzled the etymologists; some say it is from the Anglo-Saxon *hearge*, signifying a legion of soldiers, and sometimes a church. From its commanding position Harrow may have been a Roman military station, and there may well have been

a landmark church on the lofty hill in the ninth century. It is to be noted that the syllable *har* signified 'high.' Anyhow, it is certain that Harrow was a place of note some centuries before the Conquest as the occasional residence of Archbishops of Canterbury. The Domesday survey states that the manor of Herges was held by the wise Norman Archbishop Lanfranc, and it was, of course, 'acquired' by Henry VIII.

The church on the summit of the hill, some 300 feet above the surrounding plain, appears to have been originally built by Archbishop Lanfranc. The base of the tower is a remnant of the old structure. The doorway dates from 1150, and the arch and lancet windows of the chancel are late twelfth century. It is said that thirteen counties can be seen from the tower, one more than from the Round Tower at Windsor, and that points so remote as Leith Hill Tower at Dorking, Ashridge Obelisk, beyond Hemel Hempstead, Knockholt Beeches in Kent, and the Langdon (or Laindon) Hills in Essex can be made out on a clear day.

It was "round the steep brow" of this churchyard that Byron wandered at sundown as a boy. The prospect inspired the famous poem which includes the lines:

> Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
> As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I lay;
> Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
> To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

A brass in the church commemorates John Lyon, who died in 1592, "who hath founded a free grammer schoole in this p'she, to have continuance for ever." The founder of Harrow was a plain yeoman, of Preston,

within the parish. His charter to found the school was obtained from Queen Elizabeth in 1571. On his wife's death, about a quarter of a century later, his whole estate was dedicated to his project, and the original building erected still survives in the west wing of the red-brick schools, containing the famous Fourth Form Room, carved with the names of so many Harrovians who have made history—Byron, Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, R. B. Sheridan, and many others, including the late Archbishop Lord Davidson and Mr Baldwin. The school and the old town are grouped around the hill-top, and a newer Harrow spreads far about the lower slopes.

Byron is the greatest of Harrovians. The poet went to the school in April 1801, when he was thirteen. He left in July 1805. He was something of a trial to the Harrow masters. He was persistently lazy, and he himself confessed that he had spent his time at school "cricketing, rebelling, rowing (from *row*, not boat-rowing, a different practice) and all manner of mischiefs." But with it all Byron has immortalized Harrow. He found there "a home, a world, a paradise," perhaps the only home he ever knew in his turbulent life. He went back to Harrow from Cambridge in 1807, and beneath Byron's Elm in the churchyard he wrote:

> Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
> Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
> Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
> With those I loved, thy soft verdant sod;
> With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
> Like me, the happy scenes they knew before.

The last piece of the old elm was recently sold as a relic, the money being used to provide seats on the

church terrace. Thus the wayfarer benefits from the fame of a poet.

South-east of Harrow, with Wembley, Hendon, and other straggling suburbs between, is the always fascinating district of Hampstead. "Hamsted standeth under a hill," wrote Norden in the fifteenth century, "in a verie healthfull ayre, having London in verie pleasant perspect." Wells were discovered at Hampstead early in the eighteenth century, and it was for a while a fashionable spa. These gay days are recalled by the Long Room (Weatherall House), near Well Walk, and by the old houses of Church Row, with their artistic and literary reminiscences.

The famous Heath is divided into several sections. The East Heath is to the east of the Spaniards Road, and reaches to the valley with its Hampstead Ponds. Here the Bank Holiday crowds take their lively pleasure. Adjoining the East Heath is Parliament Hill, with the Fields. The West Heath lies west of the road from Hampstead to Hendon, and is in the basin of the brook from the Flagstaff to the Leg of Mutton Pond. Fine views are gained from the Flagstaff and from Judges' Walk, so called, according to tradition, because it was used by the judges as a court during the Great Plague. Adjoining the West Heath is Golder's Hill Park. Between the North End Road and the Spaniards Road is a third portion, known as Sandy Heath, picturesque and rugged, with fine trees. An extension near Wyldes Farm was made in 1905, and lately Ken Wood has made the final addition to the Heath, the richest tract of woodland within reach of London, where mighty beeches raise their heads above oak, elm, and chestnut. "Embowered fairy-like pools are also there," writes Sir Arthur Crosfield,

serene in their setting of quiet loveliness and so shut off from the near-by city life as to seem in the heart of the remote countryside. Sylvan walks amidst the giant forest trees, which rise above a carpet of flowering plants and shrubs, help to preserve the illusion.

Sir Arthur Crosfield was chairman of the Preservation Council which saved Ken Wood for the public, and when this was accomplished he added to the library of books about Hampstead a most interesting monograph entitled *Reminiscences of Kenwood and the Northern Heights*. An early note is that Henry III ordered the woods about Hampstead to be cleared, since they were dangerous alike by reason of the wild animals and the fiercer robbers which they harboured. Of the fashionable era in Hampstead's history Sir Arthur Crosfield writes:

> There is, in the secluded recesses of Ken Wood, a rural eminence cleared of all undergrowth, but surrounded by splendid timber, including some of the finest beech-trees in the kingdom. That sylvan clearing, for centuries a sealed book to the people of London, is the traditional duelling-ground of the place. It was there that time and again the quarrels of the gaming table were settled, according to the summary and often deadly methods customary in the eighteenth century.

Milton climbed the Northern Heights to visit his fellow Puritan poet Andrew Marvell. Steele set the fashion for literary folk to make Hampstead their home. Addison was his frequent visitor, and he and Steele joined the brilliant company of the Kit-Cat Club, in the Upper Flask tavern. Pope would walk with Lord Mansfield through the avenues of Ken Wood. Fielding, Goldsmith, Richardson, Fanny Burney, and Smollett

next cross the Heath, and Dr Johnson. Leigh Hunt lived in the Vale of Health. Keats and Shelley were among his guests. It is supposed that in a garden near the old Well Walk Keats wrote his *Ode to a Nightingale*. From old Highgate Hill Coleridge looked out over the Nightingale Valley to Ken Wood. Scott, Rogers, and Byron are other links in Hampstead's literary chain, stretching from Milton to Gay, Pope, and Gray, and on to Tennyson, Browning, and Ruskin. The American Washington Irving wrote an impression of the Arcadian scenes of the Northern Heights in *Tales of a Traveller*. When he was living in Marylebone Dickens often walked to Hampstead to dine at Jack Straw's Castle.

The "art" era of Hampstead began at the close of the eighteenth century with the arrival of Romney, who built a large studio for work on historical pictures, a fantastic structure which later became the Holly Bush Assembly Rooms, where Constable gave lectures on landscape-painting. Constable has brilliantly portrayed Hampstead as it was in the first half of the nineteenth century, and some of his finest landscapes were inspired by the Heath and its views. About 1821 he took a small cottage in Lower Terrace for his wife and three children, and later he settled permanently in Well Walk. His wife, to whom he was deeply attached, died there, and Hampstead became the more precious to him for her memory. He and she lie together in the churchyard of St John. A link with Constable has recently been severed by the fall of the famous Constable Fir, one of a beautiful fellowship of firs on the north-east of the Spaniards Road, its roots just within the grounds of East End House, near the well-known inn Jack Straw's Castle, once the home of

the great lawyer Lord Erskine, who defended Lord George Gordon at his trial for treason. Erskine planted the holly hedge dividing the garden from the Heath, and the wood of laurel and bays on what is called Evergreen Hill. Constable's Fir stood like a sentinel on the Northern Heights, looking down on the city to the south, with a glimpse of the Thames, and on Harrow's spire to the north, with the waters of the Welsh Harp in the hollow between. On the fall of the Heath's old sentinel Sir Hall Caine wrote in the tree's memory:

> Lovers of the Heath will miss him. He was a link with memorable names in the past. Almost certainly he was familiar to the eyes not only of Constable, but also of Erskine, who built this house, and of Burke, who visited him, as well as of Coleridge and Keats, whose only meeting must have taken place on the other side of the way. "There is death in that hand," said Coleridge to Hunt as he parted from Keats. And now death has come to the last witness of their parting.

Among the names of many other artists who have loved the Heath is that of George du Maurier, in whose *Punch* sketches the Heath often figures. The endless round of galloping donkeys by the Whitestone Pond suggested the famous caricature of the "Ponds Asinorum," and it was near some cottages at North End that Du Maurier saw a mite of eight years old telling her father "to 'it Mother again if he dared!"

A figure of special interest to lovers of Hampstead is that of the first Lord Mansfield, who bought the then Ken Wood property in 1755. As a boy he came to London from Scotland on his Highland pony to be schooled at Westminster, and he was the hero of Dr Johnson's remark that much may be made of a

Scotsman if he be caught young. The young Scotsman rose to be Lord Chief Justice of England. His generosity of spirit was shown by his treatment of Lord George Gordon when he was brought before him on the charge of treason. The Gordon Rioters had burned the Judge's London house, destroying his valuable library, and thence set out to burn Ken Wood, as Dickens relates in *Barnaby Rudge*. The landlord of the Spaniards Inn near by saved the day by throwing open his house to the rioters and then sending for the military.

From the hill by Ken Wood may be seen a thrilling panorama of London, with St Paul's Cathedral towering over all, as Wren intended that it should. The Spaniards Road, the highest point of the Heath, is higher than the cross of St Paul's. As the visitor looks out from the heights above London to see St Paul's, the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, the Surrey hills, Harrow, Highgate, Hendon, and Barnet, it is pleasant to think that the view is much the same as when it delighted the eyes of Keats and when it was painted by Constable.

South of Hampstead is St John's Wood, for years the favourite dwelling-place of painters and sculptors. The character of St John's Wood has vastly changed since the War. Many of the pleasant detached villas have been pulled down, and their sites are now occupied by monster blocks of flats. Sir Edwin Landseer lived in St John's Wood Road, Alma-Tadema lived in Grove End Road, and there is, indeed, hardly a road in what a Victorian humorist called "the Grove of the Evangelist" without some connection with art. Joanna Southcott is buried in the burial-ground of St John's Wood chapel.

Lord's Cricket Ground is in St John's Wood. Thomas Lord opened his first cricket ground, where Dorset Square is now, in 1780, and the Marylebone Cricket Club began its existence there. The present Lord's Ground was opened in 1814. It was sold by Lord to James Henry Dark, my father's great-uncle, in 1835, and acquired from him by the Marylebone Cricket Club in 1864.

The name Highgate is derived from the toll-gate which guarded the entrance to the Bishop of London's park. Norden explains:

> Highgate, a hill, over which is a passage through which all manner of passangers have their waie; the place has taken the name of this highgate on the hill. When the waie was turned over the saide hill to leade through the parke of the Bishop of London, there was in regard thereof a toll raised upon such as passed that waie by carriage.

The gate-house was connected with the quaint ceremony of swearing on the horns, by which passengers who "had their waie" through the gate were granted the freedom of Highgate, a burlesque ceremony continued till late in the nineteenth century. Byron was given this mock freedom. Another old institution of Highgate is its "Publique and Free Grammar School," founded in the days of Edward VI. The poet Coleridge was buried in the ground of the old school chapel.

A few relics remain of Highgate's village days. One notable memorial at the foot of the hill marks where Dick Whittington rested, and heard the bells of London bidding him turn again. The Whittington Almshouses were founded in Paternoster Row. Highgate's hill is actually higher than Hampstead Heath, but many of the best viewpoints have been lost by

building. Glimpses can still be obtained of the scene which was the delight of Hogarth and Morland, of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and others whose names are associated with the hill.

Within the grounds of Waterlow Park, Highgate, is Lauderdale House, the home of the Duke of Lauderdale who was Viceroy of Scotland under Charles II. The poet Andrew Marvell, the friend of Milton, lived close by. Near, too, was Arundel House, home of the Earls of Arundel, famous as the death-place of Francis Bacon. Hogarth was a frequenter of the old Flask Inn, where he would sketch its patrons; and at another inn, on the Great North Road, that sad genius George Morland painted and drank.

The mother parishes of Hendon, north-west of Hampstead and Highgate, and Hornsey, to their north-east, are now, like Highgate, mere suburbs of London, and Hornsey has little to recall the time when the Bishop of London's palace was in the park of Harringay. The forest hamlet of Harringay is now represented by Finsbury Park. An old tower with the bishops' arms is a remnant of the old church of Hornsey, the churchyard of which shelters the tomb of the poet Samuel Rogers. Hendon is more rural than either Highgate or Hornsey. Its church, on a high hill, commands a wide view, including Harrow, Edgware, Stanmore, Elstree, Mill Hill, and the distant hills of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire. In Domesday Book Hendon was written "Handone," which Norden derives from "Highendune," "which signifyeth Highwood, of the plenty of wood there growing on the hills."

Near Hendon is Kingsbury, where there may have been a royal hunting-box when the Saxon kings

reigned at Brentford. The church has traces of Saxon work. A large portion of the parish is covered by the Kingsbury lake, or Welsh Harp, a reservoir of some three hundred and fifty acres, formed in connection with the Regent's Canal. Until recently this fine sheet of water was notable for its wildfowl. At Kingsbury Green Oliver Goldsmith had a country retreat, calling his home the Shoemaker's Paradise. Boswell visited Goldsmith at Kingsbury, and found the rough notes for the *History of the Earth and Animated Nature* scrawled upon the walls. Goldsmith wrote some portions of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and his *History of England* at Kingsbury. John Lyon, founder of Harrow School, held property here, and in the statutes which he made for the school directed that the governor "shall see and provide that tenn loads of wood shall be yearly brought into ye schoolehouse from his lands att Kingsbury, to and for ye common use of ye schoolers of ye said schoole."

Within the parish of Hendon is Golders Green, a suburb remarkable for its amazing development in recent years. At the close of the eighteenth century Golders Green was a completely rural district, and the barrier of the Northern Heights, separating it from London, was not broken down by the builders for another hundred years, though the distance from London is but five and a half miles as the crow flies. It was the boring of the great barrier of Hampstead Heath, over 440 feet above sea-level, by the Tube railway which brought Golders Green within thirty minutes of London. At Hampstead the rails are nearly 200 feet below the ground.

A few years later the Hampstead Garden Suburb

was to come into being, thanks to the clear vision and untiring energy of Mrs Barnett, wife of Canon Barnett, of blessed memory. The story of her work is told in Canon Barnett's *Life*, and it is noted as a coincidence that when this land had last changed hands it was under the signature of Henricus Octavus, a king who bought it for his pleasure, while the next time it changed hands the deeds were signed by Henrietta Octavia, a woman who bought it on behalf of a public company, with the people's money, for the people's homes. A feature of the planning of the suburb is the banning of high brick walls. Hedges separate the various house-plots, and the houses are grouped in an artistic setting. Areas are set apart for education and recreation, and two churches dominate the estate.

When the Charing Cross and Hampstead railway was formally opened in 1907 the number of passengers to Golders Green was negligible, as the line then ran to green fields. By 1922 more than eleven million people were booking in a year to the Golders Green station.

# CHAPTER XII

## THE SOUTHERN HEIGHTS

The outer ring of South London has much that is beautiful, and still more that is historically interesting. Starting, as in previous chapters, at the west, Cheam and Ewell, almost immediately south of Putney Bridge, are two villages of old-time charm. They were both closely connected with the famous Nonsuch Palace. To-day there is no such place, though the park, with its attractive name, remains to remind us of the country-house built by Henry VIII, in which Queen Elizabeth delighted. The palace was not finished in Henry's reign, and his daughter Mary intended to pull it down, but the Earl of Arundel purchased the property and completed the building "for the love and honour that he bore to his olde master." The historian Camden remarks that "the house is surrounded with parks full of deer, delicious gardens, artificial arbours, parterres, and shady walks, so that it seems to be the very spot where Pleasure has chosen to dwell along with Health." Queen Elizabeth kept open house in Henry's palace, rode hawking over the neighbouring Downs, and held revelry in the evening. It was at Nonsuch that the remarkable interview with her disgraced favourite, the Earl of Essex, took place in 1599, when he made his way into her presence early in the morning, though stained by travel, and thanked God for his "sweet welcome." The same night he was a prisoner. Charles II gave the palace to the Duchess

of Cleveland, one of his mistresses, who sold it to builders. When it was demolished some of the material was used for building Durdans, Lord Rosebery's house at Epsom.

The name of Wimbledon, which lies north of Cheam, known to the world for the lawn tennis championships played there, is first recorded in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* as the scene of a battle, when the King of Wessex defeated the King of Kent. The interpretation of the name seems to be "Wibba's Fort," the name Wibba suggesting a Saxon proprietor, to whom the British dune or fortress had passed. This may have been in the sixth century. Thomas Cromwell owned the manor of Wimbledon. After he fell from power Wimbledon was settled on Catherine Parr. In 1576 the mansion was sold to Sir Thomas Cecil, son of Lord Burghley, whose home may have been the old parsonage, where Queen Elizabeth probably visited him on her way to Nonsuch Palace. The first house was succeeded by another, built by Sarah, the famous Duchess of Marlborough. "I did not think," wrote Hannah More, "there could have been so beautiful a place within seven miles of London."

William Wilberforce lived at Lauriston House, Wimbledon, and was frequently visited there by Pitt the younger. At Chester House, John Horne Tooke, politician and author, lived in retirement at the close of his career. Gothic Lodge was the home of Lady Anne Barnard, who wrote *Auld Robin Gray*, and later it became the home of Captain Frederick Marryat, the author of *Mr Midshipman Easy*. Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," lived in a house between the park and the common. It would be too long a story to tell of all Wimbledon's famous inhabitants, but we

WIMBLEDON COMMON

*Photo Herbert Felton*

THE VIEW FROM THE HILL AT KEN WOOD

*Photo Will F. Taylor*

may note as a point of literary interest that near the Crooked Billet lived John Murray, of Albemarle Street, the friend of Byron, Moore, and Scott, and founder of *The Quarterly Review*, and that Lord Morley of Blackburn, statesman and man of letters, had a house on Wimbledon Common.

The common was a famous duelling-ground. In 1789 a memorable duel was fought between the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond. The Duke received the Colonel's fire, and his hair was grazed, but he did not fire in return. A duel between Mr Pitt and Mr Tierney was fought on the neighbouring Putney Heath in 1798. Happily both were poor shots, and though they fired at twelve paces no harm resulted. Sir Francis Burdett fought Mr Paull in Coombe Wood in 1807; each was wounded, but they returned to London in the same carriage, with their honour avenged. In 1809 Canning was slightly wounded by Lord Castlereagh. In 1839 the Marquis of Londonderry fought Henry Grattan, M.P., without hurt, and in the year following took place the memorable meeting between Prince Louis Napoleon and Count Léon. During the dispute as to whether they should fight with swords or pistols the police appeared, and the affair ended ignominiously at Bow Street. One of the last duels recorded was fought near the Windmill in 1840, between Captain Harvey Tuckett and the Earl of Cardigan, who severely wounded his man, with the result that he was tried by the House of Lords, but, thanks to the shrewdness of his counsel, acquitted.

The formation of the first volunteer association for the defence of the country, during the time of threatened invasion by Napoleon, took place at Wimbledon, and in 1798 a royal volunteer review was

held on the common. Here also were held the first meetings of the National Rifle Association. The common, therefore, has been much concerned with "villainous saltpetre." It is now largely devoted to golf, and wayfarers on the open heath must keep a watchful eye on golf-balls.

The common is Wimbledon's glory, and forms, with Putney Heath, Richmond Park, Ham and Sheen commons, a magnificent stretch of varied scenery. To stroll up West Hill, Wandsworth, cross over to the Windmill, and then descend to Queen's Mere is an admirable adventure, but really to know the common the visitor must find out its labyrinths of leafy glades, its tangled thickets of wild roses, and the bird Paradise in Beverley Vale. From its ancient camp the view is to Epsom Downs and Leith Hill, and from Gravelly Hill to the far heights of Harrow Weald. Here is a botanist's Paradise, and some four hundred flowering plants may be discovered any summer. The woods of the common are the pride of Wimbledon, with their oaks and dainty birches, sweet violets in spring, and bronze bracken in autumn. Many interesting bog-plants, like bog bean and the insect-eating sundew, grow by the streams and in marshy spots. Near Copse Hill bluebells grow by the acre.

With Putney Heath, the common occupies a plateau making a rectangle over three miles long and one and a half miles broad. The Beverley Brook skirts the western side; here a kingfisher may sometimes be seen, or the sedge-warbler's song may be heard. The nightingale has often nested on the common. An archæological treasure of the common is what is called Cæsar's Camp, covering some fourteen acres, and believed to date to the Bronze Age.

On the eastern side of the common is the road leading from the main street of Wimbledon to the Green Man, on Putney Hill, an ancient hostelry associated with many duels. At the foot of Putney Hill is the house where Swinburne lived with Watts-Dunton for many years, and at the top we are reminded of the incident related by Stow of Wolsey's journey to Esher, and how he was overtaken by the King's messenger, who gave the disgraced prelate a ring in token of the King's renewed favour, whereupon he fell on his knees in the dust, because of his joy in "the King's most comfortable message."

Clapham has a history dating back to the days of Alfred the Great, but a hundred years ago it was still "literally a village, prim, select and exclusive." Early in the nineteenth century a number of philanthropists lived at Clapham, among them Henry Drummond, William Wilberforce, and Zachary Macaulay, the father of the historian. The Clapham Sect was a society of earnest Evangelicals in the Church of England. The abolition of slavery under the British flag was largely their work. They founded the British and Foreign Bible Society, and were intensely interested in foreign missions.

In a house facing the common Thomas Babington Macaulay (Lord Macaulay) spent part of his youth, early revealing his passionate interest in books. "The delightful wilderness of gorse-bushes, and poplar-groves and gravel-pits, and ponds, great and small, was to little Tom Macaulay a region of inexhaustible romance and mystery." Mr Pepys lived in Clapham, in a house "very noble and wonderfully well furnished." The list of famous residents would be a very long one, to bring it down no later than the time when Mr Spurgeon lived in Nightingale Lane.

Sydenham lies south-east of Clapham, on much higher ground. Evelyn in his diary mentions "the medicinal spa waters at a place called Sydnam Wells." This was in 1675. There is a story of George III spending the best part of a day at the cottage where the wells were, the place surrounded by his escort of Life Guards. In 1865 the church of St Philip was built over the site of the wells. When Sydenham was no more than "a genteel hamlet of Lewisham" Thomas Campbell, the poet and writer of war-songs, went to live in a small house on the common-land. Byron and Moore were often the poet's guests.

In 1854 the Crystal Palace was removed from Hyde Park and set up on Sydenham Hill. The palace is one of the ugliest buildings in the whole world, and Mr Max Beerbohm used to declare that he always pulled the blinds of his carriage down when he passed it in the train. It possesses, however, beautiful grounds and a fine organ, and before the War it was famous for its fine concerts and its far more popular firework displays. Now its glory has, to some extent, departed.

Before the Crystal Palace was established as a place of entertainment there were tea-gardens close by, at Anerley. They opened about 1841, and were in existence for about twenty-five years. Even earlier, in 1831, Norwood had made a bid with its spa to entice the patronage of the world of fashion. The pump-room, the orchestra, the reading-room, terraces, and gardens were designed by Decimus Burton. Beulah Spa had its brief day of popularity. Norwood (or Northwood) had long been, as we are reminded by the name Gipsy Hill, a favourite resort of those wandering folk, and it was an adventure for Londoners of the

eighteenth century to journey to the southern woodlands and wastes to have their fortunes told.

Streatham was also famous for its waters. The springs were discovered early in the seventeenth century by the collapse of the ground under the feet of some horses that were ploughing. In the time of Charles II the medicinal value of the waters of Streatham was held in high repute. So late as 1810 the water was sent in large quantities for the use of patients in London hospitals.

At Streatham was the country-house of the Thrales, and here Dr Johnson passed a great deal of his time during the last twenty years of his life. Thrale, the wealthy brewer, is buried in the crypt of St Leonard's Church, Streatham. A Roman road passed through old Croydon to Streatham, and from this is derived its name, "the Home on the Street."

As the name of Dr Johnson throws its lustre over Streatham, so Tooting has celebrity because Defoe resided there, probably from 1680 to 1688 and certainly before he wrote *Robinson Crusoe*. As to the name Tooting, some have derived it from *theon*, "a slave," and *ing*, "a dwelling," with some reference to the days of serfs and slaves; or *Toot* may be the same as *tut*, which means a small rising on which beacons were placed. The etymology of neighbouring Mitcham is the same as Mickleham, meaning "Great Home" or "Great Village." Perhaps the most famous name definitely connected with Mitcham is that of the poet Donne, made Dean of St Paul's in 1621. He lived there before he took orders, in a very damp house, where he became the father of many rickety children. Tradition claims Archbishop Cranmer as a resident of Mitcham at one time, and Sir Walter Raleigh owned a

house at the corner of Whitford Lane. Mitcham is famous for its flower-farms and herb-gardens and above all for its lavender. Here, as elsewhere around London, modern developments leave in isolated and pathetic greatness fine old houses of an earlier period, with many a magnificent cedar and old mulberry-tree. Walford says:

> In almost all the old gardens in the suburban districts, both north and south of the Thames, is to be seen at least one mulberry tree, generally of a very venerable age. This is to be regarded as the consequence of an edict of the English Solomon, James I, who took it into his head that if the common people would cultivate silk-worms, and the upper class plant mulberry trees for their food, there would be seen a great reduction in the mass of national poverty.

Sutton, south of Mitcham, was originally South Town. The Downlands here have had great fame for their flocks of sheep, and chalk from their pits went to the building of St Paul's Cathedral. The inns, celebrated in the old coaching days, are favourite places of call on the way to the Epsom Races, and, like those of neighbouring Carshalton, bear witness by their names to the sporting tastes of the countryside. Carshalton was written Cross-Aulton in the twelfth century, and Aulton, or Old Town, may have had its vanished wayside cross. The river here had its fame long ago for trout, and Carshalton's walnut-trees were once of outstanding beauty.

From Banstead Downs, south of Sutton, there are wonderful views of the heights of Sydenham and distant Hampstead Heath. At Banstead there was evidently a settlement in the days of the Roman occupation, and here, to take a thousand years and more

in a stride, Hubert de Burgh, in the reign of Henry III, erected a castellated mansion at the end of the churchyard. The village stands some 550 feet above the level of the sea, and the spire of the church is a landmark for many miles round.

Merton (written of old "Meretone") seems to have had its name from an adjacent mere or marsh. The original Abbey of Merton was a wooden building erected in 1115; it was to become one of the most important of the religious houses in England. Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, who died in 1277, founded a hospital at Basingstoke and Merton College at Oxford. He was a native of the village, and received his early training for the Church at Merton Abbey. It was at Merton that King John gave safe-conduct to the barons who were to meet him at Runnymede, and within the walls of the Abbey was held in 1236 the Great Council of the nation which passed the Statute of Merton. It was the sanctuary to which Hubert de Burgh, the Chief Justiciary of England, fled to escape the displeasure of Henry III. In 1724 a calico mill was established here, to be later superceded by silk-printing works. Sir William and Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson occupied what was known as the Abbey House while Merton Place was being made ready for them in 1801.

In 1800 there were barely eight hundred houses in Croydon. It has been a town of wonderful growth, but for all its modern development it is venerable at heart. Through the centuries it has been an important ecclesiastical seat. The Manor was given by William the Conqueror to Archbishop Lanfranc, who is said to have founded the archiepiscopal palace, though there is no actual record of a building till 1273.

From that time, for many hundreds of years, the palace at Croydon was the occasional residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, Dr Cornwallis, who held the see from 1768 to 1783, being the last archbishop to live there. Queen Elizabeth and her Court were entertained at the archiepiscopal palace for a week in the summer of 1573, and later the Queen paid several visits to Archbishop Whitgift, founder of the Croydon hospital that bears his name. Whitgift's Hospital was dedicated to the use of the poor in 1599, and this Elizabethan building of brick, in the form of a quadrangle, stands to-day in a most perfect state of preservation. The ancient palace also originally enclosed a courtyard, and what of it still remains suggests something of the former splendour of this home of archbishops. A writer in Elizabeth's time described the "street" of Croydon as a hollow way, shaded by great trees, with a few cottages, approached by wooden steps, occupied chiefly by smiths and colliers. The colliers were the charcoal-burners who were centred here and in the great wood to the north, the Norwood region, supplying London with charcoal before the days when coal was commonly used.

The woodlands and open Downs near Croydon made it a centre of sport. As Walford points out, "one can scarcely take up an odd volume of a sporting magazine of the Georgian era without finding more frequent records of coursing-meetings at Croydon than at any other town in the kingdom." Mr Thrale, of Streatham, "kept a pack of foxhounds in a box at Croydon," and we may picture Dr Johnson riding with him, displaying no want of courage or activity, leaping and breaking through hedges, following hounds all day without owning that he was fatigued. The origin of

the name Croydon remains in doubt. It is written in Domesday "Croindene," but still earlier "Crogdoene." There is a Norse word *crog*, "crooked," which it is suggested would apply to the winding valley from Godstone to Croydon. There is a Saxon word *crone*, "sheep," and "Sheep Valley" would be appropriate enough. There is the old Norman-French *cray* or *craire* or *croie*, for the modern *craie*, "chalk," and there is *croix*, "cross."

Lying nearer the river, north of Croydon, is Dulwich, "the Village of the Valley." In the time of George IV it was described as the prettiest of all the village entrances to the environs of London. Of outstanding interest are Dulwich College and the picture-gallery. The present college buildings, in the Renaissance style, were built in 1870. The original College of God's Gift was founded during the reign of James I by the actor Edward Alleyn, a friend of Shakespeare. It was in the year of Shakespeare's death, 1616, that the school was completed. The collection of pictures was bequeathed to the college by Sir P. F. Bourgeois the painter, who died in 1811. He had originally assisted the art-dealer Desenfans to purchase these pictures to form a national gallery for Poland. When disaster overtook the Polish kingdom the collection was offered to the Czar Paul I of Russia. The offer, however, was not accepted, and Desenfans, dying in 1807, left the pictures to Bourgeois, and they thus became the nucleus of the present collection.

Charles I hunted in Dulwich Woods, and in the time of Charles II the mineral waters of Dulwich attracted visitors to the village, and were sold in bottles in the streets of London. Lord Byron was a pupil at Dr Glennie's Academy, in Dulwich Grove. It was in the

picture-gallery at Dulwich that the thoughts of Ruskin were first turned to the study of art. It was to Dulwich, too, that Mr Pickwick retired with Sam Weller (soon to be happily married to the pretty housemaid) to spend his peaceful old age.

Once more walking southward, and keeping east of the Crystal Palace, we reach Bromley. The name Bromley is supposed to come from the Anglo-Saxon *brom-leag*, or "Pasture of Broom." Both Bromley and its neighbour, Bickley, are now crowded suburbs, and it is hard to realize that not so long ago the open country here was a favourite resort of highwaymen. In Bromley church is the tomb of Johnson's wife ("Tetty"), with his epitaph in generous praise of her virtue and beauty. The history of the place goes back to the time when Ethelbert, King of Kent in the eighth century, granted Bromley Manor to the Bishops of Rochester. The original old palace, or manor-house, was probably erected in 1100, and was rebuilt in 1775. In the grounds is a holy well of chalybeate water. Pope was a frequent guest at the episcopal palace, as was Dean Swift a generation later. The Ravensbourne, rising at Keston, passes by Bromley, and sends a tributary to Beckenham—*bèc* in Saxon means "a river" and *ham* a "village" or "dwelling."

Queen Elizabeth spent most of her childhood in the royal palace at Eltham, which lies north-east of Bromley and south-east of Blackheath and Greenwich. The first mention of a palace at Eltham, or Eald-ham, the "Old Home" or "Dwelling-place," is in the reign of Henry III, but it may then have been the palace of a bishop at which the King had stayed. Edward II frequently resided at Eltham, and on more than one occasion Edward III held his Parliament here. In 1364,

after the battle of Poitiers, "John, King of France, Edward III's prisoner by conquest, came as an unwilling guest to England and was entertained by the King and Queen at Eltham." Eltham Palace was one of the favourite residences of Richard II, and from his time it was the custom of the English kings occasionally to keep Christmas at Eltham. Holinshed records the festivities when Henry VIII spent the Christmas of 1515 there.

> The King kept a solemn Christmas at his manor of Eltham, and on Twelfe Night, in the hall, was made a goodlie castle, wonderouslie set out, and in it certaine ladies and knights, and when the king and queene were set, in came other knights, and assailed the castle, where many a good stripe was given, and at last the assailants were beaten away, and then issued knights and ladies out of the castle, which ladies were strangely disguised, for all their apparell was in braids of gold fret with moving spangles of silver-gilt set on crimson satin, loose and not fastened. . . . And when the dancing was done the banket was served in—of two hundred dishes.

The ancient palace was nearly square, and embodied four quadrangles, enclosed within a high wall. It was surrounded by a moat of great width. The picturesque bridge still remains, but of the palace itself all that has survived is the banqueting-hall, with its beautiful rood. There were three parks. One, called the Middle Park, afterwards became the home of a famous stud of race-horses, which produced the Derby winners Gladiateur and Blair Athol. The Middle Park Plate, founded in 1866, is one of the chief races at the Newmarket second October meeting. Another sporting event is associated with Eltham. In the churchyard is the grave of Thomas Doggett (or Dogget),

the comedian, founder of the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge—a red coat with a large silver badge on the arm—which is rowed for annually by London watermen's apprentices.

Anthony Van Dyck, the famous Court painter to Charles I, lived at Eltham.

Blackheath has been the stage of endless historical scenes and pageants. It was the old-time arrival platform for the traveller to London from the sea, and it was the natural gathering place for hostile forces moving against the city. When, less than a hundred years before the Conquest, the Danes attacked London, while their ships held possession of the river, the main army lay encamped on Blackheath. In the great revolt of the peasants in 1381 Wat Tyler's forces met on the heath, and in Jack Cade's rebellion, seventy years later, his followers were twice encamped there. On the heath, too, they were afterwards to assemble again, "in their shirts, with halters on their necks," to beg pardon of the King on their knees.

Richard II met his second wife, "the little daughter of the King of France," on Blackheath, and here Henry IV welcomed the Emperor of Constantinople in 1400, and the Lord Mayor and aldermen met Henry V after his victory at Agincourt. Blackheath was the scene of the popular reception of the boy-king Henry VI after he had been crowned in the cathedral of Notre-Dame in Paris. A year after he had received there the humble submission of the rebels who had followed Jack Cade the King was encamped on the heath, opposing the forces of his cousin, the Duke of York, father of Edward IV, who himself had been met there by the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London and a concourse of citizens when he had landed from

France, having concluded peace with Louis XI. On Blackheath, in 1497, the Cornish rebels were defeated by the forces of Henry VII. Here Henry VIII met Anne of Cleves, to escort her to the royal palace of Greenwich, and in May 1660 the army was drawn up on the heath to receive Charles II on his restoration.

There are other memories. Blackheath has been the scene of endless adventures with highwaymen. In days gone by it was constantly planted with gibbets. It is close enough to Shooter's Hill, "so called for the thieveries there practised, where travellers in early times were much infested with depredations and bloody mischiefs."

One most important fact is never to be forgotten about Blackheath. When James I came to Greenwich his Scottish courtiers amused themselves by playing golf on the heath. Blackheath is the cradle of English golf. This will be remembered when kings and highwaymen are both forgotten.

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